





THE
LIFE AND DEATH
OF
S A M,
IN VIRGINIA.

BY A VIRGINIAN.

"Yet have they many baits and guileful spells to inveigle and invite the unwary sense."

RICHMOND:
PUBLISHED FOR THE AUTHOR.
A. MORRIS.

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ENTERED ACCORDING TO ACT OF CONGRESS IN THE YEAR 1856,
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EASTERN DISTRICT OF VIRGINIA.

PS

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TO

THE DEMOCRATS OF VIRGINIA;
THE DEMOCRATS OF THE SOUTH;

AND TO

NATIONAL DEMOCRATS,

WHEREVER FOUND WITHIN THE BROAD LIMITS OF

THIS NATION,

THIS VOLUME

IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED,

BY THE

AUTHOR.

1118250



P R E F A C E.

THIS little volume now goes forth to the public. Take it. Deal with it as it deserves. If it proves to be acceptable, the author will be gratified. But if public opinion shall decide against it, he will attribute the fault to the book, not to its readers. Though whatever may be its fate, he will feel the pleasing consciousness (of which he cannot be robbed) that the volume is written with the hope of doing good—good to “the cause” for which he writes—the Democratic cause of Virginia, and the Union. He (in common with his Democratic brethren) regards Know Nothingism as absolutely dangerous to the well being of our institutions; and if, in his picture of “THE LIFE AND DEATH OF SAM IN VIRGINIA,” he shall bring one single Virginian from the error of his ways, to the light and truth of Democracy, then his effort has not been wholly in vain.



The Life and Death of Sam in Virginia.

CHAPTER I.

THE night was dark and dreary: 'twas half past ten o'clock. The year was the early part of 1854. The place was a city in Virginia. When and where a small party of men had assembled together in a remote room of a house, not too public. About the conduct of each there was a sort of nervous restlessness exhibited, which showed too plainly that conscience was at work, or that they found themselves in a novel position; perhaps about to assume relations towards their fellow-citizens, the virtue, if not the policy of which, might be questioned. Scarce a word was breathed, and when breathed, amounted not even to a respectable whisper. Melancholy seemed hovering around those dark walls; no cheerful light issued from the dark lantern to dispel the gloom. The men waited and watched in silence and in sadness. "He will not come; so, gentlemen, I will leave you," said one of the party. "No," "No," cried some half a dozen or more; "delay but one moment, he will be here—he will not disap—" "No, that he will not, in such a cause," said a brisk little man, raising the latch,

and bouncing in their midst. "Why," continued he in the same breath, "what's the matter, fellows, good and brave, why do I see these long faces? you have come together to discuss our country's cause—*Americans should rule America*; bah! The Locos are gone; we'll fix the trap to take them. Come, cheer up; a little of this will warm up your spirits." And taking out a good sized brandy bottle, he dispensed its contents to all around. "And now," said he, "we'll proceed to business. Temperance is a good thing, and so is spirits 'of a cold night.'"

The business before this assembly of individuals, was to read over and discuss the principles of the so-called American party, as put forth in their ritual by the Grand Council of Northern fanatics, with the view of attempting the Northern game on Virginia soil. The discussion of these principles will be recorded in another chapter. It being necessary to make the reader acquainted previously with the melancholy-looking gentlemen who figure therein. Melancholy not naturally, but from circumstances, as above intimated. All of which vanished as soon as the brandy and water, mixed with the gay humor and volubility of the frisky little gentleman began to operate. He saw at a glance that the depression of his companions arose from a sense of guilt in having met together for a purpose that in their hearts they could but feel should be foreign to a true Virginian's aim. Therefore, it was all important that these silly scruples, as he thought them, should be conquered by a fair first impression; hence his recourse to his

fund of humor and his brandy bottle. We have already said that this man was a little man; we have said moreover that he was frisky; but as there are other small men in the world, the reader would not recognize him. So we must introduce him formally, as Mr. Bob Dobby, familiarly known as little Bobby. Sometimes simply Dobby. True enough he was called Robert at the baptismal font, when he was very small, after his father, but unfortunately, his parents could not agree as parents should; so one bright morning the elder Dobby took out for Texas, leaving behind the little Bobby and a premature widow. The widow was, as widows sometimes are, of an unforgiving disposition. She would never be reconciled to the desertion, no, not after the time when the law would consider the husband dead, and allow her to take another in his stead. She "never, no never, would forgive him, it was his business to have lived with her, even if she did worry his life out of him, and what is more," said she "this child shall not be called Robert, it would be unchristian-like to change his name after the good minister sprinkled it into him. I will not change his name, but he shall be called Bob;" "Bob, my boy, do you hear that? Come, I will teach you to write your name," and the old lady actually sat down and drew the boy to her side, and taught him to scratch "B-O-B." This early impression thus instilled in the youth's mind by the gushing outpourings of maternal kindness was not effaced by time, and we find him to this day, signing his name Bob Dobby. They, that is Bob and the widow, lived on a small farm in

Lower Virginia. This farm was left by Dobby, Sr., not out of regard to the welfare of Mrs. Dobby and Dobby, Jr., but as has been shrewdly guessed, because he could not remove it to Texas, as he carried everything moveable, even a couple of new laid duck eggs, that he picked up on his way to the stable.

As a general thing, there is no district of country to be found anywhere in which the inhabitants enjoy better health than in Lower Virginia, except in particular localities; it happened that the farm on which the mother and son lived, was subject annually to that chilling visitation which the malaria from the swamps scatters broadcast over these localities. The ague and fever seized hold of the poor boy, while he was yet very young, and shook him well and thoroughly, almost to the last shake; but, somehow or other, he always came out of the spell just as the neighbors and doctors were about to give him up, a little more drawn in the knees, a little yellower, a little tougher, but not dead. As the world might consider it undignified in a gentleman of *his standing* at the time we are engaged in reviewing his life, to write his name Bob instead of Robert, we deem it proper, as a faithful biographer, to explain what might appear affectation or foolishness; it was wholly his mother's doings, and no fault of his. And as some persons, the ladies particularly, with what justice we will not undertake to say, have more respect for a good sized man than for the dumpy Tom Tit fellows, we have therefore thought proper to state why he grew so much and no more: he was doubtless intended for a man of fine size and proportions; it was the ague's

doings and no fault of his. The public, therefore, should acquit him of all censure as regards his name and size. He obeyed his mother—that he was morally bound to do; he obeyed the icy hand the foul malaria suspended over his head—and this he was naturally bound to do; he obeyed his mother, he obliged nature. Now who can dare utter a censure against his name or size? So, on these two points, Bob Dobby stands acquitted. By virtue of economy, and by the happy quality *possessed by but few*, that of showing only the gilded side of things to the world, the mother managed to maintain herself and family with surprising respectability, considering the circumstances in which her Lord Dobby left her. She wished to give her boy a good education, could and did send him to a good country school, but feared she could never enter him in a college; she feared, but still she hoped. She had an elder sister, much her elder, who was very well to do in this world's goods, which no Dobby, nor any of his kind, could ever lay hands upon and scatter to the winds, as her sister's had been scattered. The widow would oftentimes say to her son, "Now, Bob, if your old Aunt Jemima would only take you up and send you to college, what a kind act it would be in her. She has a plenty and to spare; she would not miss it at all. But she will not do it. No; she has never loved me as a sister should, since I ran off and married your father. She has never made you a single present, except the pair of little worsted socks, when you were too young to appreciate them, which you did not wear but once. I had put them on you, and held you to

a glass, and they made you laugh. You cried to see them again, but your father said 'twas because they scratched your little feet, and he snatched them off and threw them behind the fire. Nurse told your Aunt Jemima about it; she became enraged, and vowed she would never speak to either of us again; and to this day she has not spoken to me, has not come near me in all my troubles. She says that all her property is to be appropriated to some charitable purpose. But, Bobby, she has never made her will. Like most old maids, she has no idea of her own age, and if she could only pass away when her time comes—I would not hasten it, for I want her to repent—*without that will*, I would be heir to all her estate.” The old lady died before Bob was too old to go to college. Her papers were examined, and among them was a piece of parchment, on which these remarkable words were written: “*My will.*” “*My last will.*” “*My testament.*” “The world was once without form and void, says the good Testament; this, my testament, says that this will is without form, but it shant be void. I call upon all good sheriffs, constables, lawyers, and judges, to see that it is executed. Out of my horror for Roman Catholics, and out of my abomination for all foreigners, I am led to aid my countrymen. I therefore give and bequeath unto General Scott, on account of the zeal exhibited by him in maintaining the Native American party, all my estate, both real and personal, to be by him faithfully applied in furthering the great cause of *Native Americanism*, in whatever manner his judgment may direct. The General, before he finishes

distributing the proceeds of the property to the end herein designed, will please reserve so much as will buy a pair of handsome boots, to be presented by him to my nephew Bobby Dobby, of the State of Virginia; and I hope he, the said Bobby Dobby, will entertain too kind a remembrance of his old aunt to treat them as his father before him did the little red socks."

This curious paper was written in the old lady's hand, and evidently intended as her last will and testament, but it was not signed, so that the lawyers told Mrs. Dobby not to be uneasy, that it could not be established, and therefore all the property was hers. The old lady's hope was thus realized, and she was enabled to send her boy, her dear boy, to college. In selecting a college for her son, the mother overlooked the many institutions of learning in her own State and the South, and blinded by that false idea of northern superiority of training the mind, determined to send him to that pure and puritanical section. For this act, she knew not how much she was to balme; she thought not of the consequences it might lead to; she considered not the traits of northern character; she reflected not that rotten and vicious principles in religion, morals and politics, would there be instilled in the youth's mind. Oh no, like too many Virginia parents, her too excessive fondness for her son led her to err; she wanted him to get a northern sheepskin, it would be worth a dozen from Virginia, why we know not, unless it be on account of the extras there thrown in, for which nothing is charged beyond the ordinary and

legitimate course of college education, such as an occasional essay on free society or the higher law doctrine, a lecture on that code of morals which makes it right in a Yankee, with humanity all oozing out at his fingers ends, to lay his nasty clutches on a southern slave and steal him from his master, or else a lesson or two in the less intellectual but more practical and useful art in feats of Yankee legerdemain, by which small swaps and eute trades are made—together with the knowledge which enables the possessor thereof to perform all kinds of tricks and short cuts which will bring money into his pocket, and make him a sharp, shrewd, clever chap.

If Mrs. Dobby was to blame for sending her son to a northern college at her time, parents are doubly to blame for doing likewise now. The times have not improved there, on the contrary, fanaticism and all the *isms* are fearfully on the increase—parents should remember, that what the heart of the human body is to the body, Virginia is to the Union. Virginia is the heart of the Union, and each pulsation of this great heart sends the warm and gushing life's blood to all the extremities of the nation. This heart has never yet throbbed but for the country's good, and proudly it beats—beats—beats, keeping time harmoniously with the nation's onward march. How important is it then that Virginia, in all essentials, in tone, character, sentiments, &c., should continue as moulded by the master-spirits of republican liberty, such as Washington, Henry, Jefferson, Madison, &c. And how is this high tone to be preserved? How is this heart to continue in its vigorous and

healthy action? By educating Virginia's sons at home. Send them not where the febrile symptoms of that feverish mass of mad-caps may be contracted, and thus be transmitted to this great heart of the Union, and its healthy action destroyed.

Bobby, the youth, was highly delighted with the prospect of a three years' sojourn at a northern college, from which he intended to return a head and shoulders above any of his acquaintances who only had a common Virginia education. He stood well in his class, and at the end of his course passed a creditable examination, and then left its walls to battle with the world in the great fight for its honors and emoluments. While there was united in his character most of the elements necessary for a successful fight—he was nevertheless wanting in the most important, viz., firmness of character; every wind that blew changed his purposes; his opinions of to-day would hardly be his opinions of to-morrow; his education was doubtless the cause of this, as he belonged to the firmest of families both sides of the house, and when we take into consideration the place he received his education, it is not at all surprising, that in the spring of 1854, while on a visit to some of his northern friends, that he should be induced to be duly initiated into the mysteries of the secret order of Know Nothings. How long he remained a member, and some of his doings while in fellowship with that foul abomination, rotten as it is, and stinking of fanaticism and all kinds of unholy and false purposes, will be recorded in these pages.

CHAPTER II.

HAVING thus introduced Mr. Dobby to the reader, we will next bring some of his companions upon the stage, and first, out of seniority, if not importance, we beg to introduce old Captain Swyburg. How he obtained the title of Captain, whether as a commander of a "Cornstalk Company" of "Virginia militia in time of peace," or served his country in bloody wars is not known; though if the matter were worthy of investigation, if the latter, his name might be found on the roll of honor among the far back musty records of the country, to which reference is made if any reader feels sufficient interest to conduct the research. One thing is certain, that when any one in his presence would make any inquiry as to the circumstance of the lower extremity of his left ear being cropped off, the old fellow would invariably give a knowing wink, then a grunt—a genteel, not a swinish grunt—then a whe—whe—whist, as if in imitation of a rifle ball in motion, and this was all the answer he was ever known to return. Many were the surmises as to how it happened. Some said it was the natural terminus of his left ear; a few said it was doubtless the work of the battle ball; and the question would be raised and discussed, whether, from the appearance of the wound, he was facing the enemy, or had turned his course when the ball took effect

In one thing all concurred: it must have been either a front or rear, and not a side shot, for, in that event, something more than the surplus portion of the ear would have been carried away. Others there were that said it was neither natural nor the effect of powder and ball, but declared that it was simply the mark of his parents, who were blessed with such a multitude of responsibilities, that all they could do was to turn them out upon the world, and the crop was adopted as a mark of recognition should they meet with them again. The true secret, however, of the mysterious crop is known to us, and will be revealed in a subsequent page.

Captain Swyburg, or, as he was sometimes called, Captain Swy, was born, and lived a large portion of his life, in a small country town. Well, everybody knows that there is found in every town, at least one great man, the ruling spirit, the great lion, the king of all the villagers. In their opinion he never opens his mouth but oracles issue therefrom; if foolishness be his utterings, it is called wisdom; if wrong govern his actions, it is called right; he is the paragon of wisdom and justice; he is perfection. In the village in which the Captain lived, it was his happy lot to be that lucky individual. In all matters pertaining to the regulations of the town he was consulted. No improvement, great or small, from the laying of a curb-stone to the building of a church, could be made in the burgh before his opinion was asked and obtained as to the best and most economical plan. All the guardians of the rising generation, the teachers of the schools, had

to be examined and endorsed by him before they stood the remotest possibility of procuring the first little urchin for a scholar. If Squire Spangler's bull trespassed upon neighbor Brown's field, the animal was arraigned before him, and if his judgment was that the animal should be doomed to wear the yoke, one was forthwith fitted to his neck; or if his judgment was death, it was executed, although the animal was a first-rate oxen, but would have made much better beef had he trespassed longer upon Mr. Brown's field.

He stood god-father for half the children of the town, the other half were named after him. Was there ever a man proof against such treatment, such deference, such homage? That spark or principle in human nature, however weak in youth, will, and must inevitably, when subjected to such treatment, grow—grow, it is true, little by little—till, in time, the fruit will ripen and burst forth into full bloom, odious vanity. So it was that however beautifully modesty might have adorned the Captain in his better days of youth, in riper age its last delicate tinge had faded away, and in its place the repelling presence of vanity displayed its brazen face, and made the old man quite a *stuck up concern*, very highly pleased with his own pretensions, with an air and look which seemed to say, old Solomon in all his glory was a fool to Captain Swyburg. His dictatorial spirit was insufferable, his voice of request had lost its tone of entreaty, and sounded like peremptory command.

Such was the Captain when the present federal

administration came into power. Getting old, and having, as he thought, rendered good service to the party, so he gathered up a package of recommendations—*not that he thought he needed them*—and forthwith proceeded to Washington to have a reckoning with the Chief Magistrate for wages due for party services, in the shape of a good snug office; with great dismay and astonishment he read intelligence of the failure of his application, and with a rush downward went the mercury of the thermometer which regulated and showed the variable-ness of his vanity, until it reached for once in the space of many years the freezing point; and he returned home rebuked in spirit, with the lamentable conviction forced upon his mind, that after years of faith in his own importance, he was not such a great man after all. Nor did his mercury begin to rise again until his old companions at home discussed with him the great grievance which had been inflicted upon him, the ingratitude of the Executive, &c., when it soon rushed up to fever heat. Had it not been for this failure of the Captain's, he would never have been found at a late hour anxiously awaiting the arrival of Mr. Bob Dobby, the pioneer in Virginia in the formation of secret political societies. ✓

CHAPTER III.

WITH the foregoing brief outline of Captain Swyburg's character, we must dismiss him for the present, and bring forward a hardly less important personage, who, it will be seen, acted no inconsiderable part in the times of which this veritable history is a faithful chronicle. This gentleman was the bearer of the slightly grandiloquent name of Jno. James Gustavus Adolphus Fox. He was reputed to be a man of good sense, managed his own affairs with judgment, and was known by all to be a thriving man. It is a little singular that a man of such excellent judgment in all matters pertaining to the ordinary course of business and speculation, should be so completely at fault in his political opinions.

Mr. Fox was, beyond all manner of dispute, a man of decided business qualifications; were he to lay a wager on the rise or fall of any particular commodity of merchandise, it might be set down as almost a fixed fact that he would win; but were he to stake his thousands on an election, he would most certainly lose; any one would be perfectly safe to take up any proposition from him on an election bet, without the least amendment, for he could not help but fix it so that he himself would be loser.

His father belonged to the old Federal party, and very naturally the young Jno. James Gustavus

Adolphus imbibed some very bad ideas and notions. His father many years back, set him to going wrong, and the year 1854 finds him still mystified, and in great error, far out of the broad track that Republicans ought to follow. By whatever name the party that has opposed the great Republican party of the country has been called, he has been invariably a member of it. He has seen the principles, as they are called, of that party, one by one give away, and thousands of his countrymen go down with them, but he would confidently expect them to rise again and, probably, away off yonder, in the distance, after awhile, he would discover something floating precariously along. The patched up concern would approach nearer and nearer—he would know not what it was—at last some one would tell him that it was the new platform his surviving fellow sufferers in the late downfall had erected. This would be enough for him, he wanted no second invitation; he stopped not to examine the structure, or the soundness of the timbers; he inquired not if the thing was constructed for the purpose of sailing in Northern ports or Southern harbors, or whether the Captain and crew were Yankee fillibusters in search of Southern property, or brave Southern tars on a noble cruize, watching the liberties and guarding the rights guaranteed to all by the constitution; but at it he would plunge headlong, and never be satisfied until he had planted himself full upon the platform, which he would vow was the very thing he had always wanted. He had been on a good many platforms in his life, and it may be a little singular that

the last is always the best. As was his luck, the old fellow was swamped, with the rest of General Scott's army, in 1852, while endeavoring to force a passage to the White House, situated at Washington. He had nothing now to do but to wait quietly until the survivors should go to work and build another craft to work up. Nothing appeared to revive his spirits till late in the year '54, while casting his eyes far to the Northward, there loomed up something all black and dark, just floating in the misty scenery which midnight shadow cast upon the earth. He was told that this suspicious looking thing was the new platform of the new party. He was told that its workings acted like a charm, that wherever it had unfurled its flag at the North, that the Democracy was borne down and crushed to earth. 'Twas said that its bearings were in a Southernly direction, that in time 'twould crush the Democracy of Virginia. This was just the thing that Mr. Fox wanted, and anxiously he awaited its approach. He was warned by good and true Southrons, that if the foul thing come to the land of Washington, to spurn it, to shun it as he would the viper's bite. He was told by the good and true men, that the leaders of the new party were Abolitionists of the rankest odor, and deepest dye, and the preachers of Christian politics, that by them the liberty of conscience was haltered with chains forged in *hell itself*; that around their council boards proscription stamped her galling heel, and asked to be heard; that infidelity and all the isms in the council's common caldron boiled; that oppression after oppression, wrought out by the

unclean hands of degenerate Americans for the poor and wayworn foreigner, welcomed by our laws to the land of the free, were continually issuing therefrom. He was told, too, that the very atmosphere itself these false Americans breathed, was rank and rotten with the breath of traitors. But all these fair and honest warnings were not enough to deter Mr. Jno. James Gustavus Adolphus Fox. The remembrance of the good old days of good old Virginia feeling could throw no beckoning light from the past and softly woo him to a worthiness to be called her son. No, no, he preferred the mixed company of the Northern swarm, to sit cheek to cheek with the Fred Douglasses, and mingle with all the rabble of all the *isms*, to him was greater honor than to commune in spirit and in sentiment with the choicest specimens of Virginians bred and born. What though proud Virginia's name be tarnished! What though her honor gone! The new party promised to defeat Democracy. This was his dearest hope; this the beginning and the end of all his patriotism, and hence it was that we found him in company with little Mr. Dobby.

CHAPTER IV.

WE will now dismiss Mr. Fox awhile, and introduce to the reader Mr. Americus Winks; he is doubtless a descendant of the old and respectable family of that name in Virginia. He had no very strong points in his character, except that he was a most inveterate *sponger*, could do full justice to good dinners and liberal treats—provided, always, that some one footed the bill. At pic-nics and parties, pleasure grounds and fox hunts, he invariably participated, without participating in their getting up. So selfish was he that he lived to himself, never took a better half to share his joys at home; so selfish was he, that he talked but little; his thoughts were very precious to him, and he wanted to enjoy them all to himself. In fact, to such a grievous extent had this master passion of his nature grown, that he could not bear to see even animals enjoy themselves. Consequently, if any one had visited his house he would have found a demure old cat—long since forgotten the friskness of her kitten-days; a melancholy, grief-stricken dog, whose countenance said plainly that that once jolly tail of his had given the last wag in token of pleasurable emotions. His fowls were idle, lazy looking fowls, with not energy enough to scratch—even the cock of the walk, instead of being gay and gallant, like the generality of his species, was dull and sleepy-looking, and had a most dolo-

rous crow ; his cow looked sad and care worn ; his horse the very picture of despair ; his innocent little lambs were never known to skip and play.

He would not hold in his possession any animal that would ever exhibit any signs of pleasurable feelings, and woe to the unlucky brute that "felt his keeping," his hide would surely be off. Nor did his selfishness end with his domestic and social feelings, but was exhibited even in his opinions on politics and governmental policy, hence his great opposition to foreigners. The inner man was not sufficiently burnished over with the soul-exalting sentiment of charity to enable him to appreciate the generous motives, the benevolence that actuated the illustrious framers of the constitution in making this the land of peace and promise to the oppressed of every clime. He looked upon all foreigners, however noble, generous, kind and brave, as unworthy intruders on American soil ; whose opinions would, in time, warp the great sentiment of American liberty, who would occupy the gladsome, smiling valleys that belonged to *America's sons*, but most of all he feared that some of these unwashed sons of Adam would encroach upon his own domains, or by settling near him, by means of sturdy blows and industry, accumulate to their own behoof some few shining dimes, that otherwise might at last find a lodgment in the deep recesses of his own selfish pocket. The tyrant's iron hand, all dripping with the blood of innocence, might be pursuing the unfortunate inhabitant of a distant country—misery and oppression might meet him at every turn—famine,

gaunt and pale, restless and weak, might stare him in the face, but to this poor man, noble Americus would say, battle where you are with the circumstances destiny has thrown around you. Assassinate the tyrant, struggle with oppression, stem the dark tide of famine, should you meet it bearing on its relentless bosom pale corpses to their last long home; but cast not your eyes to America, her sons are fast increasing, and her pure air of liberty, they alone must breathe. Such, reader, was Mr. Americus Winks, so it is not at all surprising that he should have been among the party assembled, which you read of in the first chapter.

CHAPTER V.

AFTER what has been said about the Mr. Americus Winks, he doubtless feels like retiring from public gaze; so he may hide his head for a while, and we will proceed to bring forward Mr. Cincinnatus Pate. He was the son of a good old parson, who strove hard to bring the boy up in the way he should go. Many pious lectures, many severe corrections, were entirely lost on the youth. He began early in a wild reckless career, and came well nigh bringing a sad wreck upon the good old man, both in mind and fortune. When in about his twenty-first year, all thought he had about reached the end of his rope; that extravagance, folly, and dissipation could no further go; when a most wonderful and mysterious change came over him. He ceased his wild and reckless course, cut himself aloof from all his vicious companions, cast the glittering wine-cup from his lips, and vowed to live a new and upright life. All said, and all were happy, that young Cincinnatus had sown his wild oats, and the pious old parson was seen to smile again; he even killed the fatted calf, and invited his neighbors and friends to come and rejoice with him over the son that was lost but now is found. The change was happily a permanent one; he never again fell back into the gulf from which he had been rescued. He lived a sober, honest life, was what the world called a respectable man. Although

some of the evil seed that had taken root, being planted by vicious associates, were cleansed from his character, yet the rankness, the luxuriant growth of some were so far advanced towards their full perfection, that nothing could eradicate. In a religious point of view, for instance, among sinners, he was the vilest of the vile. He never attended church, believed all professors of religion either visionary fanatics or the most unmitigated hypocrites. His too frequent exhibitions of blasphemy and irreverence were shocking to the last degree, even to reckless, irreligious men. Had all the curses which issued from his lips, directed indiscriminately against persons and things, rebounded against this king of profanity, his condition would have been most pitiable. Were wickedness a pleasant theme, we might dwell upon this man's character, and tell of blackness there as dark as Erebus; but, out of mercy, we forbear, draw the veil down just here, and ask the reader to excuse the heart, and lay the blame to corrupt associations. Now does it not appear somewhat extraordinary, a little surprising? does it not mystify, confound, and set our minds to going down into and searching about among the oddities and inconsistencies we find in human nature's workshop, to know that such a man professed to entertain for that denomination known as Roman Catholics, a most pious fear and holy horror? He was not a believer in the Protestant religion nor any other religion, yet he feared that the Roman Catholic religion would eventually annihilate the Protestant. We omitted to say that this man, as well as being a great sinner, was likewise a great politician, two things which

seem to go together quite naturally. Among other discourses that he frequently read from his political text-book, was one in which there was a great deal of prating about patriotism and the constitution; but he could find no clause in the federal or State constitution putting these worshippers of the Roman church under the ban of proscription; on the contrary, he found the principle that no man should be proscribed on account of his religious opinions, clearly set forth.

He was a Virginian, yet he disregarded the teachings of Virginia's great Jefferson on religious toleration. He professed to be a historian, yet he set at naught the great lesson which all history teaches, viz.: that to make a denomination of religionists great and powerful, the surest means is to raise the hue and cry of persecution; to seek to accomplish by force and hardship and proscription, that which the gentle voice of persuasion, the mellow influence of charity, or the potent sway that sound argument bears upon its breath. "Oh no; use no persuasion, show no charity; away with arguments; force down the Catholics, and show no quarter. They are becoming too powerful in our midst; the religion of our land will be subverted; our liberties, our laws, our country is in danger. Americans!! think of the temporal power of the Pope, and shudder." Such expressions frequently fell from the *pious* lips of Mr. Cincinnatus Pate.

"Think," said Mr. Pate, "of the temporal power of the Pope, and shudder." Well, reader, think of it as you please, but if it brings one shudder upon

you, your nerves must surely be very weak, or something else that you prize still higher than nerves, still weaker. It is a notorious fact, that this raw head and bloody bones, this bugbear, this monster of wickedness, the poor old Pope, whose grisly mien and destructive power is continually rising up before the imaginations of individuals of Mr. Pate's stripe, possesses very little power over his subjects at home; how much less, then, must be his power away over here across the Atlantic! The fact is, that the people of the United States are in just as much danger from the power of the chief ruler of the most intelligent race of Baboons that inhabit the earth, as they are from the Pope of Rome. Indeed, were his majesty of the Baboon nation to declare war against us, and land his hairy troops on our shores, they might do some little scratching and biting, and frighten some few women and children, which would be, we dare say, more than the Pope's army could do. We don't fear the Pope in Virginia, Mr. Pate—so you had better get some more popular hobby. Nor do you, you sinner; you only hoped 'twould change the political wind in Virginia, which always blows from the same southernly direction on election days; and for this reason you were among Mr. Dobby's party, in the dark room, on the dark night.

CHAPTER VI.

HAVING now introduced these several worthies, we will return to the meeting spoken of in the first chapter. It appears that the course of proceeding on this occasion was somewhat irregular, but the northern Know Nothings were extremely desirous of extending their principles into Virginia and the South. Therefore, as Mr. Dobby was extensively known at the North, a dispensation was granted him, and he was allowed to test this matter in his State, by sounding such individuals as he might think would be likely to fall into his views, and give in their adhesion to the party, by reading to them the constitution of the order. Mr. Dobby on receiving this dispensation, immediately returned to his southern home, and on conference with the gentlemen to which the reader has been introduced, found them kindly disposed towards the adoption of his creed, he accordingly fixed upon a time and place for a meeting, on which occasion they would read over the ritual, and discuss it among themselves. They met at the time and place before stated.

Mr. Dobby opened business with a speech. "Fellow-citizens," said he, "we have assembled together under no ordinary circumstances; we come together for the purpose of uniting ourselves as a band of brothers, in a cause worthy of the best patriots our country can boast of; we are the Sons of the Sires of

'76; we are proud of our country, her laws, her fame, her liberty and her power; of these her blessings we are jealous, and to guard them must be the dearest object of our lives. Times have changed, and are changing; but, companions, the greatest event of the changing times, the greatest change of parties, was the recent glorious organization, formed by our true and conservative brethren of the northern States, to which Order I esteem myself most happy to belong, particularly as I find that I have united myself with that Order at a time when it is in my power to render some service to that party, and thereby a service to my country. I have met you here to-night, my brothers, for I can already greet you by that most endearing appellation, for the purpose of explaining to you the objects of this organization, that I may obtain your co-operation. I have selected you from my fellow-citizens of this city, believing that to you I can commit the secrets of the Order, and that you will prove yourselves the most gallant of the American soldiers in the contest anticipated in our State. It has been decided, and I think wisely, by our northern friends, that here as there, in future political contests, the name of Whig is to be abandoned, and the more taking name of the *Supreme Order of the Star Spangled Banner* adopted. This, then, is the prime object of the organization—to defeat democracy, or more properly, locofocoism. To do this, it was important that we should adopt certain principles, such as would admit of appeal to the prejudices of our native born population and protestants; the most important is foreign immigration to this coun-

try, and the Roman Catholic question. Many of the members of this Order are conscientiously opposed to foreigners and Catholics having a voice in our government; there are many others though who entertain contrary opinions, who do not wish to interfere with the privileges of foreigners or Catholics, as now enjoyed; but the principles of the Order make it obligatory upon all who join, that whatever may be their private opinions on these two subjects, they must at least feign opposition to both the foreigners and Catholics; this rule is adopted for the good of the cause; those who act conscientiously, I would remark, are said to make the best Americans; I would therefore appeal to you all to try and school your minds in this direction; it is an easy matter for us all to give our feelings any particular direction which our judgment may point out as expedient. The mind is most obedient to our will, our will to our interest; bring yourselves to believe then, that it is the interest of our party to oppose Catholics and foreigners, and depend upon it, that you will soon be enabled to act conscientiously in the matter. Remember that we have a subtle, and hitherto invincible enemy to conquer in Virginia; buckle on the bright armor then, that Sam has prepared for all his gallant soldiers, and rest assured the sceptre will pass from the dominant party, and a day of better things will dawn in the old dominion. My friends, in conclusion, let me congratulate you upon meeting me so promptly this night; your fellow-citizens all around, are ere this asleep, while you, whom I may most appropriately style a band of patriots, have sacrificed the

pleasures of ease and comfort, and met together in the silent moments of the midnight hour to consult, and devise means for the happiness and prosperity of your beloved land.

"I will now, gentlemen, read to you the ritual, by-laws, &c., of this organization. This is altogether unusual, a regular course of initiation has invariably been adopted; but as my northern friends were so eager to set the ball in motion in our State, and placing entire confidence in my ability to conduct harmless an irregular procedure, they granted me the privilege. I doubt not for an instant; the high honour and integrity of each of you, under the circumstances, however, you must pardon the necessity of placing you, and each of you upon that honour. If then, as I read, there be any objectionable feature, you will please state the objection, and we will argue the point. Should either of you, on hearing me to the end, feel that you cannot unite with us in our noble work, with your whole soul, you will be at liberty to retire from among us, with this proviso only, that you will never reveal in any manner any thing you may hear from me this night." To this each assented, and Mr. Dobby proceeded to read the articles, as recorded in the Know Nothing Bible. During the reading of this very delectable specimen of Buntline composition, the most profound silence was maintained. "Brothers," said Mr. Dobby, "you have now heard me to the end; is there aught that does not commend itself to the approval of your judgment?" A unanimous "No," was the only response from that interesting group of interesting

gentlemen. Mr. Dobby continuing, "It only remains then, for me to administer the several oaths you have heard read, place yourselves in the posture prescribed for receiving them." This request was complied with, the oaths were administered, and old Capt. Swyburg, Mr. Jno. James Gustavus Adolphus Fox, Mr. Americus Winks, Mr. Cincinnatus Pate, and several others were declared members of the "*Supreme Order of the Star Spangled Banner*."

Mr. Fox makes a few remarks, and the meeting adjourns. "Companions," said Mr. Fox, "how pressingly do we feel the giant weight of gratitude now bearing down upon us, we owe that great and good man Dobby; he is present; but he must excuse my remarks. I am called a wordy man, but words fail to express half I feel towards this great pioneer in the patriotic organization, into the virtuous mysteries of which he has just inducted us. How grand the scheme for the regeneration and conversion of this land from the darkness of democracy to the light and triumph of the progress of the age! How perfect the system! How thorough and impregnable the organization! I have been on many platforms in my day. The party to which I have heretofore belonged, may be called the party of platforms. They have been compelled to shift and change their sails to catch the popular breeze, but adverse winds have invariably blown them to that general retreat for all collapsed politicians: I allude to '*Salt River*.' But, my friends, the ship on which Mr. Dobby has this night entered us, the passage money of which

voyage he received in the spontaneous oaths of willing freemen, will steer clear of the shoals and quicksands of that dirty little river, and land us in fat offices, our Governor in Richmond, our President in Washington. Or, to change the figure, I would compare this great organization to a great national chariot, the wheels of which are all burnished over with the true steel of patriotism, the body is made of the most choice material, selected from that great forest of imperishable principles bequeathed to us by the immortal fathers of the Republic. This material is all bolted and strongly braced with, what cannot be broken, the willing oaths of Americans. The lanterns brightly shine with the light and beauty of liberty. The great Sam mounts the strong box and takes the reins; he cracks his whip, and it smacks more of merey than of threat. The steed is the mighty power of popular opinion, restive and panting to be off. My friends, grand and glorious will be Sam's drive over the beautiful hills, and through the plains of Old Virginia. At each halting point, and at every turn, he will take up passengers, and the cry will be, 'still they come.' Salt River is to be crossed, but the experienced and skilful driver, Sam, holds the reins, so fear not, he will cross over on a bridge made of defunct carcasses of Democrats, and on the 24th of May, '55, haul up at Richmond, and all hands of us be treated to the good and fat things from the rich granary of party. Three cheers for Mr. Dobby and our new party!" The three cheers were given. When at

this juncture, and greatly to their surprise and confusion, a side door, the existence of which none were aware of, opened, and in walked a spare figure in his night dress, with his piercing eye glancing searchingly at the actors in the scene before him. On the sudden appearance of this mysterious individual, Mr. Dobby arose with all the dignity it was possible for a little man to assume, and demanded, "Why this untimely intrusion upon their privacy?" It appears that the room occupied by the party of Dobby was a retired room in the rear of a hotel, where he had been assured by the money-loving landlord that he would be safe from intrusion; but the mysterious individual arrived late, and all the other rooms being occupied, he had to be conducted to the one adjoining Mr. Dobby's. "I came," said the individual addressed, "to cry shame upon the proceedings which circumstances have ordained that should be revealed to me this night. I was quietly taking my rest, when footsteps arrested my attention in this room; after a while voices were heard; my curiosity was aroused—my first surmise was, that it was a party of sportsmen, who had assembled for their nightly calling. But I was soon undeceived, and ascertained from all which I could but hear, that you had assembled for the purpose of introducing in our beloved State that foul and infamous thing hatched by Northern abolitionists for their own selfish and damnable purposes. Can a true man sleep, while treason is being plotted in his very hearing? Ask me

not then why I appear in your midst; my appearance is no intrusion. I come to warn you of the danger you would bring upon yourselves and your country. Listen to a word of advice from one who would do you no harm. Stop where you begin, and pursue this matter no further. My purpose in the coming State contest is to cry death and destruction to the allied army of Whigs and the discontented and captious of all parties, should they show the signs of increasing strength. What I have this night heard will aid me in the work, shall I find it necessary to engage in it. I heard the last harangue; it was that which brought me into your presence. You may be honest in your opinions, but surely you are misguided. You know not what you would do. You consider not the consequences. Allow me to take up the last comparison of the gentleman who just addressed you, and substitute more fitting similies. He compared the organization commonly called Know Nothings, to a great national chariot. On the contrary, the thing is, from its very birth and nature, sectional and must forever so continue. It had its origin and structure at a place where the restless, nervous, spasmodic character of the people is continually giving rise to ridiculous and absurd notions and doctrines, and all classed under the general head of progress and improvement of the age; and this thing at the North is doubtless intended as a piece of intricate machinery, by which they expect to make encroachments upon the South. Can it be possible that a section that is continually villifying,

abusing, and setting at nought, and trespassing upon Southren rights, will constitute itself the peculiar guardian of Southern interests, and construct political platforms and organizations that protect and maintain those rights and interests according to the Southern idea of justice. The gentleman's great national chariot will, beyond the possibility of a doubt, prove to be a yankee chariot simply, and constructed with the view and hope of crushing us at the South; it is sectional, and must so continue. The wheels, he said, were burnished over with the true steel of patriotism; he could more appropriately have said, their tires were moulded or forged in the hot furnace of abolition traitors. The body, he said, was made of material selected from the great forest of imperishable principles bequeathed to us by the fathers of the Republic; he could with more propriety have said that it was made of a rotten medley of Yankee notions, and would soon fall to pieces, however violent be the oaths extracted in its support. The lanterns, he said, brightly shone with the light and beauty of liberty; he could with more truth have said, they dimly shine, the better to aid in the work of persecution. The great Sam mounts the strong box, and takes the reins: he should have said, the insignificant little Sam is carefully set upon the weak box, and timidly takes hold of the lines. He cracks his whip, and it smacks more of mercy than of threat; he could have said, he cracks his whip, and it smacks more of proscription and persecution than it does of mercy. The steed,

said he, was the mighty power of public opinion. Why did he not say that the motive power of the Know Nothing car was the spoils of office glittering in the future; that the followers were a pack of hungry asses after oats? The delightful drive over Virginia, which he spoke of, will doubtless prove to be a grand pleasure excursion of the invincible Democracy. And the bridge over Salt River, which he constructed of dead Democrats, will surely prove to be a bridge of Know Nothings, over which the Democracy will once more proudly march. Remember my prediction." Having thus spoken, he retired at the door through which he entered, leaving the gentlemen at no little loss to guess who, or what he was. It was then agreed among the party that on the same night of the next week they would hold another meeting, when they would form plans for conducting their operations in Virginia.

CHAPTER VII.

ON the expiration of the week, they met again at the appointed hour and place. Old Captain Swyburg came prepared with screws and bolts, and before the council opened, he secured the door at which the intruder of the previous meeting had entered. The most diligent inquiry of each of the gentlemen had failed to procure any satisfactory information as to who the stranger was. The landlord could give no information whatever, as to where he came from or whither going; all that he knew was, that he was a traveler, that he came to the city by a certain mail route, and that he only spent the night in his house, and left early in the morning. This information, indefinite as it was, gave some little comfort to the gentlemen. They greatly feared that he would remain in their midst, and give them no little trouble; so they concluded that he was only a traveler, and by that time far out of their way. In all probability, he was a member of the Order himself; he might have been a wag of a fellow, fond of a joke—and they doubted not that he had enjoyed the one he had practised upon them exceedingly. This was what Mr. Dobby and his companions hoped, and the hope was doubtless father to the conclusion.

They now form plans for conducting the campaign in the State. Mr. Americus Winks, after a week's reflection, and having read the most highly-wrought

accounts of overwhelming triumphs at the North, became amazingly enthusiastic. So to him and his enthusiasm the Order was indebted, on that occasion, for one of the most ripping, ranting, thundering, storming, blasting speeches that ever fell from the lips of man. "He had belonged all his life to the Democratic party, therefore" said "he could tell of all their rascality and ingratitude." When he used the word ingratitude, he doubtless thought of the failure of his application for a certain office. But we cannot follow him through his speech. He said, in conclusion, "that having met together for taking some initiative steps towards organization for the canvass, he begged to introduce a matter of prime consideration to the welfare and success of the Order. It would be admitted by all that it would be impossible to accomplish anything without a press. He therefore proposed that a committee be appointed to wait upon that estimable and talented editor, Mr. Peter Willing Turner, who, if approached cautiously and delicately, with just enough soft sawder to show him that it would be to his interest to strike his old Whig flag, and raise in its stead the true American banner, that Mr. Turner would doubtless give in his adhesion to our faith, and his talents, and his press, for the propagation of the immutable principles of our party. If, however, the committee fail in their mission to Mr. Turner, that we pledge ourselves in sufficient amount to procure all proper materials, and establish an organ, to be conducted by whichever one of us whose talents may best qualify him for the case." It may be remarked that Mr. Winks was out of business, and who knows

but that he thought that by this means he might find himself established at the very head water of influence, with a goose-quill behind his ear. We do not make the charge, but simply ask, might he not, by the proposition, render himself liable to the charge of self-interest? This proposition was warmly seconded by all, so Captain Swyburg and Mr. Americus Winks were appointed the committee to wait upon Mr. Peter Willing Turner, and report to the next meeting. Mr. Dobby next begged to offer a few rules of action. First, he considered it highly important, and should be regarded in Virginia a fundamental principle, that the members of the party should strive, by all possible means, to make it appear that it was in no manner or form a *Whig move*—that, if there was a difference, the number preponderated in favor of the Democrats. If we ever allow it to leak out, by any manner or means, that Whigs are at the bottom of the movement in Virginia, and my word for it, a most inglorious defeat will be our portion. Let us therefore pledge ourselves to caution on this point, and whenever we find a Democrat among us, we should treat him with the most distinguished consideration. We must be sure of the politics of men before they can join us, and guide our conduct accordingly. We must candidly acknowledge that the Whig party is dead, and contend that the Democratic party is as good as dead, that the great American party is a union of the good and true men of both, that the principles of both the old parties were to be run through the American sifter, and, if aught of good is discovered in either, that it be retained and incorporated in the

new creed, otherwise be cast away." Mr. Dobby further stated, "that if they succeeded in getting under way with the newspaper, it would be highly important to have the basis, principles or platform of the party to continue in the issues of that paper, as standing matter. To the principles of that platform no man can object, and though they differed materially from the true principles of the party, yet they could be used with powerful effect in bringing converts into the Order. That while there was great difference actually, yet, to the great mass of individuals who would come into the Order, the discrepancy would not appear. This discrepancy, and the motive, would at once be suggested to intelligent minds, who, for the sake of union and success, would readily acquiesce in the pious deception; while to the common rabble, who are always led by the intelligent few, it was a matter of very little moment whether the scheme for catching votes was ever revealed."

Both of Mr. Dobby's propositions met with the warm approval of the meeting, and were adopted. Mr. Dobby then called upon old Brother Swyburg to throw out any suggestions that would be of service to the party. Captain S. began by saying "that he was the most modest of men, did not know that any suggestions of his would avail aught to the party, yet as a member, a very humble member, he did not feel at liberty to refuse his mite. It was well known," he said, "that he had always been a member of the old Democratic party, that he had acted zealously with that party; but now, for certain reasons best known to himself, he felt called upon, from a sense

of self-respect, to repudiate that party and its principles. That so captivating to his mind were the principles of the new party, that he found himself already willing to put his shoulder to the wheel. and transfer his zeal from Locofocoism to the great American party. What he had to suggest to his friends was, the propriety of carrying out, in the contest, the lesson taught in the adage about 'fighting the devil with fire.' Democratic success in Virginia, he perfectly well knew, had resulted from the system of bragging and exaggeration (I use, said he, this word in the place of one far more appropriate) that party has invariably adopted and followed.

They have always managed to cower and intimidate the Old Whig party; which, by the day of election, would be powerless and good for nothing. But let us not, of the new party, be out-done at this game, let us adopt their own mode of warfare, and beat them with weapons of their own choosing. In contending with the Democracy, be not over scrupulous of speeches, say what you please; and the bigger, the grander you talk, the better. In talking with Democrats, we should appear perfectly familiar with political affairs and movements in different sections, and receive an occasional letter from friends in different counties, giving us the most flattering accounts of undoubted triumphs; and if it be put to the test, we should fear not, apparently, to back our judgment with our money. We must not fail to make it appear, that the best men, the old leaders of the Locofoco party, have, in various quarters of the state, bolted the party ticket, and united under the

great American Banner; that a panic has seized the Democratic forces, and that they are uniting with us by thousands. Let our lungs be ever ready, and prepared to ery most loudly, hurrah! for Sam; particularly on public days, our forces must be instructed to applaud vehemently our orators. We must be up and doing. Sam's Boys must be every where, at all times and all places, industriously pressing on the American column. The greater the noise we make, the more we brag and boast, the more we bet, the surer our chances for success. If we take the enemy in Virginia, mark my words, it must be by stratagem. In an open field the old Democratic forces are too well drilled, have been in too many engagements, to be defeated by such new recruits, as we can draw around us. If then we wish or expect success, stratagem must be our study; and more than this, we must select some safe place in which to deposit our consciences, and then take them to our keeping again, after the election. If the end justifies the means, if it be well to do evil, that good may come, then are we blameless in the course we must pursue in this canvass. For my part, I am ready for the consequences, and will fight for Sam under the scheme I have laid down, whatever they may be. Not a dissenting voice was heard against Captain S's suggestions. Mr. Cincinnatus Pate was next ealled out to contribute his quota towards the formation of their plans. This gentleman remarked, "that the Captain's suggestions had superseded the necessity of his offering any thing for the consideration of the meeting, inasmuch as the substance of what he had

intended saying, had been so well said by Captain Swyburg. There was one subject, however, which had been omitted by others, which he thought called for the very earnest attention of the order, and that was the Catholic and foreign question. The recruits to this party, for the most part, were to come from the ignorant and unlearned of the population. This population knew very little about Catholics, or foreign immigration; therefore, with the proper management, the American party could reap a rich harvest from this field. By depicting dreadful horrors, perpetrated by Roman Catholics, it would be an easy matter to frighten the ignorant and unsuspecting, from voting with that party which tolerated that religion, and by administering judicious doses, and exciting the prejudices of our native laboring classes, mechanics, &c., and harping upon the competition of foreign labor, brought into their midst, we can easily array the whole sentiment of this class in our favor. Our chances, my friends, for a most perfect triumph, are as bright as we could desire them; the odds at this stage of the game are most decidedly in our favor. We have but to play the game judiciously, but to strike the chord which touches the interest of the common rabble, or what are called the lower classes, and the whole popular mass will soon be vibrating in unison with the great American sentiment. The field we have to work upon is as broad as our imaginative faculties can reach; for when we have no case in point, illustrative of Catholic character, we can give full scope to our inventive genius, and the bloodier the tragedies, our fancies paint, the

surer will be the conviction they will carry to the minds of the unlettered and unlearned. From the intelligent, or what is called the refined portion of our population, we cannot hope or expect many acquisitions to our ranks. Such, from this class, as are disposed to come among us, will do so without our persuasion or coaxing. Let us then direct our attention to the poor and the ignorant, and from these we will soon count our thousands. Capt. Swyburg's remarks in reference to the braggadocio, if you please to call it, meets with my hearty approval, and I hope will be followed. Tell as many tales as we please on the rascally old pope and his corrupt priests, and the old fellow nor his servants, will ever hear of it, nor will there be many in Virginia to deny our charges. And upon the nasty foreigners, let us put the opprobrium of all our tongues, as no party in Virginia will dare to maintain their cause in opposition to the native sentiment of the country, now, after a lapse of many years, aroused from its sleep to a sense of danger, bearing like a mighty tornado all before it from north to south. The power of this mighty sentiment will silence the batteries of the opposition. They would not risk the storm of indignation, the odium of outraged public sentiment, and venture to patronize the alien born, and contend for a continuance of his rights, now enjoyed. Let us raise then the war-cry against Catholics and against foreigners, and be mindful that that war-cry ring loudest in the ears of ignorance. These suggestions I deemed most important for our consideration. I have none others to offer, as Mr. Fox will follow me;

to whose better sense and judgment in all matters pertaining to this organization, I am most willing to defer.

Mr. Fox rose, and said, "that every sentiment that had been uttered commended itself to his judgment. The most important general rules, for the conduct of members during the canvass, had already been adopted. There were other matters, however, that suggested themselves to his mind, which he hoped would meet with the favor of all present. Much good, he thought, could be accomplished by the appointment of state canvassers, whose duty it should be to thoroughly canvass every section and county of the commonwealth; declare the principles of the order, form councils, and initiate candidates into the order. Therefore, at the earliest practicable moment, as soon as this council shall embrace enough members, to enable us to make a judicious selection of energetic men for the work, that it be done. These men, of course, will have to receive some remuneration for their services, and instead of a fixed salary, I suggest that so much per head for initiates, be allowed. This method will stimulate them to vigorous action and industry." The question was taken, and decided that the rate per head be fixed at thirty-three and one-third cents, and all sums paid for liquor treats, where the treats proved successful, to be refunded. It, however, elicited some debate. Mr. Winks contending, "that it was purely a patriotic move, that the reward of patriots was their country's love. He objected to any price being paid, if any, thirty-three and one-third cents was too

much, that twelve and one-half would be ample pay, and the employees would make money at that rate. Such would be the unprecedented rush for admission into the order, wherever they went." The gentleman, however, was out voted, and had reluctantly to acquiesce.

This matter being disposed of, Mr. Fox stated "that he had but one other proposition to submit, and that was, that a standing committee should be appointed, whose duty it should be to write letters regularly each week, and furnish them to their organ for publication. Said letters purporting to come from various sections of the State, and giving the most flattering and highly wrought pictures of the prospects of the party. Even from the mountain villages and valleys of Rockingham and Shenandoah; they must give frequent accounts of Sam's glorious march towards final triumph, and strike terror in the ranks of the heretofore self-styled unterrified." This proposition received the warm approbation of all present. "We have now," proceeded Mr. Fox, "laid down all the general rules for the conduct of the ensuing campaign. Other matters will doubtless be suggested to our minds as we press on in the glorious work we have espoused, which can be acted upon as occasion may call for. Let me, in conclusion, urge you to diligence in the work before you; let each and all study the interest of the party, and strive by all possible means to prove ourselves worthy of the work of reformation we have begun under such flattering and favorable auspices." "If there is nothing more before us, I

move that we now adjourn till the next regular meeting of this council." This motion prevailed, and the council adjourned. They were about retiring, when the panel in the door, which had been secured with bolts and screws, was lowered, and the countenance of the unknown, who had before interrupted them, appeared through the aperture thus created, "Gentlemen," said he, "I have warned you once, listen to me again." Such was the astonishment created by that unexpected voice, that each man, without the utterance of a word, took his seat. They wished to rebel against the intruder; but such was the tone of command expressed in the voice and mien of the speaker, that they submitted meekly against their will. "I warned you once, listen to me again; retire not from this midnight hall, till you have heard me for the second time. I speak to you as a Virginian speaking to Virginians, and ask you, should her sons be engaged in such work as this? Do you not know, *though you profess to know nothing*, that you are but aiding and abetting the false-hearted and vicious excitors of strife and commotion at the North, in their unchristian, unhallowed, lawless, mean, selfish crusade against southern property, southern honor, southern prosperity? Each proselyte that comes and kneels at your new political altar, and there takes the horrid oaths that you do there administer, adds but another link to the chain, which they of the North hope to prepare, hope to fetter you, hope to fetter me, and call it southern subjugation for human freedom. On this point I ask you to pause, to reflect, to read, and see what

Know Nothingism has done at the North. The true men it has crushed. The negro-loving and negrofied imbeciles, it has elevated to posts of honor and distinction. Instead of sympathising with these men, you should array yourselves under the broad and glory-bespangled canopy of southern honor, and standing there, you should be ready to give a cheerful beckoning to the hordes of mean and miserable miscreants at the North, should they but dare to touch the faintest star that decorates Virginia's crown of honor, and cry to your comrades, On! war to the knife!

“One of your speakers has this night indulged very vehemently in his prescious anthemas against the much abused foreigners. He very triumphantly declared that the Native American feeling, now arousing after the sleep of years, would silence the batteries of the opposition, *meaning the Democratic party*. That they would not risk the storm of indignation, the odium of outraged public sentiment, and venture to patronize the alien born, and contend for a continuation of his rights as now enjoyed. Your applause that greeted the utterance of the sentiment, is significant of your sympathy with him. But let me say to you, that you are vastly mistaken. There is, thank God! a party in Virginia, whose batteries cannot be silenced, when right and justice demand that it should speak. It invariably puts its heel upon, and crushes to earth, all new fangled and ill-shaped political monsters that rise before it. If it swears at all, it is by the spirit of the immortal Jefferson, and not by so hollow a ghost as your clap-

trap 'Sam.' And my word for it, this party, the true Democracy of Old Virginia, will declare and maintain, that foreigners shall be protected in their rights. This party will surely risk the mighty storm of indignation, and instead of being blasted by its thunders, a nation's plaudit will greet its triumph.

"The spirit and nature of our laws invite immigration to this country; 'tis the Democracy's pride and pleasure to sustain these laws inviolate, by all honorable means, and will protect our citizens, both native and naturalized. All your preaching and prating about the elevation and election of foreigners to office, is, to say the least, both idle and silly, as reason suggests and experience teaches that the natural prejudice of the native against the alien born, supercedes the necessity of placing the latter under any express ban in this regard. Just here the Democracy desire to leave the foreign question; feeling secure in the strength of the Republican principles as tested in this country, they have no fears as to the perpetuity of these principles from any baneful influence that can now, or can ever be exercised on these shores by the influx of natives of other climes. By bald and bare effrontery, by bold impudence, you have assumed the name of American party, and arrogate to yourselves to be the peculiar defenders of American interests; when, in truth, there is not a solitary American principle to be discovered in your doctrines and teachings. 'Tis not an American sentiment that instigates you to despise and condemn, to turn away and shut out the

fugitive to the land of hope, whose rich fields are ample enough for the support of him and his. 'Tis not an American sentiment, that prompts you to declare in practice, if not in words, that a man shall not serve his God according to the teachings of his own conscience. 'Tis not an American practice, among the honorable of Americans, to skulk in darkness, and with the boldness that concealment gives to sin, plot your dark designs, and weave your political net, with which to catch the unwary and unthinking, and compel them unwittingly to oaths against their country's peace and good. This, sirs, I charge against you. This, sirs, the voice of Virginia will charge against you, when next her voice is heard, and that voice will doom your Order to an early end. Leave this work to those who are Virginia's enemies; it does not become her sons to temper the steel intended for her destruction. I have no more to say. It may be due to myself, however, to say, that I am no eaves-dropper; it is only a singular coincidence by which I have been made cognizant of your designs on two successive meetings of your council. I do not purposely come hither to disturb your deliberations. It appears that this room was once a lodge-room of a section of Sons of Temperance, my room was their ante-room, and the panel I have just lowered was constructed for their convenience. I am in this house just as any other transient boarder, and not, as I have said, from any special design to disturb you. 'Twas duty that caused me to address you a second time."

CHAPTER VIII.

It appears from what is recorded in the last chapter, that this council were in high spirits, quite well pleased with the prospects before it, and sanguine of success in the ensuing campaign. It was made the duty of each one, during the week following, to busy himself the most industriously in beating up recruits to be proposed as initiates at the next meeting. 'Twas for this purpose that, on the next morning, the fleshy legs of old Captain Swyburg very actively performed their part in carrying the ponderous body, at the upper extremity of which nature had attached the broad ruddy-brown face, with conceited and consequential expression. The acquaintances who met that face in the street, remarked that its expression was somewhat mellowed. It wore a more courteous expression, and consequence and deference seemed strangely blended together, which very plainly said, true, sir, I am your superior, but never mind that. The public had no idea that the Captain was electioneering, and hence the astonishment occasioned by his change of manners.

On the morning to which allusion is here made, Captain Swyburg was on his way to a certain crossing, the appointed place of meeting between himself and Mr. Winks, the council's committee of consultation with Mr. Peter Willing Turner. The Captain reached the place first. When, it is a fact worthy of

record, that he made at least one dozen condescending bows to passers by. After awhile Mr. Winks also made his appearance at the place of appointment, and these two gentlemen at once repaired to the sanctum of Mr. Editor Turner. Into the presence of the Editor, boldly strutted the pompous Captain, followed by his friend Winks. Mr. Turner advancing, received them courteously. Conversation took a general turn: and the two gentlemen were at a great loss, how to approach him upon the subject of their mission; at length minor subjects were dropped, and they got upon the all-absorbing theme of politics; when the shy old Captain began very adroitly to throw out feelers, as initiatory to the object of his call. Mr. Turner knew that Captain Swyburg had belonged all his life to the Democratic party. Many were the discussions they had had. Great, then, was Mr. Turner's astonishment, when on uttering some censure against a measure of the Democratic party, and to the Captain's denominating it your party, to receive the following reply: "Sir," said he, "I sympathize with you, in every sentiment you have uttered. Sir, I am, I beg to say, no longer a member of that party, and for ever repudiate its men and its measures.

"I congratulate you most heartily, my old friend," said Mr. Turner. "May I not hope that you will henceforth, be found fighting in our ranks, the ranks of the good old Whig party."

"Excuse me, Sir," said the Captain, "but to use a homely expression, would not that be swapping the devil for a witch. No, I can never join the Whig

party; true, some of its principles I do not object to, yet experience has shown that its principles can never gain and maintain that ascendancy over the popular mind of this country, that a great political party should command. It has been thoroughly tested, had its day, and is proven to be totally ineffectual to check the onward progress of the dangerous Democratic party. Whatever can cope effectually with that party, should be the rallying point of all true Americans. In my opinion, the party is now springing up, which will prove a successful rival with the old Democratic party, in which, if I mistake not, the Whig party will soon be merged. With this party, my friend here present and myself have already united ourselves; and the Council to which we have the honor to belong, feeling the absolute necessity of a public press, and duly appreciating your talents and influence in the state, commissioned us, my friend Winks and myself, to call upon you, and solicit your co-operation in this behalf. We are directed to say to you, that the Council simply desires you to become an initiate of the Order, to strike your old Whig flag, and raise the true American Banner in its place. To save you harmless from any pecuniary loss, from the change, the Council will enter into bonds, guaranteeing to you an amount, equal to the present proceeds of your establishment. This, sir, is purely confidential, and if my proposition is rejected, we will consider you in honor bound, to reveal nothing that has been said to you. Mr. Turner at once caught the cue, and replied, "that a man should in all cases, act from principle alone, and not

be influenced in his actions by motives of self-interest. I will therefore say to you that I have already had serious thoughts of joining the Order to which you belong. Now that this charge may never be laid to my door, that the possibility of suspicion may not even attach to me, I would say to you, that it would look better, for you to report to the Council that you had failed to have an interview with me; then you may depend upon it, that I will solicit at the next subsequent meeting to that which you will report, admission into the Order. This, gentlemen, is between us three, and I hope you will never breathe a word of it. I have found in my dealings with mankind, that it is the part of wisdom, to act always with due circumspection and caution. Were it to appear that I acted in this matter from the solicitation of a committee from the Council pledging to me no damage from the change to be made in the politics of my Journal, it might at some day be said, that I acted not from honest convictions and principle, but from selfish motives; to avoid this, my answer to you has been shaped."

Mr. Winks, who up to this time had remained a silent listener to the conversation, now combated the objections of Mr. Turner, by saying "that no time was to be lost; that if a paper was to be established, the sooner the better; that there was really nothing in the objection stated, as all done in and by the Council was enveloped in the impenetrable folds of secrecy, and it would never be known that he had been in this wise solicited; that no one of the Council would ever impugn his motives; for in truth we of

the Council thought we detected in late editorial articles in your journal, a sort of leaning towards our principles, and regarded you as ready to espouse the cause on the first opportunity: and for this purpose my friend and myself were commissioned to hold this conference with you. We can therefore take no denial from you; we cannot consent to lose the honor of being the humble instruments of bringing such an acquisition into the Order as we know you would be."

Mr. Turner gracefully acknowledged the compliment, and said that he preferred the course he had stated, but was not proof against such zealous importunity; he would therefore yield to their wishes, and be proposed to the next meeting of the Council.

"Sir," said the Captain, "it is a wise determination. You will never rue the day, sir, you have made this resolve—the best, I dare say the very best resolve you have made in the whole course of your useful life. The Order, sir, will esteem you as a prize, the best fish of the season, rescued from the muddy pool of political error, and baptized in the pure waters of Americanism. Your talents, sir, will no longer be thrown away, but be used in a manner well befitting a patriot's efforts for his country's good. We, who have heretofore been separated in opinion, as far as the poles asunder, strange to say, will soon stand upon the same plank, meet and commune together at the same council-board. Sir, you will be proposed to the next meeting. Meet at — Street, No. —, Friday next, in the time of night. Here is my hand till we meet again." And thus terminated

the interview of the Council's committee with Mr. Turner.

Elated at their success in bringing Mr. Turner into their midnight orgies, the two gentlemen, on reaching the street, held a short parley, and determined to spend the remainder of the day in looking out for dupes. They met with good success, and by night had the promise of seven more subjects for initiation. Of this number there was one who, as he shall figure somewhat conspicuously in these pages, calls for rather more notice than bare mention. This gentleman's name was Uriah Hawks, at least this was the name he brought with him from his land of nativity, which was somewhere in the vicinity of the Green Mountains of Vermont. Very little is known in this region of his early life; in fact nothing, except what he tells of himself. He says in his early days he was not unused to hardship. The first he knows of himself, was his escape from a workhouse, or some charitable institution for the poor, in that land of philanthropy, and then, as the saying goes, began to "shift and scuffle for himself." He did this after the genuine Yankee fashion, and became quite an adept in the art of trading, swapping, &c., and in the catch-penny small business generally. Having by his twenty-first year accumulated a wandering Yankee's capital, he concluded, like many of his race, to seek an ample field for the display of his genius, and forthwith packed off to the town in Virginia (to take in the green southerners,) where we this day find him. He now belongs to that class of individuals who have no particular business, always ready to turn his hand to

whatever turns up, and promises payment; sometimes collector, sometimes book-keeper for small stores, sometimes door-keeper for travelling monkey-shows or banjo-players. He was of good address, and generally managed to make quite a decent show for a living. As agent for some concern, he had travelled a good deal in the valley of Virginia, was well acquainted in the Tenth Legion. This fact was known to Captain Swyburg. The Captain thought if he could make him a Know Nothing, he would prove an admirable canvasser to go into the counties of Shenandoah and Rockingham; so he sought an interview with Uriah, and at once set about the interesting task of making him a Know Nothing. This was a very easy matter, especially as the Captain understood his man, and only had to hint at the prospect of making money through the means of a commission from the Council. The Captain suggested the Tenth Legion as in all probability coming within the bounds of his field of labor, to which Mr. Uriah Hawks objected, and illustrated his objection to the Captain by relating the following anecdote:—

“When I was a boy, I accidentally caught a young sap sucker, which I trained to a miraculous extent, so much so that for a long time I made it my occupation to carry the bird about to different farm-houses, and engage with the farmers to have their orchards cleaned of insects by the sucker. It would require but a few days to clear the largest orchard of all insects; all it could not devour it would slay. How I trained the bird to this I will not relate. After engaging with the farmers, I would take my little bird to the orchard,

set him at his work of death to insects, seat myself under the shade, and go to manufacturing wooden combs, and various kinds of ornaments for sale, or as presents to the comely farmer's maids. The novelty of the thing almost always ensured me employment for my bird; and if the trees were not cleaned to the satisfaction of the owner, no pay, and board for the bird and myself was the bargain. Well, I never had to pay board but once, which happened after the following fashion: I had done a good business in a certain neighborhood, and was about leaving, when I was advised by all means to visit a certain gentleman, who was a large fruit dealer. I was told that he was an eccentric gentleman; that if he should take a liking to me and my bird he would, in all probability, pay me high wages; but I was also told to keep my wits about me, else I would find myself caught by some cute trick. Well, I considered myself just-as sharp as anybody, and did not care for tricks. So to him I went, and told my business. You have, said I, a large fine orchard, but the trees will all be killed by insects. What say you to having this little bird clean them of every insect? Give me \$10 per day, and the work shall be done in two days, if not, I will pay board and leave. 'Du tell,' said the farmer, 'that little wee bird *will* do all that! wonderful, ain't it? What will the world come to next? I like your new plan of bug killing amazingly well; and now, to test whether or not you are a humbug yourself, my lad, I will say this to you: you must agree to stay with me eight days, before you put the bird in the trees. After the eighth day, you may begin

work; if all the insects in the orchard are killed, I will pay you \$10 per day for each day you stay; but if the bird fails to kill all the insects, then you are to pay me \$10 per day board for each day. 'This is a fair bargain for you, and if you are not an impostor, will accept it.' Well, stranger, said I, just give me a peep at your trees. Leave was granted; they were uncommonly filthy, and nothing more that I then detected; so I accepted, having every confidence in the sucker's ability to perform his work to the farmer's satisfaction. This was a big job! one hundred dollars in ten days, and as many kisses from the maids for trinkets in the week. The eighth day at length past away. The little sucker was, by the direction of the farmer, placed in the first tree of the first row, and I was requested to continue throughout the orchard by rows. The little sucker, having had a good long rest, went busily to work, slaying his thousands, so that by night he was half way over the orchard. I fancied that night, that the old farmer looked astonished, as if he thought he was paying dear for his whistle, while I felt that peculiar satisfaction which the thought of a sharp trick, and with it the prospect of money, always begets in a Yankee boy's heart. Well, the next evening was to witness my triumph. At length, after a diligent days' work, but one tree remained to be cleaned; up it the little fellow flew, and the bugs began to fall; the farmer stood by my side, when, lo! and behold! such a buzzing we heard in the tree, and the poor little bird was thick beset with enemies; he fought well, but had at last to give up the fight, and leave the tree to his

victors. He had attacked a huge hornet's nest. The cussed old farmer knew that nest was there when he contracted. He had the impudence to claim the \$100, and I had to plank the money down, and acknowledge that the old fellow was too much for me. In following this business subsequently, I would have you know that I always excepted hornets, per special contract. And so it is, Captain; I might perform the good work you wish to engage me in, quite well, and I hope to your satisfaction, in any other section than the Tenth Legion; but, for mercy's sake, don't send me there, to preach anything but genuine locofocoism. If you do, I will find myself in a hornet's nest a devilish sight hotter than the Yankee farmer's. I have had a foretaste of those mountain people; a fine set of fellows too, after their fashion, but let politics alone. I was up there once, and remarked in a crowd that Henry Clay was perhaps a greater man than their Delegate to the General Assembly, and thought no more of it. You may well imagine my surprise, then, at being waited on, a short time afterwards, by a committee appointed by the crowd, to say to me, if I had any more such remarks to make, I had better leave town, or have the honor of straddling a rail horse, decorated with a suit of sap sucker feathers. I had told the sap sucker story to the crowd, all in good sport, and I thought it was hard to have it thrown up to me in that manner. No, Captain, I will go anywhere else in the State, but deliver me from the Locofoco Kingdom of Shenandoah."

The Captain enjoyed his story considerably, and

laughed heartily at his ideas about the people of the Tenth Legion, remarking, "We will discuss your fears at another time, but I do hope you may be persuaded upon to accept the Tenth Legion as your canvassing field. Good day, Mr. Hawks; I am quite fatigued with my labors in this work, but a patriot must never play the laggard; so I must away, and look for new recruits."

Mr. Winks did not once participate in the conversation which passed between Uriah and Captain S., and, on being questioned by the Captain as to the cause, remarked, that he believed the fellow was a d—d foreigner; upon which Captain S. broke out in a long loud laugh. "Why," said he, "the fellow is a most estimable mimic; he is a good Irishman at times, again a perfect Dutchman; in fact, he can speak the Dutch language of Shenandoah admirably, and for this reason we should be solicitous about sending him there." "Well," said Winks, "I am glad you have undeceived me, for I feared you had hung the wrong man, and that he was practising a hoax upon you; so that instead of hoaxing you, he was hoaxing us; and it occurs to me now, that he did not give me a specimen of the brogue until you touched upon the American question."

Each of the other members of the Council were as busy as Captain S. and Mr. Winks, and by the end of the week, had procured the promise of a large number of initiates.

CHAPTER IX.

THE Council met at the stated hour and place. The usual form of opening was observed, while thirty-two men were in waiting, ready to be introduced to Sam. Various were the motives that operated upon these men, in taking this step, false at least for Virginians. Curiosity, desire for change, and notoriety, the rankling of disappointment, occasioned by the refusal of place or patronage of their party, the hope of defeating the Democracy, the hope of political plunder, the pleasure of riding a new political pony, which would outdo the old Democratic war-horse, and safely reach the grand and glorious goal of political ascendancy in the old dominion. These were some of the causes that moved these men. How many were moved from genuine conviction and principle? If there was a single one, he should be pitied, as he deserved better company. Thirty-two men waited outside of the door, and a great deal of tomfoolery and Yankee toolery was being enacted inside of the door. After all things were made ready, the worthy president having snuffed the dark-lantern, &c., the marshal examined the candidates. "Gentlemen, are you candidates for admission into this organization?" Each answered, "I am." Marshal.—"Before proceeding further, it is necessary that you take an oath of secrecy. Are you willing to take such an obligation?" Each answered

"I am." A very solemn oath was then administered to each. Eight questions were then proposed. First question: "Are you twenty-one years old?" "I am," said all, "and upwards," said Uriah Hawks, being anxious to tell the truth to the uttermost limit. Second question: "Do you believe in the existence of a Supreme Being, the Creator and Preserver of the universe, and that the obligation at this time, will be binding upon you through life?" "I do," responded each, "and Amen!" said Uriah. Third question: "Were you born within the limits, or under the jurisdiction of the United States of America?" "I was," said thirty-one. "I cannot answer that," said Uriah Hawks, not being remarkable for precocity, "I cannot say that my recollection extends back to the precise period of my birth, hearsay is all the evidence I have that I was born in the United States; if the Council will receive it as evidence, I suppose I can pass." Fourth question: "In religious belief are you a Roman Catholic?" "No," said thirty-one. "Nor any other kind of a Catholic," responded Mr. Hawks. Fifth question: "Have you, or have you not been reared under Protestant influence?" "Yes," answered thirty-one. "I cannot say that I was reared under any influence, if I was, I cannot say under what particular kind," said Mr. Hawks. "I dislike to be troublesome, Mr. Marshal, but I have sworn to make true answer, and 'blast my buttons,' if I don't." Sixth question: "Are or were either of your parents Roman Catholics in religious belief?" "No," said thirty-one. "Again I cannot answer," said Uriah. "Indeed, sir, I some-

what, in this respect, resemble my country woman's (Mrs. Stowe) black Topsy, was it in the due course of nature, so far as I am advised on this subject, I might answer that I sprouted from something, and grew to be what you behold, a very respectable looking man." Seventh question: "If married, is your wife a Roman Catholic?" Thirty-one answered, "No." "I must divide that question, before I answer it," said Uriah. "No, I am not married. No! she is not a Catholic." Eighth question: "Are you willing to use your influence, and vote only for native born American citizens for all the offices of honor or trust in the gift of the people, to the exclusion of all foreigners and aliens, and of Roman Catholics in particular, and without regard to party predilection?" "I am," said the thirty-one, and Uriah Hawks. The thirty-two candidates were then conducted into the presence of the President, where they took other obligations; then to the Instructor, and so on the end of the chapter, when they were declared members in full fellowship, of the Supreme Order of the Star Spangled Banner.

The Council then went into the transaction of business. The state was divided into districts, and a canvasser appointed and assigned to each; and, upon the earnest solicitation of various gentlemen, old Capt. Swyburg was appointed canvasser at large. The Capt. said, "he disliked giving up the pleasant Council meetings, in yielding, he but obeyed the voice of the stern commander, duty." Mr. Uriah Hawks was nominated for the Tenth Legion; he declined to accept, in a characteristic speech, but the

Council would accept no denial, and after much discussion, he had finally to agree to take the Locofoco kingdom of Shenandoah, &c. In obedience to a resolution offered and adopted at a previous meeting, a committee of letter-writers was then appointed, Mr. Peter Willing Turner being Chairman, and the letters, be it borne in mind, were to be published in Mr. Turner's own paper, and dated at various sections of the state. Nor was there to be any end to the correspondence, but each issue of the Journal had to contain several of these, anonymous messages of good tidings to the followers of Sam.

We will now leave the Council to work and hold its regular meetings. We will not disturb Mr. Turner, while he is experimenting with the workings of his new helm. We will let the canvassers go their way rejoicing in their patriotic and self-sacrificing labors, but will return to the Council, to Mr. Turner, and to these canvassers in their winding pilgrimages, all in good time, after we have turned the reader to other scenes, and brought a heroine on the stage. In taking leave of these several worthies, we would not say to the reader, that when he sees them again that the Council will have exploded from the too great pressure of the innate patriotism of its component parts. We do not say that Mr. Editor Turner will again turn up, the very picture of grief and melancholy, occasioned by the vexings of conscience, for having too frequently published and issued a certain coin, which, in newspaper parlance, respectable editors "nail to the counter." We do not know that old Capt. Swyburg will next appear in the street of

some interior village, as drunk as native juice can make him. We do not know that Yankee Uriah will get into another hornets' nest, or that his co-laborers will find themselves in equally interesting situations; but to use a trite saying, one that is regarded by some as a truism, "We shall see what we shall see."

CHAPTER X.

It was a few evenings after the events recorded in the last chapter. It was a bright and beautiful autumn night; the air was cool, just enough so to be invigorating, and to infuse life and high spirits into those who breathed it openly, and beyond the close atmosphere of heated grates. The moon was at its full, it shone bright and beautiful; an occasional cloud would pass over its smiling face, as if to get its misty particles, bedecked with a snow-white fringe, beautiful in its irregularity, inviting beholders to admire its borrowed spangles of the moon's bright beams of silvery brightness. The cloud-veil would pass on, its silvery fringe would change to some sombre tinge, to be succeeded by another, which would in like manner be illumined for a brief moment, and then pass, pass away. During the intervals, the queen of night threw its waves of light upon the city in quiet after a day's work with its bustle and confusion. The scene presented a city in repose. Nothing disturbed the quiet save an occasional bell-tap clove the still air, a window-shutter now and then rattled on its hinges, or a drayman's wheels rattling on the pavement, as he drove his weary team towards home for food, for water, and for rest. A little later, and lights gleamed from a brilliantly illuminated mansion, situated on a fashionable street; a little later still, and sleek, pampered steeds, to handsome equipages dashed along many

streets and crossings, and halted at the mansion door. Gaily dressed pedestrians, male and female, in groups of cozy couples or more entered the gate. All things indicated splendor within, and a stranger would have said at once, that it was a party of the Ton, and so it was. The social entertainment was given by a wealthy man; beauty, grace, elegance, refinement and intelligence was there, such as is found in an assembly of Virginia's fair daughters. The fairest of the fair, the loveliest of the lovely, was Fannie Bell. That dark-brown hair in ringlets hung, and now and then a tiny one would stray from beneath the tether influence of tuck or pin, to rest upon a forehead fair, and almost like a thing of life, waved to the zephyr's touch; it sported there, and all unconscious of the effect it gave the face, she moved amid the brilliant throng. Her eyes of hazel dark were laughing eyes, and laughing whispered, love me, I am a thing of light and love. The penciling of the arches above was nature's own, perfect and perceptible to the point where the temples claim a place, which, to the glowing cheeks, were like the snow-flake resting on the early rose. Her form was graceful and commanding; her step elastic, but natural, and free from all false airs which savor of affectation; her spirits were light and buoyant, her disposition trusting and confiding, and about her a child-like simplicity and artlessness, which rendered her extremely interesting; indeed, to confiding friends would be intensely so, by the implicit confidence she would place in all their words and acts; her mind was a woman's mind, strong and quick, which had not been neglected in her school-girl

days, her days of bread and butter, but cultivated beyond the majority of her sex. Her education was just completed, this her first winter in society, her first appearance in the society of her new home. Her father was a man of large wealth, and for the purpose of educating his younger children had recently removed from the country to the city.

Among the young gentlemen present on this occasion, was Maurice Meredith. The reader has seen him in worse company, though then his name was unknown to him, but the truth must out here, he was one of the thirty-two candidates initiated at the last meeting of the council. Bred to the bar, he was already winning fame as a lawyer of talents unquestionable; he was regarded as a rising man, and one that would surely mount higher and higher on fame's alluring ladder; as a politician, he promised to be popular, but like too many aspiring men, he could not await time's slow course as he turns up events, and with events mounts men on their topmost heights, to guide the issue and direct the wind of popular favor; he could not wait—the deceptive gab of the Know Nothings was an alluring song in his too willing ear, promising immediate promotion and political honor. Reason and prudence said to him, wait and reflect; Know Nothings said, within our council lies the key, go with us, in your hands it shall be placed, and with it unlock the hard-bound gates that lead to fame and immortality. He yielded, and was introduced to Sam; they gave him the key, but the gate it unlocked will be told of in a future page.

Maurice Meredith was regarded by the Order as an

acquisition of more than ordinary interest, and right proud the members were that he had in solemn oaths declared himself a believer in their doctrines, a participant in their sympathies, and a co-laborer in their nefarious designs. His features, if not handsome, were bold and indicative of honesty and manliness; polished in his manners, and gentlemanly in his deportment, with that pleasant grace about him, which told a poor man, when he shook him by the hand, that he was his equal. He had been a diligent student from his school days, and, like most persons who are really students, had spent but little time in the company of young ladies, and strange to say, had never had a little sweetheart in his boyish days, with whom to converse in child-like prattle or sport in child-like glee. No, he never had a little sweetheart, with whom to wade in pearly brooks, and gather snowy pebbles on the green bank, and with the pebbles have a cozy little game of checkers. No, he never had a little sweetheart, whose name, if mentioned by Pa or Ma, or big brother, would bring a blush to round, plump cheeks. No, he never had a little sweetheart, for whom he would cull the earliest flowers of spring, and by stealth convey them to her. No, he never had a little sweetheart, to love with the heaven-akin joys of early affection, or one in whose ear to lisp forth vows of fidelity—vows to be consummated at earliest manhood. But of late, now that he had established himself in business, he had begun to seek the society of the fair ones, and, surprising as it may appear, the green, disagreeable, awkward Maurice Meredith, as the fair ones termed him, was suddenly transformed

into the pleasant, agreeable Mr. Meredith—some going so far as to call him a perfect love of a man; but this is the way of the world, at least of its fair portion—but we have no wish to incur their displeasure by any saucy criticisms. Mr. Meredith had of late attended several parties, and played the beau admirably, and this was enough. Gossip, with her keen perceptibilities, sees portentous events in the most trivial circumstances. She will magnify the simple act of picking up a lady's fan into more than civility and common politeness; sees in every glance a wedding brewing; hears in every gentle tone a courtship, and sympathizes, in every unconscious sigh, for the luckless, heartsick swain. She had already begun to pay her respects to Mr. Meredith, and swiftly she used her flying pinions, and cautiously and incautiously used her many sayings, in discussing his prospects and deciding his fate—all in advance of the poor young man, as he had never seen the object his fancy had painted on the delicate canvass of his soul's bright imaginings. His inmost soul had pined for the appearance of his fancy's picture—but she came not. In every gay crowd he looked, but found her not; he hoped and still hoped, he feared and feared again; sometimes despaired, and then hoped and feared—but she came not. At times he would condemn himself for fostering and cherishing the idea of his soul's picture, and endeavor to fix his attention on some fair one that had reality, form, bona fide flesh, blood and sinews, but to no purpose: the ideal picture would appear, and the real fair one fade in the comparison.

But why the change in Maurice Meredith's manner

to-night? Why the changing cheeks, flushing now, and in an instant pale? Why the varying spirits, now flowing free and exuberant, the next moment sad and silent, with the sometimes slightly interesting shade of melancholy? Why were all the uncharitable questions, is he drunk? does he drink? &c., softly whispered by members of the assembled company. No, he was not drunk; he does not drink; but Maurice Meredith was excited; his soul's picture had appeared in the form of Fannie Bell, and he was happy, was entranced, was in love. And oh, the blessedness of that moment!—the melting, soothing heart-throbs, beating in the excessive feeling of unspeakable joy!—he who has felt it only knows its consolations and its pleasures. He sought an introduction, and a too-early betrayal of his emotions was the difficulty prudence directed him to guard against. A pause followed the introduction, and disquietude was betokened in his countenance, as a grave thought for the first time passed through his mind. In all his imaginings, the casket had been only viewed; he now beheld the casket; what if the better part, the jewel, the mind, was not in sympathy with the casket? He addressed some common-place observations, and a voice, soft and gentle, fell on his ear. He next called from his fund of humor some little snatch of pleasantry, and a musical laugh rung out clear and distinct. His next experiment was with argument, and he found his opinions resolutely and reasonably combatted, and then the disquietude passed from his countenance, and he had found a jewel with bright adornings.

How was it with Fannie Bell; had she a soul

picture, too, seen in the future, or, like many Misses of the present day, had she even, in her school days, fixed her affections upon some precocious neighborhood urchin. Had she seen him, and seeing was content, or did she sometimes build gaudy castles, mounted and moving high in air, and in that castle, at the dinner table, did just such a person as Maurice Meredith preside, and at the table's foot do its graces? Had she, in a girl's gay imaginings, traveled the halcyon paths of earliest and dearest love, with just such a manly form by her side, had she in traveling love's path, come to one of its rough places, and there felt a thorn, and tasted a poignant regret, and had just such a voice, in pleading tones, asked her to accept the consolations of a sympathising heart.

Is she pleased or displeased with his attentions? none can answer. She is dignified, self-possessed. Is she aware of her conquest? Apparently, no. Does she show partiality for the handsome stranger, at the risk of wounding the feelings of an old friend at her elbow? No. Does she now and then seize pauses, and converse in easy confidence with the old friend, as if to arouse the curiosity or the suspicion of the stranger, of, perhaps, an old understanding? No, Fannie Bell is no light-headed, false-hearted, airy thing of much ado and nothing, at last called a flirt; but a true born Virginia lady; dignified, while affable, prudent and discreet; and her ways and manners are ways and manners of pleasantness to all. Much was the attention she received on this occasion, and the most assiduous was young Meredith, so that by the close of the evening, they

had, at least, began to be acquainted with the hope, expressed by him on parting, that, "if agreeable, he would be most happy to know her better," and something, too, said about a call the next week, if agreeable, of course. Young men are so prone to lug in that "IF AGREEABLE," while playing the agreeable in winning hearts; how many do it after the hearts are won, and the priest has tied the agreeable knot? not many we fear.

CHAPTER XI.

MAURICE MEREDITH left the social hall that night alone, and repaired at once to his room. Naturally fond of company, yet this night he wanted to be alone; he wished to commune with himself, in blissful solitude, in stillness, to let his soul go forth, and roam at will in the bright elysiums hope pictured in the future. The smiles of Fannie Bell in that elysium made all things bright; her presence made all joy and contentment there. He was raising the curtain to take a peep at the roseate field before his mind, just as he entered his door, when, to his mortification, a gentleman awaiting his return, put all his mind-work in confusion, and chased his day-dream far away. The gentleman was no other than Mr. Fox, the Know Nothing, mentioned to the reader some time since.

"Well, Maurice," said Mr. Fox, "we shall give them thunder!"

"Thunder! who thunder?" said Meredith, abstractedly; he was thinking then of something Fannie had said about a favorite little rose bud, and hoped the shower would revive it. "Did you say you thought it was about to rain, Fox?"

"Why, man, what are you talking about, is thunder and a shower inseparately connected in your mind? I said that we would give the Loco-focos thunder; or if you are too stupid to compre-

hend metaphors, we will give them, what you ought to have, for leaving your post to-night, a sound thrashing."

It should be known that Mr. John Jas. Gustavus Adolphus Fox had been appointed by the Council a kind of secretary or scribe, and was, also, one of the committee of letter-writers. His purpose, in visiting Maurice to-night, was to procure his assistance in doing up a budget of letters, to be published in Mr. Turner's paper.

"Well, Maurice," said he, "are you in a political mood to-night? If so, you will be kind enough to listen to several letters I have concocted in your absence, which will be open to your criticism and correction."

The weary young man assented, and Mr. Fox read as follows:

"For the Virginia American.

"KANAWHA CO., VA.

"Mr. Editor.—I have but few leisure moments this evening, but cannot refrain from offering my congratulations to you, sir, for the bold stand you have taken in the great American cause. Your paper, sir, does you honor, and is an honor to your State and party. Send ten copies to the address enclosed. You may set this county down as all right in the election. The old Democrats are fast falling from their ranks, and uniting with us nightly. Who can withstand the mighty tide of American might pressing hard upon the infamous dogmas of aliens born, striving for ascendancy here. Pile on the agony,

Mr. Editor, and in each issue give the natives glory, and the aliens—h—!

“Yours truly, SALT.”

“Since the letter is open to my correction,” said Maurice, “I would suggest a simple amendment; strike out the closing words in the body of the communication, and insert ‘their dues,’ or something to that effect.” He was thinking of Fannie, and this it was that ruled the harsh word out. Love makes the most obdurate sometimes strangely pious. Mr. Fox agreed to the amendment, and proceeded to read another autograph composition.

“STAUNTON, AUGUSTA.

“Mr. Editor—Dear sir: Thinking that a word from old Augusta at this time would not be uninteresting to the numerous readers and friends of your valuable (thrice valuable journal, now that it is in all things most essentially American), I am constrained to write you a line or two. The Americans in good old Augusta are now organizing carefully and deliberately for the approaching campaign. All things to this period have gone on most harmoniously. We are wholly confident that no discord will again divide our ranks, and through the unsightly breach allow two members of the opposition to find seats in the General Assembly, as was our misfortune in the last general election. Seven American lodges are already in successful operation, and several others contemplated. We are skinning the unwashed most unmercifully, and coining votes daily, so that Mr.

Skinner and Mr. Koiner may expect to remain in Augusta during the winter of '55 and '56. If the good feeling and enthusiasm now existing continues to prevail up to the election; the opposition will not poll over three hundred votes all told. I have, to-day, conversed with an intelligent Democrat from the Legion over the way herè, and he informs me that even there, there is much disaffection in the ranks of the Democracy. So much so, that several very accurate Democratic prognosticators have thus early given up the election. If this be true, thus early, what may we not hope for, when the leaven of true republicanism, now being poured in upon the native masses, begins to perform its natural functions? Will not then, I ask, the whole body of natives to the manor born, rise as one mass of true men to a country dear, and proclaim that 'Americans shall rule America.'

"I have no more to say at present, except to add, that that truly noble old soul, and politically pious old missionary, Captain Swyburg, of your place, passed through our town a few days ago. He has begun his canvassing tour, and will visit first some of the extreme border counties; success will surely attend the efforts of such a man.

"Yours, respectfully, VALLEY."

"Well, Mr. Corrector, have you any comments on, or amendments to make to this?"

"Neither," was the laconic reply.

"I perceive," said the indefatigable Fox, "that you are becoming weary of my productions. So,

by way of variety, with your consent, I will just read you a letter come to hand to-day, from our Yankee wag, Uriah. It is characteristic of the author, and abounds in droll expressions, &c."

It ran as follows:

"10TH LEGION.

"My respected Mr. Fox.

"Dear Sir.—Hawk, if you drop the final s, to Fox, without curtailment, greeting. You expressed the desire on parting with me to be furnished now and then with an account of my political pilgrimage in the mountains of Virginia. Well, punctuality is one of my good points, so here goes for my account rendered thus far. But, before I put another item on this account, I want you to recollect that I am no scholar, and in writing up my accounts do it in a plain blunt way. Whatever pops in my head skates out at the end of my pen, just like a shot out of a shovel, and I write my debits and credits all down together, taking care, however, to put the credits down in pretty big letters. I suppose, with the aid of the above elucidation, you understand my patent double-entry way of keeping my journal, so I will proceed.

"I have now been in this section about ten days, and a less persevering man would ere this have despaired of accomplishing any thing. But, I accepted the mission reluctantly, and with a full view of the difficulties to be encountered, so far I have not established a single lodge; true, that by hook and by crook, by screwing here and screwing there, and by

ingenuity every where, I have the promise of some six or eight initiates; who, if fortune favours, will be 'put through' in a few days; one of them has gone down to Staunton to talk with the knowing ones there, and if, when he returns, he reports favorably, we will set the lodge to work.

"I am here ostensibly as agent for a certain insurance company, for, was my real purpose known, I should have to cut gravel, and no mistake. I reached a certain little town a few days since, some time after dark, and put up at the best hotel. Well, thinking I had as well be there as elsewhere, if the good work was going on, I concluded to spend several days, and told the landlord, that I had business that would probably detain me a week or so; he expressed himself pleased at my determination, saying, that I should have the best the town afforded. Early in the morning, I thought I would go out, and reconnoitre. On stepping into the street, I noticed just opposite the house, in about the centre of a small vacant lot, a rough looking rail stuck in the earth, with a board nailed to it just below the top, on which was inscribed in large letters, 'BEWARE;' on the ground was a barrel, and an old, dirty looking bed tick, full of something. What to make of the things I could not tell; just then the landlord came out; said I, 'My good fellow, what's that over the way, *is that lot posted?*' 'Well,' said he, 'I reckon 'tis, and so is this whole town; a certain kind of cattle can't hunt in these parts. As you are a stranger, I had as well explain it to you, as the town folks all understand it, and it is intended *expressly* for strangers. You see, every stranger that

stops in town puts up at my house, and not at the 'One Horse' tavern below here, the landlord of which is a political heretic, and don't believe in Gen. Jackson; that spot was selected, my friends knowing that I would at all times be in place, ready and willing to explain its object. Well, we fixed the thing so that it would surely attract the attention of strangers, and they would as surely ask for its explanation as you have done, and I have told them all, as I must now tell you its meaning—that upright is a rail—that barrel is full of tar—and that old tick is full of feathers; now, the first man that comes along this way, disturbing our peace and quiet, and our political faith, by preaching the dogarotted nonsense about Know Nothingism, is to be served as the signs in the middle of that lot would indicate.' I replied to my informer, that I was agent for an insurance company, and asked him, had they better not have it insured? 'No,' thundered out the fellow, 'our love and veneration for the glorious principles of old Jackson, is a sufficient insurance to us that no foul hand will touch it—there is but one man in town that would like to do it, and he is the keeper of t'other house, and he knows which side of his bread is buttered, and ain't going to touch it.' I was just turning away, thinking I had better order my horse and strike for better parts, when an old farmer rode up, and lighted at the tavern. 'Well, neighbor,' said the landlord, 'what's the news over the creek? How is politics?—any Know Nothings down thar yet?' 'Well, there ain't much news to tell on, old Squire Sprowler's barn burnt down last night; as to politics,

thar ain't much stirring yet; all things seem to look pretty much right, except, that same old Squire Sprowler, has got sorter twisted somehow or other, and they say, if he ain't rectified by lection day, he will carry all he kin agin us—he is a powerful head-strong man, and when he takes a notion, it is onreasonable hard to change him.' Having heard this conversation, I concluded that there was a prospect of my doing something for our cause, down the creek with old Sprowler, so I told the landlord, that as a man was more apt to insure after a loss, I would, if he would give me the direction, ride down to the Squire's, and see if he would not insure. He approved my plan, and gave me the directions. I rode some six or eight miles over one of Virginia's patent mud pikes, and turned down a rough country road, which soon brought me to the Squire's house. I found him in none of the best humors, being terribly out about his loss by the fire, but no argument or persuasion could induce him to insure. I then very adroitly introduced the subject of politics, and found that he was really not in a very kind mood towards his party. Well, thinking he had taken exception to some political measure, perhaps to some of General Pierce's blunders, I endeavored to draw him out, so as to see his bent, and shape my manœuvres with him accordingly. What was my surprise then, when he very quietly stated his grievances as follows:—

“‘You see,’ said he, ‘our man Divers, while ’lection-eering, came along this way, as he always does, gave me a call, that wa’nt worth while, for he knowed old Sprowler was gwine to vote for him, but I s’pose he

just wanted to be civil like; that was all right enough, but while here he made me a promise, of his own notion, which he aint never come up to, and I fear never will. He promised, stranger, to give me a setting of Shanghai, or Shankly eggs, I don't know which, he said they would grow high enough, to pick corn off the old 'oman's dining table. After awhile another candidate came along, who was a mighty proper, promising young man, a running agin Divers; I told him of the promise his opponent had made me. 'Why,' said he, 'you will never get them eggs; if you do, it is a notorious fact, that Divers eggs won't hatch, besides, I will give you a setting of Spanish mixture eggs, which will grow so high, that when the cock crows the gauky Shanghai will be so far down below him, that he can't hear him;' but my word was out to Divers, and I thought I would be content with the Shankly, but if you believe me, I haint heard a word about them eggs to this day; and this is what I am quarreling with my party about; their man selected, has made me a promise, that he never filled. I am no grumbler, but I hate to be disappointed, and if they aint forthcoming next spring, on the election day, old Sprowler and his boys will come up missing; or else they will give a lift to the man that raises the Spanish mixtures.

"'I am a Jackson Democrat, and if there is any truth in my old heart, I intend to die one, but I never intend to vote for a man, who makes me count my chickens before they hatch. By the way, talking about politics, reminds me of meeting with old crop-eared Swyburg, the other day, down on the pike. I

used to know the old fellow some years ago, he was called a proper man then, and was as good a democrat as ever voted for Jackson; so, says I to him, "Come ride up with me, and spend the night, and we will have a long talk about old times, and politics; I want to hear you talk on that subject." "It would do me good," said he. "Sprowl, you know I am, and always was a candid man; so I now say to you that the scales have at last fallen from my eyes; I am no longer a member of the Democratic party—I am proud to say, I am now an American." "Botheration," says I, "aint you always been an American? wan't you born here? I always thought that Americans were the very men to be Democrats." "But," said he, "a new party has recently sprung up, a conservative, a Union-loving, Union-saving party, called the American party, by some called the Know Nothing party." "Well," said I, "Swy, if you have joined that nasty, nigger-stealing concern, which ris up yonder at the North, among the abolitionists, I retract my invitation to you to call at my house. My house is humble, but an honest man lives there, one that ain't going to turn traitor to his good old mother State, this blessed old Virginia State, as you have done. Go your ways, old fellow, and I hope God will give you time to repent of this your great misdeed;" and saying this, I left him to go his journey.

"The old man having thus delivered himself, you can imagine I was set back some; from what I had heard, I had counted largely on him, and was prepared to make a higher bid than a setting of Shanghai eggs, but I concluded, after this, that it would be

useless to make that bid ; so I ordered my horse, and rode back to town, feeling, probably, as much like a fool as it is possible for a smart man to feel. But this evening I called on the keeper of the other tavern here, and, as the boy said of his sweetheart, he, after a few moments conversation, 'promised to be mine;' he has put me upon the track of several others, and he thinks we can start a very respectable little lodge here, notwithstanding the fixture in the vacant lot. You shall hear from me soon, and I hope then to be able to impart better tidings.

"Yours truly,

"H. URIAH HAWKS."

"Well," said Mr. Fox, finishing the letter, "I will trouble you with no more letters to-night. You have been to the party, I suppose ; did you see my fair relation there, old Bell's daughter, Fannie, my niece ? Come, boy, did you see her ? make her acquaintance, and fall desperately in love with her ? Something more than usual is the matter with you. Come, tell me ; was Fannie there ?"

"A Miss Bell was there, but I did not know she was a niece of yours ; I never heard you speak of the family."

"No, you never did. I had no good to speak of my brother-in-law, so I have been silent as to him and his. But his daughter is a pretty girl, amiable, and of a lovely disposition ; but—I hope you have not lost your heart with her ? Maurice, let her alone ; stifle, at once, any tender feelings you at first sight may have entertained for her. I am prompted in this advice from no hostile feelings I entertain for

her father. As the world goes, he is a high-minded, honorable man; one act of his alienated me from him, it was, too, an act most men would not condemn. Take my advice, and think not of Fannie. Ask me not why I say this, for I will not tell you. I speak to you as a friend, and if you do not take it, may live to wish you had." And saying this, Mr. Fox left the house.

"Humph!" said the young man soliloquizing, "I think I have made a pretty fool of myself. Why did I not flatly deny Fox's premises, and then I would not have heard his unhappy conclusion. He assumed that I had surrendered my heart, and then drew his conclusions that I would repent it. Ah! I understand it. I betrayed myself at the mention of her name. Unhappy man; is this the beginning of love! But I will pay no attention to his prating; unworthy of the man to vent the spleen he does not seek to conceal against father, upon the innocent, unoffending daughter. I will apparently take his advice, while this throbbing heart shall be my monitor, and tell me whom to love and who to woo; a whisper came forth, saying love now, woo Fannie. Will I marry her?"

But the heart oracle gave no satisfactory response; hope and fear equally poised the beam which rested on his new born affection, and which would preponderate, he could not tell. When he thought of Fox's advice, fear would press the balance low, and hope would fly away. When he thought of Fannie, as he saw her, hope got the better of its adversary and the balance changed and changed.

"I begun a mind-picture, as I entered to-night, which Fox dispelled with his confounded documents; 'tis late, but I must pursue it further 'ere I sleep. I will go to sleep just as I finish the picture, and then come delicious dreams."

He then took up the thread of his mind-work, at the point it was broken off, and traced his sketch of future joys. He made life a paradise, and in all his wanderings, Fannie was at his side; should fame be his, she should share all its immortal glories with him; should wealth be his, that wealth should be at her command, and minister to all her fancies. He saw no dark spot in all that paradise; skies were always bright, happiness, contentment, love and peace were always present there. With him, fame and Fannie should walk hand-in-hand; higher and higher he mounted, and Fannie was beside him; at last he reached the topmost round, and there nations beheld him, and blessed his name, and Fannie embraced him.

His picture was finished. Man can ask for nothing more, I am content; and then he dozed, and welcomed sleep, and hoped for happy dreams; but just then the words "Let her alone!" came unbidden into his mind, grating on his soul, and tearing his rainbow-picture into atoms, and, in the hurly burly, Fannie wedded another—fame foundered in ignoble mediocrity—his paradise changed to earth, and time, as he traveled the world alone, seeking for peace and rest, but finding none, cursed his unhappy lot, and fell asleep.

CHAPTER XII.

MAURICE arose the next morning restless and weary, after a troubled night. He tried to forget himself in business, and attacked vigorously the most difficult cases on his catalogue of causes, but found after a while that he could make no headway, and abandoned his books and papers for reveries. Several days passed in this way, when finally, on a bright afternoon, he determined to call upon Fannie, hoping to find some relief for his troubled spirit, and in her presence at least, forget the words, "Let her alone."

During this interval, he several times was on the point of going to Mr. Fox, and beseech of him an explanation to the mysterious words. Fox was his best friend, and why should he seek to avoid a connection with his neice, unless there was some good cause?

He said she was a lovely, amiable, sweet-tempered girl, that her father was honorable, &c., but then, he said, ask me not why I advise you thus—I will never tell you. My approaching him on the subject would be betraying too much; I will let him alone and go to Fannie, and in time my wits will detect the mystery. It may be that he knows of her betrothal to another. If so, why did he not say so, and no more, as we say in the lodge; at any rate, the development will come in time, and I will patiently await it, without harassing my heart to pieces with all kinds of surmises,

rational and irrational. And now for visit number one.

He forthwith proceeded to her father's house, and was somewhat, yea, greatly, disappointed, when told by the servant that "Miss Fannie was not in." As Maurice returns home, we will trace Fannie's steps, and see what she is about, and why she was not in, for Mr. Meredith's accommodation.

This evening, about an hour previous, Fannie, with bonnet and shawl on, and with a neat basket with a snow-white napkin over it, hanging on her arm, was just making her exit out of the front door, when she was met by a visitor. This visitor was a young gentleman, a very old acquaintance, and one of her most devoted admirers; who, if report be true, had been in love with her for many a day, and, some said, had met with more refusals than one; however this may be, he was still very attentive. He, too, was a lawyer, having but recently come to the bar. Although a man of most excellent sense, it was regarded by many as doubtful whether he would succeed at his profession, as he was supposed to be minus one essential—aptitude to business. He was the very soul of chivalry; honest to the square which blind old Justice marks down for those who follow her ways, and with all, just such a Democrat as old Virginia delights to raise and cherish on her soil.

"Now, Mr. Dew," said Fannie, "I do not intend that you shall disappoint me, just go in the house and entertain the drowsy old folks until I return, I will come back soon."

"Give me no such command, if you please, Miss

Fannie; let me accompany you; the old folks can take care of themselves, and I will take care of you."

"Come, then—but stop, you must promise to enter into the spirit of my mission, else you cannot go."

"I promise," was the hasty rejoinder.

"And now," continued Fannie, "to save a good many enquiries from you as to what this basket contains, where I am going, and what for, I will tell you. To tell the truth, I had rather you had not met me this evening, for such deeds as this lose half their pleasantness to me when I am detected; but you won't speak of it, will you?"

"No, never—but go on and tell me."

"Well, there is a poor invalid girl down at Mrs. O'Neal's, who sometimes sews for mother—a sister of her's, who has just come to this country; she was in feeble health, and the voyage has worsted her considerably. She, poor thing, tells a pitiable tale of her sorrowings and desolations in the old country. She is young, and to have suffered so much! It was sad to hear her tell of her heart-yearnings to reach her sister, her toils and struggles to lay up just enough to bring her hither; and then she speaks so feelingly of the opinions she had formed of our happy country, and the hope that buoyed up her fainting spirits, as she launched on the deep blue sea, and looked towards America as the promised land of better days to her, as it has been to so many of the hapless sons and daughters of old Ireland. And then she is so grateful for the little services I render her, and calls me her protector in a stranger land. Her old sister is good and kind to her, but she, poor woman, can't do much.

I have visited her several times, and taken with me, as to-day, this little basket of palatable food. I baked these cakes and made all these little nick-nacks with my own hands, for the poor Irish girl. I don't tell you this to sound my praises, or ask you to bestow yours, but that you may avail yourself of the example, if worthy of your notice, and in turn grant something of your living to some weary and worked wanderer from his fatherland.

“Did the world know that I assisted this unhappy girl, there are those who would say uncharitable things of me; such, for instance, as she does it to be talked about; she wants to be thought very charitable; she has her eye probably fixed upon some pious young man. But her fancy is singular enough; why did she not select some poor native girl? there are enough, far more objects of charity than that rough, coarse, foreign dame, that ought this moment be down on her knees scrubbing floors for some gentleman's wife. Let the world talk, and say as many ill things as it pleases; that does not lessen our moral obligation to soothe misery; and as to the question of nativity, that binds our charity to a given compass, while humanity knows no bounds, but carries us to the uttermost ends of the earth, and bids us be kind to the afflicted, of whatever name or clime.”

Before her companion had time to reply, they had reached the humble abode of the sufferer, but his sympathies were wrought upon, as was sufficiently evinced by his handing a gold coin to Fannie, with the request that it should be appropriated to the wants of the invalid girl. “And now,” said Fannie,

reaching the door, "as the family may not be prepared to entertain gentlemen visitors, if you intend returning with me, just go over to the book-store, opposite, and entertain yourself, while I tarry here but a little while; you will see me as I come out."

He walked over to the store, and who should he find there, engaged in looking over the periodicals, but Maurice Meredith? The gentlemen were but slightly acquainted, having met but the single time, on the occasion of the party before alluded to, when they were introduced by Fannie. A mutual recognition passed, each regarding the other as a rival, as if by instinct or intuition, and each was prompted, by that very natural feeling so often exhibited by rivals, to become acquainted. It certainly is not any peculiar good will or sympathy, that draws two men thus circumstanced together. It must proceed, then, from the desire of each to sound his opponent's depth, test his capabilities, weigh him in his own balance, the better to decide in his own mind whether his competitor in the mystic arts of love, is likely to prove the better of the two. And if they be perfect strangers, it is a singular fact that, in nine times out of ten, the first interview will terminate with the honest conviction on the mind of each that the other is perhaps the biggest fool he ever met; such is the proneness of human nature to decide matters as we would wish them to be. But from the very spirited and animated conversation which followed the few introductory commonplace remarks, they could hardly have formed such an estimate of each other. The subject was politics, and each strove his uttermost

to maintain his point. Bystanders collected, and were deeply interested in the controversy, which was cut short before they had decided to which they should award the palm of victory, by the appearance of Fannie on the opposite sidewalk, to whom Mr. Dew at once hastened, saying, as he arose, "A lady awaits my attendance, and you must excuse me from farther debate on this occasion. At another time I will be most happy to renew the discussion; that is, if you don't see the folly of Know Nothingism before I have the pleasure of meeting with you again, and thus terminate the friendly controversy, by acquiescing in all the arguments I may be enabled to advance, in proof of the honesty, wisdom, and patriotism of the principles, as held by the democracy of Virginia."

"Possibly, concluded Maurice, "I shall not have the good fortune to meet with another so capable of enlightening me as yourself, so in all probability, my opinions will not be changed when we meet again; and I will then gladly hear you to the end of your chapter on democracy. But I excuse you now, and turn you over to a *more agreeable* subject, one far more interesting to bachelors like ourselves than the one under present discussion." He did not know, when he made this closing remark, that the subject which he turned his acquaintance over to was one of peculiar interest to himself.

He did not know that the lady who claimed Mr. Dew's attendance, was the idol of all his worshipings; and more than this, he was ignorant of the fact that his disappointment in not finding her at home, was

occasioned by her errand of love and charity to the stricken one, reared as she was on Irish soil, reared in the Romish Church; had he known it, how would he have felt? what would he have thought? He was one of the midnight plotters, one of the crusaders, working in darkness and in mystery, and sworn to crush, politically, the Irish and the Catholic, sworn to rob them of the only voice which can beget a lively and abiding interest in the land of their adoption.

Surely, young man, you are now working in the dark. But work on; we shall see what it will all come to. Curse the Irish—damn the Catholic. Your idol, Fannie—she, too, is working in the dark; but it is the darkness which modesty throws around brave and generous deeds; the darkness which the Bible principle directs us to follow in doing alms.

Happily for the young man, he did not know of Fannie's mission, nor she of his political principles; but surely, he could not condemn her for a deed of charity! Oh, no! it would but commend her highly to his esteem, was the object only worthy, and her charity not misdirected. Alas! though, he curses the Irish, and he damns the Catholic. The poor girl that Fannie nursed so kindly was the one and the other, so the object was unworthy and the charity misdirected; and it was well for his peace of mind that her light, which so beautifully shines to truly American senses, was, to his American eyes, hid under a bushel.

The conversation he had held with Mr. Dew was not calculated to quiet the rising fears, already begin-

ning to intrude themselves in his serene moments, that he might find him no easy rival in the suit for Fannie's love. He had met him in warm debate, they had drawn their weapons and stood face to face in trial controversy, and the bright scintillations emitted by the clash of argument's piercing dagger, told him that he struck against true steel. This Know-Nothing young man was now most unquiet; what to do with himself, how to while away the slow pacing moments he knew not. His lodge met to-night, should he go there, and participate in the interesting performances enacted a way down in the culvert? Yes, away down in the culvert, where burned the dark lantern, surrounded by spirits of unrest and discontentment—spirits of every hue and color; some from innate malice, native meanness of heart, went there, to vent their malevolence on the unoffending stranger from his foreign home; others went there in whose hearts rankled and festered the wounds of disappointed party honors or emoluments; some went there to get the honors soon to blush forth from the new party's prison-house; others went there, thinking by stealth to gain the long-enjoyed glories of Virginia's dominant party; some went there for the most excusable purpose that can be mentioned, the bare curiosity of seeing the great Sam, or Samuel the Great. But not one, wounded of heart by capricious Cupid's dart, went there to find his Lethean stream—so Maurice did not go, though he was expected to harangue Sam's boys on this occasion, and make the very lantern's light grow paler still with the vivid flashes of his eloquence. He determined not to go for three reasons: first,

because a man in his situation likes at all times to be prim in apparel and of genteel appearance, which would surely be sacrificed in the *Culvert Hall*. Secondly, the secrecy of the culvert doings forbid the idea that his Fannie would ever hear of it, even should he there distinguish himself, and what cared he for fame that did not tend towards the consummation of his dearest wish. Could she be there to hear him, and to see him, and to sympathize with him—ah! he knows not that she is the friend of the Irish and the Catholic. Thirdly, because to a man already threatened with forebodings of melancholy, the idea of a culvert suggests the most unflattering prospect of relief. The argument he had held with Mr. Dew, had only aroused his feelings in the Know Nothing cause, but yet, for the reasons stated, he did not attend the meeting of the lodge that night, but retired to his office, to yawn, to try to think, to try to read, to indulge his growing habit of day-dreams, and to call up his ideal picture from the past, and compare its lineaments with Fannie's real charms and beauties.

He was doing, or trying to do, all these things at the same time, when his door opened to admit a servant, the bearer of an invitation to him to spend that evening at the house of a friend. The bearer of the invitation was an old negro slave, pretty well known about town, and well thought of for his polite bearing and good reputation for honesty; but somewhat spoiled by the notice taken of him by young gentlemen, who frequently amused themselves by giving him the opportunity to show off his learning.

"Well, old Sip," said Maurice, laying aside the invitation, "is it a large party at *your* house to-night?"

"No, massa, rather specks not, but few of de ladies and gemmen, sir, and massa hopes you will be 'cluded in de number. Massa has extended de invitation to some few more young gentlemen 'sides yourself, sir, but I specks dey wont all be dare, for dis is de night for de meeting of de fraternity, and dar is no telling who belongs to dat crowd dese days and times."

"To what fraternity do you allude?"

"Dey is called, sir, by mor'n several collusions: as instance, 'Mericans, Know Nuttings, and Sams. I hopes mars will 'scuse me, but I hope I may say you aint one of dat dark crowd; for it don't 'pear honest and 'spectable-like to me, and I heard my master say dey wan't to be trusted, and dat dey was danger's. I know you ain't one, 'cause I would not talk dis way 'bout 'em, if you was."

"But how do you know they meet to-night?"

"'Cause, massa, colored folks knows heap of things that white gentlemen don't 'quire into and notice; on dis very night ob every week, I meets 'em late gwine 'long some whar, and I has reasoned 'bout de matter, and 'cluded dey was de 'Mericans."

"What is the object of this fraternity, as you call it, do you suppose?"

"I has no way knowing much; I gits all my learning from mars, and de gentlemen dat holds argumentations wid him; and it 'pears to me, from what dey say, dat it is de politics of de state dey are arter. Marster says dey is aiding de Yankees in all

dar doings, and dat is what has set me agin 'em in particular, for to tell de truf, sir, I don't like de Yankees no how; I sorter 'spises 'em. Dey ain't gentle folks like you all down at de souf, no how, and I don't like to have nutting to do wid 'em mor'n possible. My private opinion is, dat dat quality of peoples called de Yankee nation, ain't so fond of us poor niggers as dey makes out dey are; for iustance, marster, take dem dat comes 'mongst us—dey is mighty polite and gentle to de colored folks at first, but arter dey has bin here awhile, sure massa dey turns to de very debble, and treats de poor nigger bad sure. I has noticed all dis by 'sperience, and dat makes me know it are a fact. I has heard my young marster at home, read a heap from a book writ by one north woman name Miss Stowe, and it am perfectly plain to my 'magination dat dat are white woman was a real, genuine Know Nutting, on de subject she writ on. I has had a heap to do wid niggers in my life-time, and I ain't ever seed any Uncle Tom or any 'Liza yet; or has any of the bad treatment she writ about, ever come under my observation."

"Well," said Maurice, laughing, "we will have no more of *de* politics to-night, but go on and tell what young ladies will be at the party."

"Scuse me, massa, but 'taint no party. Mistis says folks must not think 'tis a party, but just a sociable gathering together of elect, fuss choice, big bugs of de place. You see, young mistus, she sent me wid a note to de young lady what has recently arriv from de country to dis town; her father is

'mazing rich, one of the real old Virginny upper tens, and his daughter is the beautifullest young lady sure, and old Sip longs that young master at home would just connect in that ar prime family ; dat young lady, Miss Fannie Bell, is de name, and several others, or more, will be dare to-night. Master will 'spéct Mars Maurice," and so saying, the old fellow went his way.

Maurice felt, on the reception of this intelligence, that fortune for once was favoring him, so he did his toilet with more than usual care, was actually punctilious to a hair's breadth in arranging his locks, and scrupulously exact in the tie of his cravat. At the proper time the young man obeyed the summons contained in the writ old Scip had served upon him, and forthwith proceeded to the house of his friend. He found the company already assembled. On entering the parlor he recognized Fannie, and sitting by her, oblivious of his entrance, and apparently all absorbed in something she was saying to him, was his friend of the book-store controversy. His first impulse was that he would like to serve an ejectment upon him, and land him in the street or some where on "t'other side of Jordan," or at any rate serve upon him an injunction against any further preceedings in that direction. Fannie was looking, he thought, by the furtive glances he now and then stole, more beautiful, more bewitching than ever. Again he was sorely perplexed in spirit ; always some difficulty presented itself betwixt him and Fannie ; he but wished to enjoy her conversation, but when he called upon her she was out ; when he found her in the

social circle her company was monopolized, and when he met his best friend he was told to "let her alone." He spent a short time in passing compliments with the other ladies present, and then resolved to draw a halt in Fannie's immediate vicinity, and by laying a siege for the evening, drive the enemy from his pleasant retreat. He forthwith began his task with commendable energy, and soon succeeded in almost monopolizing her conversation, but to no purpose—the implacable young man held his ground, apparently perfectly satisfied with getting in a word "edge-ways" now and then. At last despairing of getting rid of his rival in any other way, he resorted to stratagem, and requested Fannie to sing, who, without any whimperings and affected excuses, so common now-a-days, arose and was conducted single-handed to the piano by Maurice,—so Mr. Dew was left behind to join another group, if he desired. She was an accomplished performer and a most admirable singer. The young man stood by her side, grave and motionless, as the mellow notes gushed, as it were, from a living fountain of music waves, and trembled on the still air.

His soul revelled in the flowing feast, and rode upon the music tones as they died away in the distance. He called the blessed moment bliss, and desired nothing more. If he was in love before, there is no term to express his situation after the several songs were sung.

They then promenaded in the hall, and for the first time he was alone with her. Lovers do so like to be alone, there is something in the presence of others so

embarrassing; one can't look in company as he would like to; can't act his winning ways, and can't adapt his tones to the feelings of his heart. Maurice felt all this, and felt the freedom of being alone. He thought he acted well his part—gave her credit for hers, and concluded when the walk was terminated, that he was getting along as well as he could hope; that there was nothing at all in the bear bones his friend Fox had endeavored to raise between them; that he didn't fear his rival, Mr. Dew, at all, and that it would all progress well, and end well; at any rate, he had good cause to rely on the same old buoy that had saved many a lover's head from the dark sea of despond; the little quivering buoy, sometimes faint and almost cowardly, at others strong and bold, called hope. Well, hope on, hope ever, 'tis a good motto.

We will leave Maurice to indulge his hope alone, and to the conduct of his own personal suit for awhile, and look after our Council boys, and the canvassers of the mountains, and other matters.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE Democracy of Virginia had now met in convention, and nominated their candidates for the several State offices to be vacant on the expiration of the official terms of the incumbents. The ticket was, all in all, a good and an unexceptionable one; true and tried men composed it; the party at once, in the length and breadth of the State approved it. But of the man they selected as champion—leader;—of the veteran hero, on whose credit was placed the shield of battle, and of whom it was expected, would at all times be found in the thickest of the fight—what must be said of him? Must this feeble pen dare attempt to draw but a faint picture of the noble conduct pursued by the heroic leader of the Virginia Democracy in the memorable political battle of 1855? It must, or else a history of the Life and Death of Sam in Virginia would be incomplete.

And first, did the distinguished recipient of the honor, by word, by deed, or act, seek that honor? Not at all; it was but the willing tribute of an appreciating people to the fitness, power, genius, patriotism and chivalrous spirit of the man. It was but a well-timed decision of Virginia's friends for Virginia's honor, but a judicious act of the mother State for the Union's future honor and glory. How did he accept the honor tendered him by the nomination—boastingly, and as a matter of right? Not at all,

but with the full sense of the responsibility conveyed in the trust, and with the true born Virginian's proud assurance, that if Virginia's interest for a time be committed to his care, those interests *must* and should be protected and maintained.

After acceptance, what was his course? Did he supinely take his ease, and trust to the wonted strength of the Democracy to protect and save the State? No; he looked as with prophetic eye, and told of the struggle that the enemy would make; he read their wiles, their falsehoods and chicanery in the future; and with a zeal worthy of the cause, prepared for the contest.

But to follow his course farther here, would be to anticipate in our narrative.

We have said, the ticket was at once approved by the party, throughout the length and breadth of the state; comparatively speaking, this is true; but here and there, the selected leader found an enemy in the house of his friends. Who were these enemies? Some were men of character, men beyond the possibility of impeachment, in a moral or political aspect, who honestly and conscientiously objected to the selection made, and who boldly stated their objections. This was perfectly natural, and to be expected. Can mortal man be found so varied, in his virtues, and yet in all approach the perfectness, which many men, of many minds, will lay down as their standard. Good men and true men will sometimes, while sighing over the disappointed hopes of their favorite, forget that there may be points of objection to the life, character or fitness of their favorite unseen to

them, but visible to others, and by this little piece of forgetfulness sometimes make their man, the fit and proper man, *the man for the times*, in comparison with the majorities' man. And hence it is, that whenever a nomination is made, there are those to be found who honestly differ from the action of the majority. So it was in this case, some honest men conscientiously thought the nomination bad, and objected to it, in consequence of what, in their opinion, constituted misdeeds, in the political career of the nominee—others thought the nomination good, but still objected, because they thought the best was not made. Thus resisting a positive virtue, because the superlative, in their opinion, could not be reached. To one class or the other of such thinkers, for the most part, were found all those who honestly questioned the judgment and wisdom of the nominating Convention.

But by far the larger portion of objectors was composed of far less respectable material; the prowling mass that hovers over the surface of political parties, and longs for mincing bits from the flesh-pots of the party, calculated that precious and dainty morsels would be dealt out profusely, from the newly erected camp of the Know Nothings, and thought, that in the general feast of fat things, their prospect for *something* would be bettered; and hence their new affinities, and consequent opposition to the nominees of the Democracy.

'Tis well now and then, to purge a party of the filth that must and will accumulate upon it. The receptacle, so generously provided by the opposition, in

this instance, was surely worthy of its contents that found a salubrious home in the cover of darkness, secrecy and plots. The dead-broke political hacks, already politically damned and consigned to the shades of home—the hades of collapsed politicians—were restless spirits, sad and cheerless, in the house of their friends. If they looked back to their better days, when they stood well with their friends, or were the pride and admiration of their approving constituencies, feelings of melancholy would oppress them, and call forth curses upon the imprudent deed that purchased for them their fall. If they looked to the future, no ray of hope, no prospect of opportunity to regain their wonted place; no means of self-sacrificing devotion, which would purchase atonement, and reinstate the fallen sinner to the brotherhood; hence it was they looked for other and sympathising friends. Know Nothings were ready to embrace them; and herein lied their objection and opposition to the Democratic ticket. In short, who is it, that is at all conversant with the history of the late Virginia campaign, that will not declare that the bone and sinew of the party, the true and reliable men, the men of principle, almost as one man, stood by the nominations; while those who seceded and objected were generally men of opposite character, who, with advantage, could well be spared by any honorable party, as proven by the unanimity with which they esoused the Know Nothing cause?

It is not our purpose, at this place, to speak of the noble and patriotic conduct of the large number of the Whig party who refused to acquiesce in the dis-

graceful and unscrupulous game for power and for spoils, played by the opposition ; who ignored their schemes, their purposes, and the means employed—who had the wisdom to calculate the injury the organization would work to the South and the Union—who had the fortitude to resist the movement, and the moral courage and patriotism to enroll themselves under the banner of the Virginia Democracy, This band of patriotic allies more than compensated the Democracy for the desertion of the poor miscreants who fled from the lead of old Accomac's son, and hoped to better their condition by being the enemy's allies, in the predicted massacre, at the sacking of the great citadel, built by Jefferson, and defended by the dauntless troops of the Virginia Democracy. But this decampment, and this fleeing of black and shabby sheep, and tough and battered rams from the Democratic fold, were food for the enemy, who regarded them as tender lambs, from a precious flock, pure and mete for immolation on the altar of their country. They embraced them all with the generous fraternal hug, and Tag, Rag and Bobtail found themselves honored leaders of the now degenerate forces, who once swore by the great Clay, fought under his command, and advocated his principles.

It has been some time since we had a peep at the Conncil, so we will turn to it, and see how the several worthies and chief men of the secret synagogue are progressing.

That very delectable individual and scholar, who received his education at a northern college, and to whom belongs the honor and glory of introducing

culvert politics in Virginia, Mr. Bob Dobby, is still the presiding dignity of the nightly orgies.

Old Captain Swyburg, who left the Democratic party in disgust, because he failed to procure something from the hands of the administration, and who held an office in the Council, is, as the reader has been apprised, canvasser at large for the State, and was from last accounts on the banks of the beautiful Ohio, sojourning for awhile in and around the interesting village of Parkersburg; and Mr. Maurice Meredith has been appointed to fill his place in the Council.

Mr. Jno. James Gustavus Adolphus Fox, who the reader knows as the man of platforms, who had been buffeted about for years on the old Whig platforms, and who would embrace any principles, however obnoxious to southern interests, provided they promised to defeat the Democracy, is still a ruling spirit in their deliberations.

Mr. Americus Winks, whose most prominent trait of character is loathsome selfishness; whose heart was formed of pigmy proportions on virtue's side, and of huge measure of adamant cast in those propensities that lead to vice; who was devoid of charity, and without one drop of the milk of human kindness in his whole make, form, composition, and nature; and who despised and persecuted the friendless foreigners, is still a very choice man, with a very choice office in the Council.

Also, Mr. Cincinnatus Pate, that prince of reprobates, who has no respect for the divine teachings of the Bible, nor any respect for any religion founded

upon the Bible, but yet feared that the Roman Catholic religion would in time annihilate all others, still stands well with the members, and has the commendation of efficiency and cleverness for his zeal exhibited in the prosperity and success of the cause.

Let the honest reader here reflect, and he will have no difficulty in calling to mind many Swyburgs, Foxes, Winks and Pates, who figured extensively on the Know Nothing arena in the Virginia canvass of 1855. The picture is not overdrawn: the characters present but true types of large numbers of men who opposed the Democracy at that time. A Swyburg, here and there, felt indignant because his self-constituted merits were not appreciated and duly rewarded, and forthwith, in high dudgeon, bolted, and by way of revenge, directed puny thunder against the house of his quondam friends.

The Foxes were numerous indeed; in fact, most of the old coons were converted into this sly and covert-seeking animal.

The Winks family waxed strong in time, and many, for want of truth and argument to sustain them, prated loudly against foreigners.

The Pate family, too, had its numbers. As it is an exceedingly easy matter for sinners to damn the Pope, these were the most prominent of the tribes of Know Nothings in Virginia. There were many others, working in many devious and winding ways, all striving for the same golden terminus, where lay the glittering spoils, buried in the sepulchre of the once powerful Democracy.

Having thus paid our respects to the several prime rulers, we will quite unceremoniously, and without signal or pass-word, conduct the reader into the lodge-room.

You will, perhaps, at the thought of entering such a place, experience a sort of suffocating sensation; verily, this is natural enough; but don't fear, the place is offensive, the atmosphere is poisoned, but not unto death, to those who breathe it through curiosity only. The only essential change, since we last entered, is that there is a much larger number communing together in delightful concert and brotherly love, showing that dupes to the mystic tie have been found in ample numbers even on old Virginia's shore.

This is the first meeting since the Democratic nominations were put forth; and now it was that the evil-doers went to work with redoubled energy, and the first business transaction on this important and interesting occasion, was the appointment of a committee, whose duty it should be to concoct, from the generous flowing of their latitudinous imaginations, long and ingeniously wrought fabrics—sometimes called yarns—all to have the semblance of plausibility, if not *exactly* alike to truth itself, against the nominees of the Staunton Convention. The only limit placed upon the commission being, that no one should go so far as to say that either of the gentlemen placed upon the Democratic ticket had ever committed theft or murder, or that either had ever aforesaid, in consequence of any imaginable crime, been a candidate before any court of the Commonwealth for a

term of service to the State, in the house prepared for convicts. It was surely a magnanimous impulse that prompted this limit to the power of the commission.

In furtherance of the same plan, in addition to the appointed committee, a general order was issued, declaring that a gold medal should be presented to the man who would concoct the biggest and most effective story against Henry A. Wise.

A member then proposed the following device and inscription for the medal: It should correspond in shape with the geographical outlines of the thirteen original States; on one side, *E Pluribus Unum*, then follows the *lie* in bold relief; next, From our appreciation of the above, this medal is awarded to ——— by his brother Americans of ——— Lodge, Virginia. On the other side a ship returning to Europe with foreigners; a Catholic church on fire; the leader of the Virginia Democracy down on his back, and a Know Nothing boss standing over him.

This proposition led to considerable discussion, several gentlemen contending that the proposition to inscribe the whole fancy essay on the medal was tempting the cupidity of gentlemen, inasmuch as they might strive to make the essay—they called it essay, as the rose by that name smelt sweeter—as long as possible, in order to obtain a wide surface of gold. The advocates met the objection with philosophical arguments on the expansive properties of gold, demonstrating the extraordinary thinness to which it could be hammered, and that they could now agree upon the value of the metal to be employed.

The vote was then taken, and decided against the advocates of the proposition.

The following inscription was then proposed and adopted unanimously:—"‘Americans must rule America;’ presented to our brother, ——— in token of the important service he rendered America and America’s cause, by his brother Americans of ——— Lodge, Virginia." The other side of the medal was not debated, but passed as it came from the hands of the great designer, and the medal bill passed the Know Nothing assembly.

Mr. Americus Winks then arose, and said: "Brothers of the Council—however other gentlemen may regard the issue, in my humble judgment the whole matter turns upon one point, the foreign question. I have addressed you on this subject before, but it is a question that can’t easily be exhausted. Every day that I live I become more and more convinced, that, if we succeed, we must do it by the proper use of the great lever which circumstances and events have placed in our hands. Every observing man knows that every day the native population of this country is becoming more and more alive to the danger from the incoming foreigners. The natives are becoming restive under the immense weight of foreign crime, pauperism, misery, and more than all, the intolerant and anti-American sentiments the foreigners are disseminating broadcast through our land. This pressure *must* be thrown off, in order that the great American heart may once more pulsate with the inspiring throbs of freedom and of liberty. Our natives are preparing for the effort, and at one grand upheaving of Ameri-

can sentiment, the foreign mass will be thrown off, and America be redeemed—disenthralled. Other States, at the North, have led in the matter, and let us, Virginians, follow their worthy example.

“Another reason why we should give to this matter our especial attention, is found in the ability, skill, and management of the selected leader of our enemy. It is said that he will canvass the State; whatever be our opinions of the man, we must acknowledge the power of his eloquence, the seductive influence of his capacity in the arts of wining friends; he is, by all odds, more to be dreaded by us than any man they could have started. I say this within the veil of this secret temple. If we beat him, we must do it all by exciting the masses against foreigners; prove that the administration is anti-American in its character, and that the Democratic party, as a party, by their policy, build up and patronize the alien, to the prejudice of the native; and for this purpose I have drawn up the following circular, a copy of which should be forwarded to each State canvasser. It runs as follows:—

“DEAR SIR,—

“Not doubting your capability to conduct intelligently the business committed to your hands by your brother Americans in Council assembled, the Council, nevertheless, has thought proper to address to you, as to your associates in the work, the following letter of advice, with the hope, that you will receive it in the same spirit with which it is dictated. In addition to the instructions you have heretofore

received, also in addition to the ways and means your own native sagacity will suggest to you to follow, as necessary to success in the exigencies of the present campaign, the Council would *particularly* and earnestly advise you to make the foreign question the strong point in the canvass. Appeal to the prejudices of native Virginians, prove to them that the great principle involved in this political struggle is, whether natives or foreigners shall rule America. Dwell upon the incalculable injury the foreign population is working to the country. Show that the natural tendency of the principles held by the Democracy is to foster and protect the alien rather than the native; and that the prime object, the proud destiny of our organization, is to correct this crying, this unnatural evil. Prove that the present administration is the elevator of foreigners, the oppressor of natives, and to enable you to do this effectually, a table of statistics is herewith forwarded, showing the large number of foreigners holding office. The Democratic leader is in sympathy with the President, and the most effective way of stabbing him and destroying his influence is through the present administration; and this is the chief reason that induces us to the adoption of the course above suggested. Should the aforesaid leader appear in your midst, as in all probability he will, remember you must stand on your P's and Q's, or else the wily old renegade will find you out: should this unfortunately be the case the advice of the Council is to take to your heels with considerable velocity, or otherwise he might put you through an ordeal which would cause

you to remember ever afterwards the force of the old adage, that the better part of valor is discretion—a word to the wise is sufficient. The purpose of the organization is to allow him to have the whole field to himself, in a public way, while we fight our battle after our own peculiar manner. The Council deems it useless to enter farther into detail or specifications, it has simply thrown out these suggestions for your guidance, leaving it to your own good sense and judgment how to give a practical and efficient bearing to the hints herein contained. The Council would request, farther, to be informed monthly of the condition and progress of the canvass in your particular bailawick; and would thank you for any general information that may come within your range, touching the general interest of the organization.

“Yours, with brotherly love,

“Signed ———, *President.*

—————, *Secretary.*’

The circular was received without amendment, and the secretary directed to forward a copy to the address of each State canvasser. The next business in order, was the reading of communications relative to the progress of the cause. The first on the docket was from old Captain Swyburg, dated Parkersburg, and ran as follows:—

“Dear Brothers,—

“It is with feelings of indescribable delight, I am permitted to say to you, that the work goes bravely on.

I have now been in this section for some time; my kind reception here, and the courtesy and hospitality that has been extended to me by the citizens, is more than gratifying. The whisperings we have so often heard in the East of the want of fidelity to the South, on the part of these people, is, I am pleased to say, slanderous in the extreme, as proven by the alacrity with which they espouse the Union's cause in uniting with our organization. A greater degree of conservatism is found to pervade the Western mind than is observable in the East; hence, the public mind here is in a better state of preparation for the reception and application of the conservative principles of our organization. You may confidently count largely on the Western vote, as I doubt not, the same spirit prevails elsewhere as in the sections I have visited. Nearly all the influential men in this region, of both the old parties, have united with us, and are now worthy sentinels, guarding the rights of Americans. The work, in this delightful section of Virginia, is already nearly accomplished. I will leave the remainder to faithful hands, and in a few days start for Point Pleasant, Mason Co., and certainly hope to find recruits and co-laborers among the descendants of the heroes of the battle of Point Pleasant. By the way, there is a man in or near that place, Col. ———, peculiarly fitted for some office of distinction from our organization; he has heretofore been honored, more than once, with democratic suffrages. It is said that he is predisposed to the chief objects of our organization; if so, certain instances of independence of character places him conspicuously before the

American party. I shall see him, and if he proves as I have been led to hope, you will be advised more particularly on these points. From Point Pleasant I expect to travel up the fertile valley of the beautiful Kanawha, and spend some time among the genial souls and hospitable citizens of Kanawha Co. In this county I expect to accomplish much; you know the political complexion of the people there. Standing upon the far-famed soil of Terra Salis, I will unfurl the American banner, and the cry of the sentinels, from day to day will be, still they come. The editor of that excellent, yea, invaluable republican journal, published there, who is peculiarly a northern man with southern feelings, has already, through his columns, espoused our principles, and this will prove a most valuable auxiliary in the work before me. As Kanawha goes, so goes the congressional district of which it forms a part. From Kanawha I shall go to Lewisburg, thence to South-western Virginia, which section I particularly desire to visit, with the hope of counteracting the influence of an ex-governor of the State, who, it is said, will take a conspicuous part in the canvass, it being strongly suspected that he has an eye to Senator James M. Mason's place in the national council. I would say in conclusion, that the news of the Staunton Democratic nominations fell, in this region, like a wet blanket even on the deepest dyed and most zealous of the Anti-American party. They are sadly dispirited, and will not go to work with that degree of spirit and vitality that has heretofore characterised their action in an important campaign. My brothers, the fruit upon the tree of

liberty is now ripening for our refreshment, let us beware that no serpent of Democracy tempts us from the honest tenor of our ways; also, let us remember the injunctions placed upon us by the council that recorded our names among the honored brotherhood of the Sires of Seventy-Six, and touch no fruit forbidden in the commands, lest in the touch we fall. The prospect of success is so flattering, that my old bones grow tremulous with joy, and my old heart pulsates big and strong with emotions of patriotism in anticipating the consummation of our wishes. When will our wishes be consummated? Not till Democracy shall lie prostrate in the dust, and Americans shall rule America. You will hear from me again before long. With brotherly love, yours, &c.

“PETER SWYBURG, C. G.”

Several other communications were then read from canvassers, giving reports of the condition of matters in their respective sections; there was nothing important in either of these, so we will not trouble the reader with a perusal, but proceed to record the communication of Yankee Uriah, as it fell verbatim from the lips of the secretary. This document called forth from the members of the Council laughter, frowns, and half-suppressed anathemas against its author, who, being safe in his mountain home, had little to fear.

“*Gentlemen, members of — Council:*

“DEAR SIRS—Some few weeks ago, I wrote to Mr. Fox, who has probably reported to you the sub-

stance of that communication. If so, you will remember that although at that time converts were coming into the Order quite slowly, yet I was sanguine of success finally. Well, for some time after that I went about bush-whacking, with an energy and perseverance that I am sure would have challenged the admiration of every man of you. Well, I might have continued in the business until I received a commission from you to leave it off, but for the happening of a little circumstance, which it is incumbent upon me, as a man of honor, to report to you. Premising that there is no way of calculating the extraordinary mutations that may take place in a man's mind, owing to the befogged condition our foresight is generally in, I would say that a change has come over the spirit of my dreams, growing out of the circumstance referred to, which happened after the following slightly painful and exceedingly ludicrous manner, and which resulted in the glorious consummation of the dearest wishes of your obedient servant.

"It was just before sunset. I had been on a hard day's canvass—had made one convert. A tremendous thunder storm came up. I took refuge in a cabin by the road side; it ceased raining; the sun shone out; a beautiful and gaudily tinted rainbow arched the eastern heavens. Animated with the success of getting one convert that day, and zealous in the cause, resumed my journey, and rushed on for a log-rolling some distance off—there to work, work for Sam, at 33½ cents per head for initiates. I came to a mountain creek, swollen by the flood, its waters leap-

ing and foaming, rushing headlong on; but, nothing daunted, I spurred my noble animal, and the brave fellow plunged headlong in. Well, the horse and I soon parted company. What became of him is not positively known, though it is presumed that he was washed down the stream. I, too, was washed down the stream some half a mile or more, and then providentially thrown upon the shore, though in a decidedly damp and somewhat dilapidated condition. Gentlemen, you know it is out of reason to suppose that a man could retain his mind and sensibilities while tumbling along down at the bottom of a muddy stream, buffeted by stumps and angles in the bed, and chunked by heavy stones and rough old logs for ten or fifteen minutes, without getting a little daylight to breathe, so that, at the period of my landing or running aground, if you please, I am not certain but what I thought, if I thought at all, that I was clear gone forever, and that you all would have to procure another canvasser for the Tenth Legion. How long I laid in that condition I do not know, nor did I know how I got there, or for what purpose I was there; it appeared to me a dream. On returning consciousness, the first object that struck my observation was a beautiful mountain lass, stroking the water from my dishevelled locks.

“ ‘Poor stranger,’ said she, ‘can you walk?’ ”

“ ‘D——d if I kin,’ said I. ”

“ ‘If you can’t,’ said she, ‘I will run up for father, and he will fetch you up, and take care of you.’ ”

“ In a few moments a hale, hearty, jolly, old farmer, of Dutch extraction, of some fifty summers, was by

my side, who, without any questions, shouldered me, just as if I, an American Canvasser, had been a bag of potatoes, and carried me up the hill to the house, and there the good people treated me kindly, and in a few days was able to be out.

“Not wishing to impose too much on the kindness of my preservers, I repaired to the tavern near by; and in a week or so was as well as ever, and ready for work; but then, alas! I was in no condition to work, as the image of the fair girl, at whose request her daddy toated me up the hill, and cared for me in distress, was continually haunting my mind, and I suddenly turned my attention to poetry, &c. On reading the works of the immortal Shakspeare, I was struck with this passage,—

“ ‘There is a tide in the affairs of man,
Which taken at the flood, leads on to fortune.’ ”

‘Well, it appeared to me, that my case fitted that exactly. The tide in my affairs was the flood that washed me down the torrent; the fortune it was to lead to was the old Dutchman’s, at his death, provided, I could marry his daughter; and forthwith made up my mind for the effort. I became a frequent visitor at his house, and was at all times well received. After matters had run on long enough, I one eveing asked the object of all my adorations to walk with me to the spot where we too had first met. She consented. I intended to be eloquent; but, on getting to the spot, felt a little insignificant, as nothing but a little thread of water was passing along its tiny bed, and I felt ashamed that such a modest branch, in dry weather, should have, at flood

tide, used me so roughly. However, I made out the best I could, declared my love at that very spot, was accepted, and felt that the whole circumstance, was perhaps, the most romantic event of the present century. All in good time, I asked the old man's consent, who simply said, 'Well, as my daughter found you, I suppose she has as good a right to you as any body else.' And we are to be married, week after next.

"The old man is going to give us a grand wedding, and I hope you will all come up, and see your old friend joined in matrimony. I would ask your worthy president to come up and give me away; but as this might put him to some trouble, I calculate I will take the responsibility upon myself, inasmuch as the gal aint either a Catholic or a foreigner, and I can't see that I am violating any of the oaths, by which I swore myself away to the Order. The old man is pretty stiff, and is going to do a handsome part by us, say—to the tune of several thousand, and a valuable farm—where I intend to devote my time to the raising of stock and cattle on the farm, and young Hawks in the house, which will, I dare say, be a more independent way of living, than my present somewhat contingent income. The old man is a thorough-going, out-and-out, Tenth-Legion Democrat; and you know it is a good and happy thing to keep peace in a family, so it strikes me as more than expedient that I should follow the example of a great many big men of the state, and join the same party, particularly as I see nothing peculiarly objectionable in their principles. I would, therefore, most respect-

fully solicit of you a withdrawal from your organization; you need entertain no fears that I will ever betray any of your secrets, for God knows, I am the last man that will ever refer to my connection with the Know Nothing organization. Below is my account, which I would thank you to remit as soon as possible, as I wish to present half to a Catholic church, the other to the first poor, needy foreigner I meet, as part remuneration for the injury I have done to Catholics and foreigners. You will observe, that in the account, the one third of a cent is not charged. I have done this, feeling that I owe you something for terminating our contract so suddenly. You will observe further, that there is an item charged in the account, for half an initiate; this might appear mysterious without an explanation. The one-half charge is for a fellow who after coming in, and taking one half the oaths, refused to take the other half, and, without ceremony, bolted out of the lodge room. I will state, in passing, that this man was a Democrat, and it was thought proper, by those who were in the room at the time the bolter made good his escape, who were all Whigs, to take proper notice of the desertion, and after much debate and deliberation, the following somewhat equivocal resolution was passed:

“*Resolved*, That our half brother, *Ike Davis*, smelt a rat, and decamped before he saw the elephant.’

“If, however, you think this charge for the half initiate, ought not to be made, just strike it out, and forward the remainder; you may rest assured I will never warrant you for it.

*"The Members of Council No. 1 of the American Organization,
State of Virginia,*

<i>"To H. Uriah Hawks,</i>				<i>Dr.</i>
Nov. 5,	To procuring one initiate,	-	-	33
"	6 drinks, 3 straight, 5 cts., 3 with sugar,	-	-	35
" 7,	procuring one initiate,	-	-	33
" 12,	" " " " " "	-	-	33
" 17,	" two " " " "	-	-	66
"	1 qt. of beer, 25 ; 2 drinks with sugar,	-	-	45
" 21,	" " " one initiate,	-	-	33
" 27,	" " " " " "	-	-	33
" 28,	" " " a half initiate,	-	-	16½
"	½ gal. old rye, 50 ; 7 drinks, straight,	-	-	85
Received payment,				\$4 12½

Dec. 16th, 1854.

"Now, gentlemen, being about to bid you a long farewell, if I were permitted so to do, I would advise you to appoint no successor to me in this district ; I have worked for you hard and faithfully, and am well convinced that Know Nothingism 'aint going to take in the Tenth Legion ; you had as well try to make white-wash out of pumpkins and flints as to try to beat anything into the heads of these people, that does not start with Democracy, go along with Democracy, and end with Democracy. My private opinion is worth nothing, gentlemen, but I rather think you will be beat in the election. I shall not have a vote, as I will not have resided here long enough to entitle me to exercise that privilege so much prized by us all in this land of liberty. Desiring to take leave of you in all kindness,

"I am, gentlemen,

"Yours, most respectfully,

H. U. HAWKS.

This letter was the occasion of an exhortation from a zealous member, who entreated his brothers not to be at all dispirited or disheartened by what they had heard ; that there was nothing in it entitled to one moment's consideration ; that the author was at best nothing but a traveling Yankee ; that the Council deserved such treatment for making such an appointment as the individual in question, &c., &c. He then branched out on the importance of selecting honest, tried, capable men for such offices, and concluded by making an appeal to his brother, Maurice Meredith, to accept and win laurels on the field so unworthily surrendered by the ungrateful author of the communication they had heard read.

There were attractions for Maurice at home about this time, so he most peremptorily declined the honor, saying, he was willing to make any and all sacrifices for his party, but he owed a duty first to himself, and he could not accept the mission without neglect to the legal business committed to his hands.

It was finally suggested and agreed to, that old Captain Swyburg be requested to go thither, after his tour through the South-West was completed, and this arrangement seemed to satisfy all present. It was determined that the whole amount charged in Mr. Hawk's account be paid, that his withdrawal card be forwarded to him, and thus ended Uriah's sojourn among the tribes of Virginia Know Nothings.

The following resolutions were then offered :

"Resolved, That no member of the American Order of Virginia shall enter into public debate with the

leader of the Democratic party, and that even private conversations with him be eschewed."

This resolution was referred to the standing committee on rules and regulations of the canvass.

"*Resolved*, That a committee be appointed, whose duty it shall be to form some uniform and practicable plan by which the influential members of the Democratic party, who are disposed to bolt their party nominations, may be approached wisely and judiciously, and thus be induced to throw their weight and influence into the American scale." Adopted.

"*Resolved*, That in the opinion of this Council, that when the American party shall meet in convention to nominate candidates, that at least two of the nominees be selected from the Democratic party." Adopted also.

Much other business detained the Council until a late hour, but as it was of no great importance to themselves, nor the rest of mankind, we will bid its worthy members good night, and once more let the curtain fall that excludes them from the outward world.

CHAPTER XIV.

MR. Editor Peter Willing Turner now claims a notice at the hands of the chronicler of Sam's doings. Through inadvertence, this gentleman's claim to a more extended notice in this history has been entirely neglected; so to atone for the wrong, he shall now have a chapter appropriated to his service. To do him justice, he was, as the world goes, an honest, well-meaning man; naturally of strong mind, it was also well-stored with general and useful information. He had for some years been connected with the public press, was a bold and ready writer, and by his courteous editorial career, commanded the universal respect of his brothers of that honorable and influential profession. He had always been a zealous, wide-awake Whig in politics, was apparently most devotedly attached to the principles of that party—had been a firm and constant friend of the great Mr. Clay—taxed his abilities and devoted the columns of the journal he then conducted, to the support of that distinguished gentleman for the presidency.

The great expounder of great principles, the Hon. Daniel Webster, was a man whose political doctrines and teachings he most heartily endorsed. And then to come to a later day, there was a man of whom fame speaks well in telling of his glories on the tented field, but when transferred to civic life, as a candidate for its highest honor, being an American,

betrayed too great a weakness for the "rich Irish brogue and the sweet German accent," was also warmly sustained by Mr. Turner, who, like the great General, then had a fancy for the rich brogue, and thought the German accent was sweet enough.

Such was Mr. Turner's life and character prior to the introduction and progress of Know Nothingism in Virginia. Let us now look at his career after he became a sworn subject of this native king, and see how it contrasts with his former professions. It was stated above, that Mr. Turner was a warm admirer of Henry Clay. Mr. Clay was for a time the master-spirit of a great party: it is conceded that that party had principles worthy the man; and that its opponents differed, not in contempt, but from the conviction that other principles were better adapted to our form of government. This party, of which Mr. Clay was the great embodiment, openly, honestly and boldly took issue with the opposition on great subjects touching the national policy that ought to be pursued. The Bank question, the Tariff question, the Internal Improvement question, (by the general government,) &c., &c., were all subjects on which great minds and pure patriots have differed. How is it then, at so early a day as 1854, that men are found, Mr. Turner included, who swore they would live and die by the principles as expounded by Clay and Webster, ignoring those principles, or blotting them out from their political creed, and essaying to make a political struggle in this intelligent land, on the poor, miserable, insignificant question, whether it ought or ought not to be, that

naturalized citizens and Catholics should exercise rights of citizenship, and hold offices in this country? How is it that men who, but a few years ago, sustained the distinguished General Scott in his bid for the foreign vote, and played on the harp of a thousand strings, with manifold variations to the tune he had most artistically struck, in which was most harmoniously blended the Irish brogue and the German accent have so changed? Such, though, has verily come to pass in the days of Sam, and hardly have the mortal remains of Clay and Webster become cold in their graves before their once valiant friends have turned their backs upon their teachings and examples. Hardly, too, has the music their valiant general raised in singing pæns to noble foreigners, in which the party joined in boisterous chorus, died away in the distance, before another song is sung, far different in sentiment and in tune. In which the words, "down with Catholics, down with foreigners," are often repeated. Upon what grounds of consistency Mr. Turner, and those who think and act with him, reconcile this to their former position, it is impossible to conceive. He, nor none of his colleagues, have ever vouchsafed to tell the uninitiated what course of policy they intend to pursue in administering the affairs of government. Whether they were for or against the Bank, Tariff, internal improvement, distribution, the annexation of Cuba, Canada and the rest of the world, that small portion, the outside portion of mankind, was never advised. They were non-committal, non-comatible on all of these subjects. They all, however, seemed to agree

with extraordinary unanimity upon one point, namely, crush out the foreigners and Catholics that are continually licking up the grease from the wheels of Government, and then the old Government would roll on and on, to all time, without getting out of gear or without requiring any more administrative power to keep its motion regular and uniform. This certainly, is a new theory in political economy, well worthy of the modern schools of free, free, free, free, free, free, freeisms at the North.

We will now copy from Mr. Turner's Know Nothing journal certain passages, which were put forth as precious doses for the stomach of that respectable patient called Sam. Among the first issues that came out, after the name and political character of the journal were changed, as if by way of apology to the numerous patrons of the old Whig sheet, the following passage occurred:—

“After much study, reflection, and observation, after a patient investigation of the wants of the times, after looking into the condition of parties, after looking to the past to find a lesson for the future, the result of all our deliberations is the fixed and firm conclusion that the salvation of our country now depends upon the adoption of the principles as set forth in the American platform. Such being our conscientious conviction, there is but one path of duty for us to follow, viz.: to go with that party, and contribute our best endeavors towards the accomplishment of its objects. To our old friends and patrons, who cannot go with us, we must tender a reluctant farewell. They cannot ask us to stay with

them when our country calls us to its aid ; the prime article in their creed is that natives should rule America ; where is the man that does not endorse the sentiment ? We desire it, however, to be distinctly understood, that in taking this position, we renounce none of the great principles the Whig party has so long and so nobly contended for. These principles, as it were, are laid on the shelf until the accomplishment of a particular result, which can only be accomplished through the means and instrumentalities as proposed by the American organization ; this result accomplished, and we will be free to raise once more the time-honored flag which floated in the breeze when Harry of the West was chieftain of our clan."

This latter clause was most wisely put in, which simply means, in unambiguous English, that the editor intended to experiment a while with the workings of the mysterious charm Know Nothingism was said to possess, and then, if it did not come up to representations, he would immediately fall back upon his old stay, and be as good a Whig as ever. He was probably dubious as to what the sense of a majority of his subscribers was on this question. So he assumed the position which may aptly be likened unto a stick of candy, with a new flavor at one end and an old flavor at the other, which he threw out among his patrons, and if a man did not like the taste of the new he could reverse the stick and go to sucking the old, and *vice versa* ; though he strongly recommended the new as the best, yet concluded that it was, nevertheless, a matter of taste.

That his position was appreciated by at least one

man, the following letter will show, which came to hand a few days after the publication of the passage:

“DEAR SIR,—

“I observe in the leading editorial article of last date, that you have shaped your trap and constructed your triggers with the view of catching birds of different feathers at the same fall; and, from the bait used, I infer that you desire doves and owls (night birds.) Now, permit me to say to you, that these birds do not generally associate together in harmony; and, moreover, it being left to my discretion which one of these birds I shall represent myself by, I would state that I choose the dove, and must say, in conclusion, that I can find no place under your trap upon which I can rest the sole of my foot. So you had as well discontinue my paper.

“Yours, &c. —.”

Happily for him, however, nearly all of his patrons were pleased with the new plan, so that his subscription list was not materially changed. Shortly after this, the following passage occurred, in which the editor exhibited his gift of prophecy, and in so doing ran the risk of bringing himself within the application of the old adage, which says that “a guilty conscience needs no accuser.”

“It is perfectly certain,” said the editor, “that the Democratic press of this State will endeavor to prove that the American party of Virginia is in sympathy with the Northern Abolition party. It is a notorious fact, that no party in this State can support a man

for State or federal officers that the Democratic party will not endeavor to show that he is not faithful to southern interests. For instance, look to the late presidential election—look to the gubernatorial campaign that elevated Gov. Johnson to his present position, and it will be remembered that both the opponents to the Democratic ticket were accused of northern affinities.

“The proper way for us to meet such charges and insinuations is by the contempt which silence carries with it. For our part, we shall notice no such disgraceful and slanderous efforts to retain power and place now in their possession.

“The American party must stand upon the justice of its own native cause, or fall, so far as we are concerned.”

Well, Mr. Editor, you concluded very patriotically; but, when you penned the article, did your conscience tell you that your party was amenable to the charge? *You* must, at any rate, have felt the uncertainty of your position; you must have felt obnoxious to such a charge, though even your political enemies did not so regard you; or else, why did you anticipate the charge, and plead not guilty, before you were arraigned before the Democratic Court of Inquiry, which court has never yet soiled the ermine of justice, but sits with majesty on its elevated platform, tries all causes with impartiality, and mingles in all its orders and decrees mercy and moderation. True, its judgment has more than once been that the Whig party should be transferred for awhile to the regions of Salt River: and would you not call this clemency?

Moreover, do you not know that these cases have been more than once taken to a higher court, a supreme court, the court of the people—the *viva voce* court of Virginia's sovereigns? And when was one of these judgments reversed? Never; but every one has been sustained; and upon what grounds can you complain?

But to return to the editor's assertion that the Democracy would charge his party with abolition affinities. That prophecy failed; no such charge was ever made. The Democracy well knew that whatever political opinions true Virginians might entertain, however far asunder her people might be in those opinions, there was still one common ground upon which all could meet and hold counsel together, with one heart and one mind. The Bible—which their immortal forefathers read, and found slavery there authorized, before they consented that it should be introduced into this country—is still in the hands of their descendants: The law which declared slaves to be property is still recorded on the pages of the nation's statute book; and so long, then, as the Bible is accessible to the people of Virginia—so long as that law remains upon the statute book—so long will Whigs, Know-Nothings, Democrats, and what not, meet on this common ground, defend and protect their rights and their property. Not until a party shall arise in Virginia, as at the North, which will trample under foot the Bible, will there be a party here, so deadened in all the finer sensibilities of human nature, so poisoned by the putrid stream of man-fanaticism—which must have its origin in free

society—so callous to all the precepts of common humanity, as to advocate the measure of tearing the slave from his kind master, and throw him upon the cold charities of a world, to earn perhaps, at best, but a precarious subsistence, and finally, from the force of his unrefined and sluggish nature, degenerate to his original state. True, self-interest has its sway over southern as over northern minds; but a louder voice than that which bids us keep the slave as property for our own behoof, and our children's use—the voice of humanity—in pleading tones, touches the southerner's heart, and tells us to protect the negro; and *this Virginia will do*, come what will, what may.

That respectable northern woman, Mrs. Stow, may sit in her easy chair and create as many brutal Haleys as she pleases; let their name be legion—let them all draw the blood from the poor negro's back—let that blood all unite and flow in one sanguinary stream through the South, and, to finish her picture, let it stain old ocean even to Boston port. Let her paint as many good old Uncle Toms, and delicate, gentle Elizas as she pleases; and let her pitying strains, in bewailing their condition, be touching in the extreme; and as she excels in the art of taking portraits of negro girls, let her paint a Topsy tenfold blacker, more ignorant, and more devilish than the original; and let all of her picture-evils of slavery, as it exists at the South, be drawn in deeper colors—and what would be the effect of all her writings? Why, simply to make the maddened abolitionist madder still, and the southern gentleman to clench his property with a tighter grasp, and cause him to wish for more of

such characters as the authoress has such an aptitude for delineating. Though it would be well for that lady to know, before she takes up her brush to paint representations of southern life, with its peculiar institutions, that the Haleys, if they ever existed, have long since been numbered with the things that were. The place of this raw head and bloody bones, this terror to the Virginia negroe, has been filled by the Yankee, who the negro, by his keen sensibilities, at once recognizes when he appears in our midst; and with that instinct, observable even in lower orders of animals, which points their enemies out, he fears and dreads the Yankee.

No, Mr. Editor, your gift of prophecy failed when you predicted that the Democrats of Virginia would charge you or your party with abolitionism. But what the Democracy said of your party was said in the spirit of truth and friendly admonition. They entreated you not to strike your old colors, but to meet them in open and manly fight, as you had often done before. They told you not to hoist the Know Nothing flag on Virginia's soil. They said to you that southern breezes should not kiss the dark folds of the flag that had waved in victorious battle over Virginia's enemies. They directed your eyes to the birth-place and the birth of the party that carried that flag.

New England was its birth-place;—how produced? That land is famed for its multitude of isms, and the direst of all is abolitionism, which is regarded by all the manifold isms as common ground. Now—that this mongrel and mixed up set might work together

in concert on their common tract leading to the devil, they concluded to hold a convention, in which there should be representatives from all. They met and resolved to throw all their isms together, each to be bound by the progeny, whatever it was. This was done, and Know Nothingism was the offspring. The worthy grannies all pronounced it a proper child, very much resembling its chief father, abolitionism, but with bolder features; though, before it was dressed, some one wiser than the rest whispered, "Hush! at the South it would be called a monster; so we will closely veil it," and hence the secrecy of Know Nothingism. The whole family of isms, which constituted a large portion of the population of the Northern States, having centred upon Know Nothingism, who could withstand its progress, who check its victorious march!—and in an incredibly short period of time, all that was pure, noble, patriotic and national in the Northern States, was torn to pieces by the rabid dogs of sectionalism let loose from the Know Nothing kennel. As the desert's hot breath prostrates the weary traveller, so has the effluvia emanating from Northern culvert-holes poisoned and suffocated the spirit of true republicanism there.

The advice the Democracy of Virginia gave you and your party, Mr. Editor Turner, was to stand aloof from that party. But finding that this advice availed nothing, they then charged you with giving aid and comfort to Virginia's foes, by joining the party these foes had formed, for the accomplishment their own sectional, and worse than abominable purposes. The Democracy asked you, if southern men

should not be slow to join that party, after all the insults that have been heaped upon southern characters, and southern institutions? After the many acts of violence perpetrated in the very face of the constitution itself, by the phrenzied fanatics of that land, who were in truth the formers of that party. That question was in all conscience a proper one, and surely pertinent enough. But what respect did you pay it? Where and how did you answer? Why, in the Lodge room, and by swearing yourselves away to those very enemies of Virginia.

It has been argued by some, that the fact, that there are those to be found in Virginia, to unite in political action (with those who are continually vilifying and trampling upon their rights,) under a political organization, which had for its object systematic aggressions and encroachments upon southern rights, shows that the high toned, the chivalrous spirit of the people, which has been Virginia's pride and boast for so many years, is sadly on the decline; and that Virginians have so far forgotten their ancestry and their fame, as to be ready to lick the hand raised to strike them. Must this argument be assumed as correct? Virginia pride revolts at the idea, and would fain find some palliating excuse for those who so shamefully become the willing dupes to a northern plot; and attribute it to the furor of political excitement, rather than acknowledge that Virginians are capable of feeling the ignoble sentiment of servility. But let Virginia pride be their apologist and what would be the best excuse it could frame, for those who joined the Know Nothing party?

Why, that in their desire to conquer the Democracy, they so far forget themselves as to hope that by the aid of the culvert's secresy and the culvert's morals they would succeed, and Democracy would fall. This, though, would be the artful politician's excuse, who would hope for acceptance in the license allowed gentlemen of his stripe.

But what says old Virginia? The good old State, with pitying eye looks upon all, who, by their unnatural acceptance of a northern creed, put in jeopardy her interests; and says, for the hope of reward you parted with your birth-right, and are no more worthy to be called my sons, until you break all party connections with my enemies. Having traveled north in search of (political) food, I know you are hungry, and fain would fill your bellies with the husks of office. If you return to your old mother's house, you will find no fatted calf upon my table, though after years of devotion to southern interests, my people may, perhaps, reward you amply, by the bestowal of some office, trust, or honor. On your return to my house, be modest, mourn for awhile, in sackcloth and ashes, ask nothing of my people, until you become acclimated to your southern home, for I say unto you, that you shall have nothing, and to my law-makers, that they shall give you, not even a doorkeeper's place in their sanctuary.

As before remarked, the Editor's prophesy, that the Democracy would charge his party in Virginia with abolitionism utterly failed, no such charge was ever made; but Sam in general is, nevertheless, a very criminal individual,—even, after admitting, that

Sam in Virginia, is a northern man, with southern feelings; and some of his crimes will further appear as the editor's career is a little further sketched.

When Mr. Turner first turned around, and got with the Know Nothing current, his journal was conducted on the half and half principle, half Know Nothing, the balance Whig, but by and by, with graceful and almost unapparent diminution, whig ideas, began to disappear, so that by the time it was ascertained that the Whig party was becoming completely Know Nothingized, he came out as strong and as bold in the native cause, as the maddest fanatic could desire. His party "*honeyfugling*" articles were original, lofty, grandiloquent, poetic, humorous and long. His tirades and satires against the Democracy, and especially its leader were simply awful; and might have been withering, except that they wanted one essential element, called truth.

As fast as one coin of his manufacture came out, respectable gentlemen, on the other side, took it upon themselves to "nail it to the counter;" but, nothing daunted, the next issue would contain another of different size, value, and dimensions. This would meet with the fate of its predecessor, and so on, until people began to wonder at his extraordinary facilities in that department, and in the absence of all information on this subject, concluded that he was indebted to his very brilliant imagination for his facts and truths. He studied northern journals, soon became well posted on the foreign question; and detailed to his readers regularly a good deal of his learning, on the evils resulting from the immense emi-

gration to this country, thereby showing, that his opinions from some cause (not mentioned by him) have undergone some modification since the time when he so zealously sustained General Scott for the presidency.

As has been stated, he had for many years been connected with the press, and during that whole period, like a good Christian, was never known to publish or issue any thing to the discredit of any religious creed, thinking, no doubt, very properly, that religion was a matter of will and conscience, whose terms were not to be dictated and prescribed by man to man. But as he advanced step by step in Know Nothingism, the evil and proscriptive spirit of the party was instilled into his very heart; and with a high hand he entered the holy sanctuary of the Roman Catholic denomination, and dared to mingle the emblems of the cross in the mire and filth of political strife. He made the wonderful discovery, that the handful of Romanists in Virginia were dangerous to the well-being of the State, and should be judged as criminals by the protestant population of State. But not to follow him any farther, at present, in his downward career, it may be said in conclusion, that his journal progressed in evil with its cause. The numerous correspondents from various sections—located in truth in the editor's office—contributed their quota of blackguardism and abuse; real correspondents vied with them in this elegant and literary pastime; while every thing that savored of low-bred political abuse and vulgarity, was snatched from every source, until the journal became absolutely such a thing as could only be read by Know Nothings.

CHAPTER XV.

THE intrepid leader of the Virginia Democracy was now at work. He studied the nature of the enemy he had to deal with, and his master intellect soon pointed out the course he should take; his mind once made up, firm as adamant, he followed it to the letter. He was his own counsellor in the formation of his plans, and those who were prepared to do him service, caught as it were, some of the fire of his genius and resolution, and worked, if it may be so expressed, in the second degree of efficiency, for it must be acknowledged, that on his shoulders alone rested the force of the political struggle. He believed that the foe which had arrayed itself in hostility to the Democracy, was unworthy of that respectful recognition which would elicit courtesy from those Virginians who were jealous of her prosperity and her integrity to her reputation. He believed that party destitute of principle—traitors to the South—and if their counsels should unhappily prevail, all that was worth preserving in the old dominion would bleed and waste away upon the barren failure of northern ideas, sent South for experiment. He knew that in covert darkness, behind the oft repeated declarations of conservatism, the wildest radicalism laid in ambush, ready, should opportunity offer, to pounce upon the modest precepts of wisdom, tried and tested by long experience. He knew, that under the specious cover of

disinterested patriotism, there lurked the black spirit Proscription, more galling than any that ever visited his native State before. "We ask not for offices; we ask not for honors, we work only for our country's good;"—this he correctly translated—we demand all the offices, we demand all the honors, we work only for the spoils. How true that translation was, events have fully proven. He regarded all those engaged in the work as an immense company of undertakers, who, if let alone in their excess of folly and madness, would weave the funeral garments for Virginia's glories, and dig deep the sepulchre for the interment of all her rights. He looked to the North, and saw the ruin and desolation their co-laborers had there worked; asked himself the question, shall this be Virginia's doom? His proud spirit rebelled againsts any other answer to the question but the most emphatic *no*. And with this answer his resolution to save Virginia was begot; he felt the might and power within him, and went forth conquering and to conquer. Did he adapt the maxim of most politicians in treating with their opponents, viz.:—

" Being to their virtues very kind,
And to their vices very blind."

No, too proud to ask favors of a party whose patronage might be questionable, he boldly raised his voice against them, and painted their follies in colors such as bold and undisguised truth only bestows. He was not the man to cringe to the reputed power of the secret party—not the man to bend the supple knee, and with hypocritical words,

sue for peace and good will from his political foes. But his course was just the opposite, clad in the steeled armor which right gives to action, every fibre of his manly heart felt the justice of his cause, and boldly he bid defiance to the allied army of Whigs, Know Nothings and deserters, who were madly intent on storming the proud works of the Democracy. He went forth among his people, and halted at many points; where'er he went his fame was in advance of him; the people came to hear the voice of the orator plead the cause of their dear old State, and in these addresses he failed not to awaken feelings of patriotism in the right-minded, and to administer scathing, blasting, withering rebukes to the party that so ingloriously dared oppose the rights and interests of Virginia and the South.

How stood matters when he entered the field? Know Nothingism was on the increase; day by day added new recruits; and, inspired by the desire for a Virginia victory, natives and northern emissaries madly pressed on, and by their shouts and boasts declared the victory won. Many a lover of the Old Dominion was made to shudder, fearing that their words were true. Consternation and dread was beginning to spread in the heretofore sanguine ranks of Democracy. All eyes were then turned towards their leader; he came forth, and ere the tones of his first address had died away, Know Nothingism in Virginia had received its first weakening blow; and here began the decline of the Know Nothing party, heretofore waxing strong, and daily becoming more obnoxious to all lovers of order and morality.

The bold and manly stand thus taken by the Democratic leader was regarded by the opposition as a warning voice to more vigorous action and endeavor on their part, and hence it was that their former efforts in furtherance of their designs were but the mild preparations, initiatory to a course of unparalleled disregard for decency, honesty, and truth. Now it was that the infernal machines, which had been employed at the North with such melancholy effects, blasting to every sentiment of truth, conservatism, and nationality, were forwarded South, and distributed among the peace and order-loving citizens of Virginia, here to deal out its work of moral death, or leave behind its foul contagion of political pollution. And, strange to say, men of sterling worth, of irreproachable character, distinguished for intelligence, men whose every interest was identified with Virginia, were so blinded by the deceptive glare of the dark lantern, as to take charge of these infernal machines, and with their thumbs upon the secret springs, went about stealthily, traversing dark holes and corners, and there let loose Northern explosive elements, the chief of which was Know Nothingism, upon the devoted heads of Virginians; some too ignorant to detect the true nature of those principles, many too honest and unsuspecting to think of fraud and deceit in others.

All the resolves of the Council, to which reference was made in the thirteenth chapter, were now carried into practical and systematical operation. The honorable committee appointed by the Council to concoct ingeniously wrought yarns against the

Democratic nominees, held its sessions, and never was a committee more faithful to the object and intent of its appointment. Sam's boys surely exulted in the distinguished ability with which the duties of that committee were discharged, and thought they discovered faint indications of success glimmering through the thick and black net-work of fabrication daily put forth for the edification and encouragement of the members of the secret party.

Long and illustrious was the list of doughty competitors who strove for the gold medal offered by the Council, to which reference was also made in the thirteenth chapter. So much talent, ingenuity, and skill was called into play in this behalf, that it was only by long, weary, and arduous sittings, that the judges were enabled to decide on whom the honor and the medal for the biggest story should fall. In fact, it was found to be a matter of utter impossibility ever to decide between the comparative merits of several that were presented, as to which was the biggest. In this respect, they were equal; and not until the worthy judges took into consideration the probable efficiency and practical utility that they could come to a decision. The occasion of presentation was one of much pomp and circumstance, a description of which will hereafter be given.

The next instruction, noticed in the thirteenth chapter, which issued from the Council in session to their political friends, was that the foreign question should be made the great issue of the campaign. The leader of the Virginia Democracy was in sympathy with the administration; the administration

was anti-American, and the Democracy of Virginia was to be weakened through the administration; and to this end, a table of statistics was made out, exhibiting a vast majority of the federal offices as being filled by foreigners. How they expected to accomplish anything by this means it is impossible to conceive, as it was a most barefaced outrage upon truth, and its perpetrators must have known that nothing was easier than to stamp it as such. The members of the party being sworn to obey instructions, at once participated in that abominable and disgraceful expedient of arraying class against class. This practice, whether for political or any conceivable end, cannot be censured strongly enough by words and ideas. It is one of the evil devices sometimes resorted to, the disgusting abhorrence of which cannot be expressed by the right minded of mankind, but only felt, pitied, and lamented.

Whatever may be the evils of emigration to this country, it affects for the most part the Northern States; and when this course was resorted to in Virginia it was only an exhibition of the most wanton and illegitimate proscription. Admit that these foreigners are troublesome and a burthen to some of the States north of this latitude, is that any reason why Virginia should compromise her reputation for charity and philanthropy? Is Virginia so far beholden to those who are from time to time robbing her of her property, and setting at naught a great Constitution which she at least has always regarded as too sacred to be tampered with, as to lend herself a willing tool for the correction of evils that affect

only those people? Does the Know Nothing creed contain the principle that States, like men, when smote on one cheek should turn the other? or that States, like Christians, should return good for evil? If such indeed be their creed, they could hardly hope to find a Southern independent sovereignty such as Virginia, to practice these pious rules of conduct. If emigration be an evil, it should be corrected by those who inhabit the regions where the evils are felt. When the Yankees let our slaves alone, it will then be time enough for them to ask our assistance in ridding them of any evil; surely, not till then should Virginians volunteer it. Has this State ever felt that her foreign population was a burthen to her? Her population of this class is spare, and they are for the most part worthy and useful citizens, infinitely more so than the straggling Yankees who sometimes stray in this direction, having escaped from the din and confusion of a tin-cup manufactory, the routine and drudgery of a notion emporium, or from the precincts of one of those modern establishments, dignified with the name of college, where Yankee youths are taught new and improved theories in every imaginable branch of education, from the most approved method of currying Jackasses in English to the safest way of crossing Cæsar's bridge in Latin, the locality of which is said to be but a few paces this side of Yankee graduation.

There was a time when foreigners were not so abused in this country—there was a time when the natives stood upon the beach and gave him a hearty welcome to America. There was a time when he

was wanted, and none thought of laws to expel him. That was the dark and troublesome time, when the British lion sent over his whelps of tyranny, and thought to perpetuate bondage in America. Death to bondage and oppression, was the cry of those that purchased our liberties; and that cry was nobly responded to by those foreigners then in America. They armed themselves as Americans—they fought side by side with Americans—they bled and died for America. Then, this country was weak, and needed foreign aid, now, it is strong, and there has arisen a party anxious to drive them from our shores. -

The descendant of some patriotic hero, whose blood was drunk by American soil, whose body filled a soldier's grave, whose right arm struck valiantly for our liberties, might come to this country, feeling that his ancestor bequeathed him an interest in these liberties, as enjoyed by Americans. What would this party say to him on his arrival? "You are permitted to land in this country, to take care of yourself, if you can, to enrich yourself, if you can; but farther than this, we grant you no permission; especially, do we enjoin it upon you to stay away from the ballot box, as 'Americans must rule America.' We esteem the right of suffrage too highly to be participated in by any but Americans. We cannot acknowledge that you derive any claim upon this country through your ancestor, however heroic, brave and true he might have been. Be content, then, to live in our land, and to receive the protection of our laws. But ask not for farther privileges." And within this narrow compass would

Know Nothings proscribe foreigners; they grant them life and laws to protect them, and their property; they grant them a free passport to roam at will in this land of liberty—settle our western wilds, contribute to our country's wealth, and free to participate in all the grosser things of earth that minister to the mere animal nature of man. But some of the higher attributes of man, for instance, the refined sentiment of liberty, the full appreciation of which can only be induced by the practical enjoyment of its dearest privilege—the right to choose one's rulers and law-makers. Of this privilege he is debarred; and must remain a stranger to liberty's sweetest right, in the land of liberty; although he has abjured his realm, sworn allegiance to the United States, been here sufficiently long to become acquainted with our institutions, and has identified himself thoroughly with the interests of the country. What then is his condition? He finds himself under the shadow of the great tree of liberty, whose roots have grown deep in American soil, whose great branches, like protecting arms to the world, are reaching out and extending to all parts of the earth. This tree affords him shelter and protection from the tyrant's cruel persecution; showers of blessings descend from its branches, some of which he is permitted to enjoy, though the most choice fruit must fall for natives. And then, it is the happy custom of the country for every man, if he chooses to dig around the roots of this tree, to give it life, vigor and perpetuity. But while this interesting work is going on, the poor foreigner, who is as much inter-

ested as any, in its vigor and perpetuity, must stand aloof, and never deal his blow. Such is the sordid nature of the Yankee, such his narrow mind, always intent on gain and thrift, that he has no time to devote to heart feelings; no time to calculate the nobler sentiments of man; therefore, it is not astonishing that he should cherish no fond remembrance, no grateful emotions, for those foreigners who fought at Bunker Hill, and on every northern plain where American shot were aimed at British hearts. That the Yankee should play an ungrateful part astonishes none.

Again, since money is his god, and foreigners generally present to him but feeble opportunities of making money from, it is not very astonishing that he should seek to keep them out of the country; but that a large number of Virginians should be found to take up this hue and cry against the foreigners was surely not to have been expected. Virginia's enemies sometimes throw at her the taunt, that she lives on her memories; but so far from its being a taunt, it is her pride to cherish memories of the past. It is one of her glories that she has a Yorktown, with its historical associations, within her borders; 'tis one of her pleasures—and while a pleasure, her honor—to cherish for the brave Lafayette, and all the foreign soldiers in the War of Independence, the remembrance due their deeds and sacrifices.

The cold, calculating Yankee settles all the accounts of those who fought for America in dollars and cents—the soldier had his pay. With generous southerners their accounts are never settled, but their deeds live

in their hearts to all time, and their descendants offered a home in the land their fathers died to defend. How then was this hue and cry raised in Virginia? How was it that that Yankee voice was echoed and re-echoed in the South? For answer, the reader has but to step behind the scene, and read the commands issued by the Council to its liege men and oath-bound subjects, that the foreign question was to be the prime issue in the campaign. The command issued from honorable and respectable men—men who had the advantages of wealth, education and position in society. Their example was a soothing salve to the consciences of many who, without the light of such worthy examples, would have been troubled with many scruples; and doubtless the inborn sense of right, honesty and justice battled with the oaths many a Virginian had taken, as he went about doing the will of his masters—as he went about arraying class against class, exciting the prejudices of the native against the foreigner. When he met his neighbor in the road, and told him that the administration was the friend of the foreigner, and the enemy of the native, probably he did not know he was telling a lie; his masters had directed him to say this—he thought his masters were true and honest men, who would scorn to deceive. When on public occasions he exhibited his table of statistics, showing the large number of foreigners in office, he did not know that table was a base fraud, prepared by foul hands for disgraceful purposes. And thus it happened that many honest Virginians were made dupes and tools to a scheme and practice which their sense of honor would scorn to countenance.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE campaign was now waxing warm. Politics is the only subject now discussed in Virginia. It is the latter part of January. As yet the Know Nothings have not nominated their candidates; for reasons they prefer to have their men but a short time before the people. Mischievous people might draw inferences from this fact, but not being envious to be classed among the mischievous, we shall draw none, but leave the task to the reader, who can satisfy his own tastes on the subject. In the midst of a political canvass in Virginia, where do we find wire-working and electioneering carried on with intense interest and industry? All will answer, on the Court-green on Court days. Therefore, in putting down "jottings" about Sam, it might probably be amiss to overlook him on the Court-green, where he was quite busy, and seemed to feel as if he was in the very height of his glory. We will sketch him as he was on the Court-green of the county seat of the good old county of ———, in eastern Virginia; which will probably apply to him as he appeared at corresponding places on like occasions, in different parts of the old Commonwealth.

The county seat of ——— county is a modest, unostentatious place. A tavern-house, court-house, clerk's office and jail are the buildings of the quiet village, all told. The Court-house bears the marks of time upon its weather-beaten exterior. Its architec-

ture is of antique pattern, and might have been called a handsome structure at the time it was erected. A stranger, whose eyes are accustomed to look upon a handsome hall of justice, might say, I should expect the pride of the present generation would prompt to the desire to tear down the ancient walls and erect a modern structure on its site. But ah! hallowed associations are connected with the building. The voice of soldier-patriots, in the times that tried men's souls, resounded there, calling men to action. To tear the old house down would be to break a link that binds the hearts of the county's sovereigns to the past. Years ago, a soldier stood there, calling men to arms to protect the rights of man. There might be something to justify the stranger's conclusion, did not the year 1855 find men upon the same spot, desecrating the sanctity of the place by calling upon men to enlist in a cause threatening to Virginia's honor. Virginia Know Nothings were there electioneering. How did they electioneer? Were ever such means before resorted to? They did not attempt to reason. They addressed no arguments to men's understanding. They did not fortify their position with facts; were content with assertions, and with these were prodigal enough. The first thing each and all of them did, was to disclaim, with all the force and power of words, that they had no connection with "the Order;" but in the very next breath, would try to indoctrinate men with what they called American principles, and endeavor to inveigle them into the order. When they fell upon a man who did not read the papers, and keep up with the events of the times, it was an easy

matter to say, "What do you think of Sam? He is about, ain't he? It is a glorious party—it will save the country; come, I will join if you will. I hardly know your politics; but I tell you it is neither a Whig or Democratic move, but a move of Americans against foreigners and Catholics." This was a favorite mode of electioneering.

Another mode, in which they exhibited some ingenuity, was to address themselves to the aspiring politicians; which class of men constitute no very inconsiderable portion of the Virginia population. They would first worm themselves into the confidence of a man, by flattery or otherwise, then declare that they have no connection with any order, express sympathy for the American cause, own to great admiration for the talents and abilities of the prey they were cunningly fixing their talons upon, and give the finishing touch to the conference, by declaring that if he would join "the Order," his merits would be appreciated, and he would at once be promoted to some political office. Every aspiring man upon the ground was approached in this manner, the same pledges made to all, and not an application failed, when the ropes were brought to pull upon a weak head, with a credulous turn of mind. Could a list of all that were brought into the Order by this trick be published, it would astonish many, and be a strong argument to prove that cupidity and credulity were qualities not entirely wanting in Virginians.

Another mode of electioneering was adopted, after the following fashion. Private interviews were held with laboring men and mechanics, and with these

men their class-arraying speeches were made. "Listen," said they, "you are poor men, you have your families to support, your little ones are crying unto you for bread, how are your wants to be supplied? by the profits derived from your trade. You may possibly, find it a hard matter to maintain respectable circumstances now. Do you want your chances of gaining a respectable livelihood diminished? Your chances though are diminished, more and more every day, through means which have probably never been suggested to your mind. The foreigners that are pressing to this country are fast undermining you, they for the most part are laborers and mechanics; and every one that comes enters at once into competition with you. Of all classes in this country, you are more seriously effected. What then, does the first great law of nature, self-preservation, bid you do? What does charity, which beginneth at home, bid you do? Why, to join the party which is hostile to foreigners, and would protect native industry, the party which is purely and emphatically the saving friend to all poor Americans. The party which your wants demanded, and which has arisen in obedience to the crying voice of the poor of America, saying, 'help, save, or we perish?' That party is now established on a sound, conservative, and lasting basis; onward it speeds in its mission of love and charity. Will you not then, contribute towards the success of this party? Ask your neighbor, B., who is a Democrat, and has joined this party, if all of this is not true. Apply to your neighbor, L., who is a Whig, and has also joined, and he will say the same to you; so you will

find the old political parties have nothing to do with this organization. Be you Whig or Democrat, in joining this Order, there will be nothing to conflict with your opinions."

As usual, on Court days, during a political canvass, a large number of sovereigns were collected. Very few had business in Court; the great majority having come for no other purpose but to see what was transpiring in a political way; on this occasion, the Court adjourned at an early hour, much to the satisfaction of the lawyers, who thereby gained an opportunity of mixing with the people, and of indulging in their gift of gab, in discoursing on politics. Groups of gentlemen were seen standing about on the Court green; here and there, off at a distance, and in the corners, industrious members of the American Order would hold a solitary sovereign by the button-hole, and most beautifully discourse with him on the wondrous and manifold beauties of the valiant Samuel. The landlord of the tavern had once voted with the Democracy; but of late had given evidence as if he were about to fall from the faith, and some said he had already fallen in the arms of Sam. However this may be, one thing is certain, at all time of the day, men were seen going and returning on his stairs, which led to a dark, cuddy way up in the "cock-loft" of the house. These men, going and returning, were members of the Order, and doubtless they were prepared up there to show Sam and "Red-eye," to whoever desired to behold the one or the other.

How did the doings of these men, on this occasion, compare with the conduct of the Democracy? What

the members of this party had to say, was said openly and above board. They were not ashamed of their name and party; therefore, if they electioneered they did not call themselves mere sympathisers with the Democracy, but were proud to declare themselves as standing upon that platform. They did not seize upon ignorant men, and try to deceive and mislead them. They did not avail themselves of the unfortunate weakness of aspiring politicians, and promise them honors and rewards if they would give in their adhesion to the Democracy. They did not condescend to use the bread and meat argument with the poor, and promise fat things from Democracy's store. In short, they resorted to none of the small tricks adopted by the opposition. They boldly warned men against the many seductive appliances brought to bear upon them by those who were endeavoring to inculcate dangerous and mischievous dogmas in politics, and called upon Virginians to stand by their ancient faith, to be governed by the same old landmarks which had brought this nation to its present proud position. They dwelt with pride upon what the Virginia Democracy, in times gone by, had done for the country; pointed to the crisis soon to come, and asked if Virginia's valiant and tried men would then be found wanting?

In the evening, proclamation was made that a Democratic orator would address the people on the issues involved in the campaign. The speaker mounted the stand, and made a stirring appeal to the people. His address concluded, invitation was then publicly given to some champion of the opposition

to come forward and speak for his people. But where was Sam, that he made no response? Ah; at this day he was not allowed to speak in public, so it is fair to presume that he was up in the dark cuddy, with closed doors, there working in secrecy, binding men with oaths, there doing the bidding of his Yankee friends, there forming plans, which, if the objects contemplated could be consummated, ruin and wars, destruction, calamity and death, might call for a pall around a nation's name!!

Later in the afternoon, the natural result produced by a too intimate acquaintance with "Red-eye," began to tell upon many of Sam's boys, who had been up in the garret. Now it was that confusion and excitement ran high, the din of voices rose high, and what the voices were trying to say was difficult to ascertain, though now and then the name of Sam was pronounced, and distinctly heard far above the voice of the multitude. An occasional scuffle, a rough, roll and tumble skirmish, gave variety to the scene, and a few bloody noses and black eyes gave variety to the countenances of those engaged in the melee. But Sam's friends were not the only ones who had imbibed a "drop too much;" several good Democratic boys had a weakness for the ardent critter, and having passed the quiet, and prudent condition, added a note or two to the harmonious music of the day.

The Christian name of one of these was Sam; an odd sort of a fellow he was, too; and not being in the secrets, he was somewhat puzzled at hearing his name so often called, so by way of showing his *spunk*, he declared that "if any gentleman wanted him, he

was upon the ground, ready to give him satisfaction, or whatever else he wanted." No one taking any special notice of his proclamations, and the shouts and hurrahs "for Sam" becoming louder and louder every moment, he started off, in a doubtful gait, towards home, with the vague impression upon his mind that by some lucky exploit he had immortalized himself, or else his fellow-citizens would not cheer and applaud him so enthusiastically. The sovereigns now began to start for their homes, leaving many of Sam's boys addressing fence posts, descanting on the many excellencies of the American organization. And thus ended a day upon the court green, in the old county of —, during the political campaign of 1855.

Through such arts and appliances this party had triumphed in many States, and even in local elections in Virginia; and this it was that emboldened them to hope for a triumph in the State. That they had succeeded through these means in carrying towns and cities in Virginia, was no argument for them to have raised their calculations for the State. Those who dwell in cities and towns in Virginia are, happily for her, not those who shape, mould, and give tone to her character and position. Virginia's power and strength lies in a harder race than that which dwells in stone houses and in shops. The hardy sons of toil, the tillers of her soil, are those that Virginia looks up to for support—upon whose broad shoulders rests that dignity which commands for her a place first in influence among the States of the American Union. Merchants and merchant's clerks; shop owners

and those who keep their counters, with all the trades that belong to and of towns, may waver and yield to encroachments on the time-honored usages in politics—but Virginia's farmers, never. A secret party in politics; that was enough, they cared not to inquire what the principles of that party might be. There is a deeply running tide of virtue and correct feeling, a sound conservative sentiment, found to pervade the agricultural classes of the mother State, obnoxious to fanaticism in whatever phase it may present itself, and suspicious of all new ideas in morals, religion, or politics, *especially*, if they be of northern origin. How then could Know Nothings hope that their principles would be acceptable to the Virginia farmers? How could they hope that the State which gave from its rural districts first a Washington to liberty, and next, a Jefferson to Democracy, would, in 1855, give aid to a party which would jeopardize the blessings which her first son gained for her, aid to a party which would trample upon the rich legacy bequeathed her by her second. There is a saving power in the agricultural districts of Virginia, to which all friends of law and order—all friends of the principle which declares honesty the best policy—all friends of right against wrong—all friends of liberality and moderation in opposition to proscription—all friends of peace and union in opposition to strife and disorganization, may look to with confidence in all times of danger, without one fear that this power will not be exerted in the proper direction.

CHAPTER XVII.

It will be remembered that Mr. H. Uriah Hawks, in his last communication to the Council, which communication was written about the first of December, stated that he contemplated taking a partner for life "week after next." For some cause, the day was postponed to the latter part of January, and as we have brought this history down to that period, it will be in order at this place to respect the great event in that gentleman's life, and give an account of it here.

It was a cold, frosty night, a large number of neighbors had assembled in old Mr. Laubinger's house, where the ample wood fires were cracking and blazing most merrily. The hilarity of the occasion was suddenly suppressed by the entrance of the neighborhood parson, who took his stand in the middle of the floor. All was still and expectant; a rustling was then heard in the next room, and in the next moment Mr. Uriah Hawks proudly led in Miss Lucy Laubinger, preceded by six couples of attendants, and stood before the worthy parson. The ceremony was progressing, and during this time the father was in conversation with a young man who had just arrived. There was an earnestness exhibited in the young man's manner, as he strongly emphasized the few whispers he was enabled to make. His communication seemed to give a doubtful cast to the old man's countenance, but in an instant, resolution, if not anger, took its

place, and when the officiating clergyman asked, "if there was any one present who could show just cause why these two persons should not be joined together, let him now speak, or forever after hold his peace?" The old man stepped forward, and requested the minister to proceed no further in the ceremony.

"Neighbors and friends," said the old man, "'tis only the stern command of what I conceive to be my duty to myself and daughter, yea, to my whole family, that bids me interfere in this manner, at this juncture, after the matter has progressed thus far. A moment's delay, but a pause, would be fatal; had her deliverer delayed but a moment longer, it would have been too late. Thank Heaven it is no worse! I do, therefore, now, in the presence of this assembled company, declare that that man shall not marry my daughter. In justice to all parties I will state my reasons. The first and greatest is, that he has most basely deceived me. He well knew my politics, he knew in what estimation I held those who are called Know Nothings, and being one himself, true to the instincts and practices of those who belong to that organization, he *never told me he belonged to that party*. But a young gentleman is here prepared to prove the fact. My daughter, you doubtless love that man with that devotion due to the act you were about to consummate. I pray that this cup of sorrow, which this act of mine will bring upon you, will soon pass away. Bear up, my child, with a stout heart, against this sudden and unexpected change of fortune. But you had better die; I would rather lay you in your cold, cold grave; rather drop a tear, however bitter it

might be, upon your bier, than see you living, and wedded to a man belonging to a political party whose practices and principles are a black tissue, a rotten medly of Yankee abominations, gotten up with no other view than that of bringing internal troubles and difficulties upon this happy and prosperous land. The originators of that party live upon excitement, strife and commotion; let it then be confined to them, for their own peculiar use and behoof, and never, no never disgrace Virginia with its worse than abominable doctrines and teachings. My daughter, withdraw now your arm from him who stands beside you; and that he may not go away, complaining of ill-treatment and injustice at my hands, my good friend Ike Davis, will now come forward and confront him, here, in the presence of us all."

The young gentleman called upon, then came forward and stood before Uriah, who at once recognized him as the same man that he had half initiated into the Order, but who "bolted," before he had been fully bound.

Mr. Davis declared that he knew, of his own knowledge, that the gentleman, Mr. Hawks, was a member of the Know Nothing Order.

Just here, old Mrs. Laubinger, who had very becomingly held her peace, could do so no longer, she must and would have her say.

"She didn't know nothing about politics; didn't care any thing about politics. Mr. Laubinger might be right, or he might be wrong; she could not decide that question, but she was inclined to the opinion that he *was* wrong in acting as he did; she thought the

proper course was to let them be married, and Mr. Laubinger could then give their son-in-law correct lessons in politics. For this circumstance to go forth to the world, it would be a slander upon all the Laubingers. There too, was Lucy, poor child, all rigged up and beautified, and so expectant she had been, and so full of confidence in Mr. Hawks; she had forebodings too, of "Lucy's mind and health," should Mr. Laubinger's counsels prevail, and then there was all the trouble and preparations she had been at—all the cakes, pyramids, jellies, creams and syllabubs, which would all spoil, as none present could participate in them under the circumstances."

And then she was going on to speak of Lucy's hopes and anticipations; but here the kind-hearted old lady fainted, and had to be taken out of the room, and the "usual restoratives applied."

The spectators looked upon the old man, to see if his good woman's entreaty had produced any feelings of relenting. But the same stern determination was fixed upon his brow, as he asked Mr. Hawks if he had anything to say; "if so, he had better give the company the benefit of it, especially if, by possibility, any extenuating circumstances could be mentioned by him self in his behalf."

"Sir," said Mr. Hawks, "had you asked for an explanation before placing me in this questionable attitude before this community, it would have been more in conformity with your usual upright life and character. Unfortunately for me, I am in no attitude to defend myself, by proof, to rebut that which you thought proper to produce against me, in the person

of this young gentleman (Mr. Ike Davis). I have, sir, but the word of a gentleman to bear me out, which you, sir, can receive or reject as you think proper, (which is more than I would admit of under other circumstances). I was, sir, at one time, a member of the organization you have spoken of. The young gentleman who has pleased to give you this information, was himself an applicant for initiation into that order, and had gone half way through the forms and ceremonies of the occasion, when he thought proper to leave the hall without receiving the final oaths, &c. Well, sir, soon after becoming acquainted with you, and having frequent opportunities of availing myself of your superior knowledge of parties and politics, I wrote to the proper authorities, and demanded my withdrawal from that organization; I also expressed in that communication, repentance for having ever acted with that party, and my determination of acting, in future, with the Democracy. So far, then, from any desire to deceive, I am more amenable to the charge of displaying too great a desire to sympathize with the father of my betrothed. But, if I know myself, this charge could not be substantiated against me; for my head was convinced by arguments from you, sir, and others, before I penned the letter requesting my withdrawal card. But that withdrawal card has not yet arrived, why so I am unable to say."

After hearing this, the old man was somewhat mollified, and was about to move a postponement, in view of further instigation, when, just at this time, the post-master of the neighboring village, who was present, bethought himself of a letter in his pocket

which he had brought for Mr. Hawks; this was handed him, and sure enough, it was the withdrawal card. Mr. Hawks glanced over it, and handed it to the old man, who read it aloud, apologized handsomely to Mr. Hawks, and expressed his willingness that the ceremony should be concluded.

The whole scene was a novel one, and anything but agreeable, particularly to the half married couple. The old lady was informed of the reconciliation, awoke from her swoon, and came tearing into the room, bearing down all before her, and in her anxiety to congratulate Lucy and her new son, she upset the good old minister, who was just giving the finishing touch to the knot he had begun to tie some minutes before. As the custom was, all came to congratulate and kiss the bride. When Ike Davis presented himself, Lucy refused to take his hand, saying :

“ Ah, cousin Ike, it was a sorry trick in you—a mean way of getting your revenge, just because I refused to marry you.”

Thus letting out a secret never before divulged.

And Mr. Hawks taking out his note-book, and saying, “ Here, gentlemen, is the man who was the subject of the following resolution, passed by the order :”

“ *Resolved*, That our half-brother, Ike Davis, smelt a rat, and decamped before he saw the elephant.”

The company, which was sorely dispirited by the unexpected difficulty, now that the difficulty was removed, and a happy reconciliation effected, entered with all the zest and gaiety common to such occasions; and the old lady had the satisfaction of

knowing that all the niceties which adorned her supper-table were duly appreciated by her happy and hilarious guests, who by this time, gave no evidences that any thing had marred the pleasures of the evening.

One apartment was set apart for the especial recreation of the gentlemen, in which apartment was the old gentleman's decanters, well filled with wines and all the most choice beverages; and to this room had Ike Davis retreated, as he found no favor with the fair ones present, after the part he had acted towards their dear Lucy. But even here, he found himself in hardly more agreeable quarters, as most of the young "sparks" present were good, sterling Democrats; and it having been shown that Ike had applied for admission into the secret order, they determined to shame him well for it, and having done so to their heart's content, it was understood that they were to feign forgiveness, and ask him to drink. This was done, and they all stood around, glasses in hand, when also, as by previous understanding, the following toast was offered:—

"Here is to the man who smelt the rat, may he never see the Know Nothing elephant."

Well, poor Ike bore the rigging of his young Democratic friends quite well, because he felt that they had a right to take those liberties with him. Among those present were several not of the Democratic party, and one of these ventured to ask Ike what the rat smelt like. Now, this was more than human nature could bear; his political friends might rig him, but his enemies shouldn't; so Ike, who

had an impediment in his speech, thus delivered himself:—

“Fr-fr-from you, sir, th-that is an im-m-pertinent qu—estion; but, sir, I will answer it, because it will give me an op-opportunity of v-vindicating myself be-b-before my Democratic friends. It s-s-smelt d-d-d—d Whigish in the first place, n-next it smelt of the ab-ab-abolitionists, and n-not at all of Democracy and of Vir—ginia principles; therefore, I left outright, leaving c-chaps of your stripe t-to carry it on; chaps of y—our stripe to lie and deceive honest men; D-D-mocratic comrades, do you b-b-lame me?”

This speech brought all of those friends who had been rigging him at once to his rescue, and the gentleman who had put the question, seeing the direction the current was taking, thought it best not to reply, but took himself quietly off to the company of the ladies.

All of Ike's friends promised to intercede with the ladies in his behalf, in which they were quite successful, as before the close of the evening he was getting along quite “swimmingly” with those who, in the early part of the evening, had given him downright rebuffs. Even Cousin Lucy agreed to forgive him, if he would promise, in future not to interfere in other people's business, particularly on occasions like the present. But Ike could not understand that he had been guilty of any impropriety of conduct. As it turned out, he had only been mistaken as to a fact, the withdrawal of Mr. Hawks, he was perfectly conscientious in all he had done; it was only her good he had sought, and the honor of the family he desired to

protect; which would be compromised, in his opinion, by an alliance with one of Virginia's secret foes.

Now that Mr. Hawks could present a clean record, he did not know that he had any thing particular against him, and could only wish them all the happiness they could possibly anticipate in their new relations. This gallant congratulation brought back the old lady to his friendship, who all this time had been standing aloof from him, and she very warmly declared, that if any person present, gentleman or lady, should be guilty of any slight towards that young gentleman, she would regard it as a personal affront to herself. After this declaration Ike felt perfectly at home, and that he could play the beau with impunity; consequently he joined in the dance, and being a good dancer, none present enjoyed more smiles and favors from the fair than he, so that Ike, the poor fellow, who was in the early part of the evening, reviled, shunned, and slighted, is now rising more and more in the estimation of all present—while the young man, the lion of the evening, on his arrival, who put the question to Ike in the gentleman's room, and received for his pains, Ike's broadside rebuke, was losing caste every moment; as from the manner in which he received Ike's insinuation against him, all concluded that he was a veritable Know Nothing. Thus, in this little society, we have an example in miniature, of what is taking place in the great world, namely: that a man may err through mistake, and have a clear conscience on the side of error, and for the apparent sin, he will fall and be condemned, but truth, which is sometimes slow, will

finally come to his relief. The condemned deed will bear its scrutiny, and the individual will again be reinstated in the opinions of his fellow-men, while he who knowingly persists in wrong, will fall, fall, fall, till at last sunk too low, for the redeeming grace of willing public opinion. When the guests were preparing to depart, the old man invited all the gentlemen into his room, and there, in many a bumper, did the whole souled mountain boys drink health and prosperity to Uriah and his pretty bride. The old man took this occasion to say, that he hoped that in the remarks he had made, he had wounded the feelings of none present, (under misapprehensions he was harsh with his son-in-law, so that of course his remarks did not apply to him,) if he had, it must be regarded as an unavoidable breach of hospitality, he would not intentionally wound any man within the threshold of his own mansion. What he said, was but the out-spoken feelings of a father's heart, regarding the fate of his child. "If there be one injured on account of my expressed opinions of the secret organization, say so—for he shall not cross my door, till I have retracted here, what I will be ready to repeat in any public place, should occasion require."

No one spoke. Ike Davis's questioner was on the point of saying something, but the last clause the old man uttered deterred him, and thus ended the celebration of Mr. H. Uriah Hawks's nuptials.

All the company having gone, the two old people sat in their apartment; the old man was dozing, and was about to make preparations, for the short nap he

could take before daybreak. But the old woman was wide awake.

"Mr. Laubinger?" said she.

"Madam," said the old man, opening his eyes.

"I desire to speak with you, Mr. Laubinger; 'tis late, but my curiosity must be satisfied on one point, before I give slumber to my eyelids."

"Damn the one point," drawled out the old man; "wait till morning."

"Mr. Laubinger!" continued the old woman, "I am astonished at you; such profanity, and in the presence of your wife! Sir, I'll not be baffled. Are you drunk? Now, my good old man," changing her manner, "the best way for you to make a long matter short is just to make me an explanation, else I will tease and fret you until morning."

"The Democracy fallen!" said the old man; he was dreaming, and thought the Know Nothings had conquered.

"Mr. Laubinger!" screamed the old woman.

"Hillo! house a fire!" responded the man, thoroughly awakened.

"Mr. Laubinger!" persevered the old woman, "please make me an explanation; you can do it in a few words, and then I will let you sleep, O! so sweetly!" approaching him, and patting him under the chin.

"Well, what about?"

"I want you to tell me why you treated our Ury so badly to-night, and why you called him a Know Nothing, for I am sure he converses very fluently on politics; besides, I don't think it any disgrace not to

know anything about politics; for my part, I believe the less a man meddles with them the better off he is. Why then did you so abuse him, and swear to break off the marriage, just because you thought him a Know Nothing in politics?"

"Mrs. Laubinger, your ignorance on a subject which has now been some time before the country is astonishing; and that you may not expose yourself in company, I will try and arouse myself, and explain to you, even at this hour."

"Do, good man, it is so kind in you."

"Well, to begin, there is a political party now in the country called the Know Nothing party; this party is working in opposition to the Democratic party. Its members are trying by all kinds of tricks, to carry Virginia; the party originated amongst the Abolitionists, those fellows who several years ago stole six of the negroes belonging to your father's estate. And, in order that they might commit these depredations upon our property on a grander scale, they organized themselves into a party; and many Whigs of Virginia, are availing themselves of the machinery employed by that party, with the hope of defeating the Democratic party of Virginia. The Whigs of Virginia, of course, ain't going to steal any of our negroes, but then by joining the organization, though for different purposes, they are encouraging the Abolitionists in disgraceful schemes and practices. Ike Davis told me that Mr. Hawks belonged to that party, and hence my interference during the ceremony. But I have not told you all yet; that party is a secret party; the members are

sworn to obey the orders and commands of the chief men called the Council; they meet in the night, in dark places, and there do all kinds of things that you would not have your husband engaged in."

"Now, Mr. Laubinger, are you joking, or are you in earnest? If you are in earnest, then I shall expire at once. Are you perfectly satisfied that this man, Uriah Hawks, now in our house, our daughter's husband, is not a member of that awful party? who knows but before a week has passed over our heads, he may start for the North, with all our servants? And then he has to obey orders and commands; who knows but what the members of the Council may be wicked men, and command him to murder our dear, dear Lucy; and even if he should not do anything so horrid as this, still you say they meet in the night, so at best, I shudder to think of poor Lucy's fate; in the still and lonely hour of night, when he ought to be with her, to cheer and comfort her, he will be with wicked and bad men, doing what? Oh! nobody knows! O me, me, me, why did you consent to the marriage? Oh! Mr. Laubinger, the thought is horrible; do tell, my dear, good old man, that you are perfectly satisfied that Mr. Hawks is not a member of that party."

"I am perfectly satisfied—have indisputable evidence; else the marriage could not have been consummated."

"Thank you, thank you! the best, the dearest of men; and now, good soul, you may go to sleep!"

She gave the old man permission to enjoy a blessing which she herself could not think of indulging

in that night. She had every confidence in the old man, but still she could but fear; so she laid awake till light, thinking that in all probability Uriah would make an effort to make off with the negroes before morning. But all the old lady's fears proved groundless, as Uriah answered the bell the next morning, and came down to breakfast like a good, worthy Benedict.

After breakfast the old gentleman went out on his farm, and the old woman sought an interview with Uriah.

"Now, Uriah," said she, "I want to have a little private talk with you. You don't belong to that wicked party that Mr. Laubinger thought you did belong to last night, do you?"

"Indeed, madam, I do not."

"You are your own master, aint you, and are not sworn to obey anybody or any man, except that it would be becoming in you to obey Mr. Laubinger and myself?"

"I am my own master, ma'am, and sworn to obey no man."

"You don't think it right for a man to carry off negroes that don't belong to him, do you?"

"Certainly not, madam."

"You won't leave Lucy by herself at night, and go off with wicked men, and in the dark do all kind of bad things, will you?"

"Most assuredly not, madam."

"Well, now I am satisfied; I put these questions to you to see whether or not you were a Know Nothing. Your answers are perfectly satisfactory,

and I shall now give myself no more uneasiness on the subject. You and Lucy will move over to the other plantation in a few days; and whenever either of you want any advice or assistance, we two old people will always be glad to render it, if it is in our power."

Uriah returned his profound thanks, and happy he was to escape from the prying old lady and her categorical inquisition.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A LITTLE more than one month of the new year 1855, has gone. The farmers now are busy at home, preparing Virginia's soil for the yellow grain of autumn. The merchants are going North for their spring stocks. Merchants going North! is not this a reflection on Virginia, that they are compelled to do this? It is a melancholy fact, that nearly all the clothes we wear are woven by Yankee machinery, or have passed through Yankee ports before they reach us. No vessels in direct trade now ply for us, and pause in Virginia harbors. Who loves Virginia that does not beckon with delight the independent day, when Virginia merchants will not be forced to deal with Yankee tradesmen for their goods, wares, and merchandise? The men who assemble in the Capitol at Richmond, sometimes say that day is coming. Ye legislators, be not false prophets, but *act*, that your sayings may be true, that Virginia's posterity may honor and not curse you! We did not intend to make this chapter an essay on direct trade, but set out with the intention of telling the world what the Virginia people were doing in February, 1855; and having defined the position of the farmer, comparatively independent at home, and of the merchant, deplorably dependent abroad. Next and last in order will be the politicians. And where were they, and what doing? One thing is clear, as a

general rule, their positions are harder to define than the positions of farmers, or of merchants. To this general rule, however, there is one bright and honorable exception; it is found in the leader of the Virginia Democracy. He stood upon a platform whose corner-stone was laid in truth, and all the choicest gems selected from the rich mine of Republican institutions. A platform, in which the ponderous intellect of Jefferson had inserted its lever, and declared, that it would stand the test of time. A platform, graced, and studded by the immortal Resolutions of '98 and '99. The platform of the Virginia Democracy, never circumscribed, never added to; fixed immutable; the same to-day as when the sage of Monticello stood upon it, and said, 'twas finished. The leader of the Virginia Democracy, now standing on this platform, a world was free to view his conduct and his actions; and its truth and honesty might scrutinize his utterings. From this position he may be supposed to have indulged in reflections like these: I have cast my eye over Virginia, and wished that an opponent would arise and meet me in manly combat; the scene is dark, there is no one to appear. But from below the sound as of many voices in mutterings of mingled confusion and discontent rend the air; the voices issue from the culvert holes, and there, in darkness, lurks the foe I have to contend with; would that a dispensation were granted some valiant knight of the mystic order, that he might rend the oath-bound tie, come forth adorned in all the emblems of the secret worth; meet me by daylight; advance arguments of his own, and oppose mine; Democracy

well could stand the test, and be gainer by the public contest. But none came forth; he addressed the people, and to his arguments none ventured to reply. He was, however, not to be outdone in this way, so on these occasions, in the studied and designed absence of his opponent, he held up to public gaze the picture which he, the artist orator, had taken of his enemy. That picture was black, and wore the sullen frown of treason on its brow; cunning, deceit, and treachery played in its eye, unaccustomed to look on daylight; the fiend-like malignity of the abolition desperado compressed its lips; the flush of unhallowed victory marked its cheeks; its form was an unsightly mass of monstrous deformity; and to finish the picture, it looked like a stranger to Virginia soil, a stranger to Virginia chivalry and honesty, morals and manners.

So like to life, was this picture to the original, the veritable Sam, that none could fail to recognize it; and in such a light, did the orator depict the morals of the monster, that many Democrats, who had been by trickery and deception brought to worship at that altar; now, like true and honest men, sought to be relieved from oath-bound obligations, and were once more happy to find themselves Virginia Democrats—having returned to their first love, which exacts no sworn obligations, but leaves it to their sense of right, to appear with their licenses, at the appointed time, the election day, there to consummate vows made not to mortals, but to principles, and Republican right. True it was, that wherever the Democratic leader addressed the people, many there were

who saw the errors of their ways, and came out from among the Know Nothings. The members of that party, were sorely perplexed by this interference in their rights; but how to prevent it, where to look for remedy, they knew not. They still, however, resolved to work and hope, work and hope, never say die; except that a despairer was now and then found, who was content under the circumstances, to cultivate a spirit of good will and charity towards his persecutors, which was done, however, in quite a novel manner, simply, by wishing the aforesaid leader was at the devil, and then there might be ground for hope. All such were regarded by the true worshippers as heretics, whose sayings ought not to be listened to, and who would have been expelled the Order, except that their assistance might be needed on a particular day in May. Their out-door work was done, as has been heretofore shown, except, perhaps, with still greater disregard for honesty and fair dealing.

Let us now attend another session of the Council, and see how the withdrawals are received, also ascertain what is the general condition of the organization, as this is the only place where a true state of facts can be approximated, and hear some reports, &c.; and these must be taken with many grains of allowance, as the members, from force of habit, not unfrequently deceive each other. The Council being opened, according to the prescribed forms—always duly observed—the subject of withdrawals, which was now becoming a matter of almost daily occurrence, occupied the attention of the members present. Several remedial plans were proposed and discussed;

no one of which could command a sufficient number of votes to make it the law of the Order. Finding themselves in this dilemma, several gentlemen endeavored to throw oil on the troubled waters, by arguing that gentlemen were giving themselves unnecessary anxiety in regard to the matter, that this thing was to have been expected; no true man, no man thoroughly imbued in the true American principles, had yet deserted their flag; the deserters belonged to the floating, the unsettled, the mercenary class, whose votes could always be bought, and the fact only revealed what might have been expected, namely, that the Democratic party had made a secret bid for their votes. There being no remedy within their reach, the members very philosophically acquiesced in those opinions; feeling no little ill will against the Democracy, who were so dishonestly buying off their voters; it being contrary to Know Nothing morals and practices, to counteract the effect, by offering higher bids, and here the matter was passed over. The committees were then called upon to report, when the chairman of the special committee, which was appointed with the view of forming some prudent and efficient plan, by which the influential members of the Democratic party, who were disposed to bolt their party nominations, might be approached wisely and judiciously, and thus be induced to throw their weight and influence into the American scale, stated that the committee had had the matter under serious deliberation. And with all the lights before it.

Such was the peculiar nature of the subject, that the end designed could not be embodied in any set

form or written plan. The gentleman then went on to state, that the result could better be accomplished by addressing a circular to the chief men and councils in the various sections of the State, calling attention to the subject, and requesting them to act as the circumstances of each case might demand. This proposition gave unusual satisfaction, and the committee was discharged from further action in the premises. The committee on the state of the organization then submitted a report, exhibiting the Order as being in a highly prosperous condition, gaining public favor more and more every day; that reports of harmony among the members of the fraternity came from all quarters; that such enthusiasm, and such a spirited determination for victory, was unprecedented in the history of any party. The report then went on deducing certain triumph from these facts, and concluded with a patriotic flourish about the duties of Americans, &c.

Now it happened that one respectable gentleman was not present during the early part of the evening, when the subject of withdrawals was discussed; and after the report was read, he rose and said: "Most worthy president and brothers, the details of that interesting report, which has just been submitted to us, would, under other circumstances, afford me unfeigned pleasure and gratification, and fain would I believe the condition of the Order to be as therein set forth. I impute no blame to the gentlemen who have submitted that report, but there is 'a screw loose somewhere;' let us be careful that in deceiving others we do not deceive ourselves. The report represents the Order as never in so prosperous a condition. How

can this be, I ask, when it is a melancholy fact that withdrawals are taking place every day?"

Here the president stated to the gentleman that he was "out of order," that the subject of withdrawals had been discussed and acted upon before his arrival, as the minutes would show.

On motion, that portion of the record was then read, for his especial benefit. But he did not infer, from the minutes as read, that the Council had taken final action on the subject. "The subject was a most important one,—one that deeply involved the interests of the order. Therefore, with the view of giving finality to the question, and, at the same time, a remedy for the evil," he desired to offer a resolution. But he was again out of order. A motion was made that leave be granted him to offer the resolution, and it was sustained. He then offered the following preamble and resolution:

"*Whereas*, evils are now being felt by the American organization by reason of too mild initiatory obligations; therefore, be it

"*Resolved*, That all who may hereafter be initiated into this order, that they do so with the positive and express pledge, that it shall be discretionary with the Council whether or not it shall grant them withdrawal cards, until after the day of the general election."

As there are different grades of offenders against all moral laws, so this resolution exhibited the fact that there were different grades or parties of Know Nothings—the extreme and the conservative, comparatively speaking. The extremists affirming the expe-

diency and propriety of this proposition, the conservatives denying it. The moral influence of the conservative party may, however, be somewhat impaired, when it is stated that their conservatism looked only to the good of the Order. The resolution led to a lengthy argument, but it appearing to the understandings of a majority present, that it would be productive of more harm than good to the Order, it was of course lost; and here ended the disputation on the important subject of withdrawals.

The committee on rules and regulations next reported, and submitted sundry binding amendments to existing laws, enforcing in each greater stringency, &c., but advised the repeal of the law which forbid their candidates from speaking in public, the law to take effect from a particular day, and to embrace candidates for all the offices except for Governor. This proposal was acted upon, and, after some little debate, passed by a large majority. It was argued by several gentlemen, that it would have a good effect to let the fact, that the party regarded it as beneath the dignity of the aspirant for the first office in the gift of the people, to go forth among them, appeal to their passions or sympathies by stump-speeches, or other public bids for favor and popularity. But the true secret of this restraint upon their candidate for Governor was found in the fact that they had no man, in all their boasted numbers, whom they would dare allow the indulgence of so rash an act as the meeting of the Democratic leader before the people would have been. Thus did they endeavor to cover over all their designs, and ask for a public verdict of virtue, when

but ordinary sagacity would rend the veil, and truth and fair-dealing be compelled to decide against them.

The next business in order was the reading of communications from the canvassers. That from the canvasser at large, Captain Swyburg, ran thus :

Abingdon, Va., Jan., 1855.

“GENTLEMEN:—

“It becomes my duty again, after the lapse of some time, to render to you an account of my stewardship. For two reasons, this affords me great pleasure, first, because I have nothing but good tidings to impart; secondly, because of the consciousness of having discharged the important duties committed into my hands, with an eye single to the best interests of our cause. My last communication was dated at Parkersburg, in which I announced my intention of visiting Point Pleasant and Kanawha, thence to the South-west, via, Greenbrier. I had the gratification of finding the good cause progressing well in the county of Mason. This county will most undoubtingly give a large American majority. If you remember, I stated in my last communication, that there was a gentleman of Mason, who, from reports I had heard of him, Col. —, deserved well of our party. On acquaintance, my expectations in regard to him have been more than realized, and I would say that his claims before our Nominating Convention for the office of — should not be lightly passed over. He has heretofore been of the Democratic party; has more than once been elected by that party to Congress; has the entire confidence

of that party, and his name will be a tower of strength, both in Transallegheny and in the Valley, where he is well known. I paused but a brief period in the good county of Putnam. I found the Americans there as brave, as gallant, and as patriotic as he whose name the county bears. I would have remained longer in this county, but was told by the Americans that all was as it should be, and that they would give a large majority. In Kanawha, one of those truly American paradises, I remained for some days, and was exceeding loath to leave. No where, in my travels, have I seen the people so thoroughly aroused. The opposition in this county cannot possibly poll over two hundred; they have given, aforetime, some six or nine hundred. From there, I came hurriedly on to this place, and therefore, am indebted only to reports, for information regarding the campaign in the counties through which I passed; these, however, were all flattering. I have now been in this section some days, and am happy to reiterate to you the same tale of glory unspeakable, the American boys are working out for themselves. I approached this section not without many fears that the influence of ex-governor F. would operate greatly against us. But I find his influence and eloquence impotent to check the onward progress of this great revolution in public opinion. This gentleman will make a desperate struggle to get to the Legislature. Sam, however, is no respecter of persons, and will chop an ex-governor's head off with just as much grace as if were a *novus homo*, just entered upon the political arena; and I am told that he has determined to serve

the gentleman in question just in this manner. I do not deem it necessary that my stay here, should be a protracted one. I shall visit all the Councils, address them on important matters, and call upon them to continue in the good work. Your letter, requesting me to take the Tenth Legion in my route, has come to hand ; that request shall surely be complied with, for apart from the general guidance of the Council, whose obedient and willing servant I now am, and to whose commands I always yield obedience, there is another reason that bids me enter the deserted field with the greatest cheerfulness; namely, that infamous deserter, Hawks, was through my instrumentality, sent there, to the Tenth Legion, therefore, will I hasten, nor shall the heathenish Democracy of that politically benighted land, be long without an instructor to break to them the true principles of Americanism. Unless I am greatly mistaken, that Democratic fortress is not proof against the entrance of our principles. I am known there, quite extensively, as a Democrat ; I will bring them in under the cover of their own garments ; once in, an obligation, clinched with the strong triple bars of an oath, is not easily broken. I think it highly probable that that fellow, Hawks, so far from accomplishing any good, has only prejudiced our cause there ; if so, I shall endeavor to ferret him out ; once found, depend upon it, he shall be shown up in his true colors. You shall be duly apprised of my movements, and success in that quarter. I frequently think of the happy unions you are having around your old Council board. I would like to be with you sometimes, and

participate in those deliberations so dear to my soul ; but then, the thought of being usefully engaged elsewhere, almost disarms regret of its sting.

“ Good Council boys, accept the love of your obedient servant,

“ PETER SWYBURG.”

Several other communications from the canvassers were then read, but as they all told the same tale of prosperity, &c., of which the Captain's may be taken as a specimen, it is useless to give them a place in this history.

This over, the president rose, and stated “ that this was the evening fixed upon for the presentation of the medal for the most effective electioneering article, or item, and requested that the gentlemen would at once proceed according to the programme as laid down.”

The judges, or committee appointed to decide upon the merits of the several articles, or items, now seated themselves on a temporary platform constructed in the hall for the occasion.

Invitations had gone to the Councils of the State to be present, and a large number of gentlemen had availed themselves of the invitation, and were present to witness the interesting ceremony, so that the hall was full.

The head judge, or chairman of the committee, now rose and said, “ The contestants for the medal will now be presented before the tribunal.”

There were ten competitors for the prize, who were now conducted in, one at a time, each one was led

several times around the hall, through the audience, and then took his stand before the judges. Each bore aloft, attached to a staff, and printed in large letters, on pasteboard of different colors, in ink, blue, black and red, his electioneering item. Some of these items were very short, others very long, so that when they all stood in a line before the judges, there was quite a variety and display of pasteboards and printers' ink.

The judge then rose, and delivered himself, as follows:—

“Valiant Knights of the Mystic tie, ten in number, you now stand before us, in friendly contest for the prize offered by our Council. The duty which devolved upon us, my associates, and myself, that of deciding to whom we should award the prize, is truly a delicate one. In the discharge of this duty, no feelings of partiality, in fact, no influence whatever has operated upon us save the good of the cause. Our award in favor of one, must not be regarded as detracting aught from the excellencies of all, for I must say that each of you, in your effort to serve our organization, deserves well of all Americans, and under the proverb which says that he who does the best he can is as worthy as he who does the best, each of you must share the glory with your successful rival. Stimulated by the desire to serve your party, and each emulous to excel, you all stand most worthily before us, and in the name of the Council I now thank you for your efforts in furtherance of the glorious, the patriotic principles of the American party. The several items you have placed in com-

petition for the prize will be recorded on the minutes of this Council, and thus your names will be transmitted to posterity, as worthy workers in the move of American principles in opposition to foreign influence. I will now read the article to which we have awarded the prize. When I have read it, he who displays its duplicate on his staff, will please come forward and accept the Council's token of regard, this golden medal"—holding up a small angular shaped piece of gold to the admiring gaze of all present.

Mr. Editor Turner, the successful competitor, now stepped forward and accepted the much coveted treasure of honor. He acknowledged the compliment in handsome terms, feared that injustice had been done some one more worthy than himself by the decision, that he had been actuated in his determination to compete for the prize more by the desire to serve his State and his party, than by the desire to possess the offered prize, and concluded in a cut and dried curl, in which his eloquence spouted afar-off and lofty, the substance of which was that the little medal should never pass from his possession, should never be moulded into dollars, but be ever prized in remembrance of its distinguished donors.

Several enthusiastic gentlemen then made patriotic speeches, sustaining the committee in their decision; expatiating on the mighty genius of the man whose mind could concoct such an article, by far the happiest hit of the campaign, and prophesying for it that it would produce a mighty revolution in public opinion. Some going so far as to say that a copy

of the prize essay should find its way to every Virginia home; that around the quiet fireside the sovereigns should ruminatè over the facts therein set forth, and that no true lover of his State after reading it could, with a due regard to the best interest of his commonwealth, vote the Democratic ticket.

It may be remarked here, that each of the other essays entered for the prize were fabricated with reference to some political misdeed of the Democratic leader, while the one which received the reward was a base slander upon personal character, together with an attempt to excite the prejudices of particular classes of population against others. Thus showing that in their decision the committees were true to their Know Nothing feelings and practices. And now, after a resolution directing a large number of copies of the prize essay to be printed for distribution had been offered and adopted, and the morning star having arisen, the Council adjourned.

CHAPTER XIX.

SOME time since, the reader was advised of a little affair or suit in Cupid's Court, which, according to the surmises of one of the parties, the plaintiff, was progressing well and would end well. Some months have now elapsed since Maurice Meredith obtained that first interview with pretty Fannie Bell, and the impression made upon his mind that it (his suit) was progressing well and would end well—that is, in marriage. Since then, a lover's restless life has been his; he has felt all the hopes and fears, the changes and the doubts of such a life. He who lives upon the smiles and glances of any fair one, must needs be subject often and anon to mental changes. Now happy, full of hope and glee; now, oh mercy! miserable, full of fear and sadness; a glance may elevate him to the seventh heaven—another glance may hurl him thence, and back to the cold realities of life and its troubles.

In all the other circumstances of life, left to future development, where a man's interest is enlisted, there is nothing so distressing and perplexing, as uncertainty; while in the little matter of love there is an indefinable something, so peculiarly intoxicating, that a man sometimes draws pleasure even from uncertainty. This balance-wheel, this little voice whispering hope when clouds are dark, is so attached to the heart's feelings for wise purposes, and has stayed

many a despairer's hand, raised to shed his own blood. But nothing has yet happened to drive Maurice to this extremity; on the contrary, he has passed along as pleasantly as gentlemen in his situation generally do. He has had rivals to contend with, but they have only stimulated him to more vigorous endeavors to bear off the prize. He has been with Fannie on divers occasions, had pleasant and happy little *tete-à-tetes*, talked of poetry, of flowers, of moon-beams, and of love, but never yet has told his own. He has told her that he had a mind-picture which flashed forth before his fancy in his happy days of youth's gay dreams, so beautiful that he could not describe it; he told her many other things about that picture, and might have made the impression that it was exactly like unto her own beautiful self, but then he did not exactly say so.

Thus has Maurice been occupied in his world of sentiment and of love, since we last saw him. How has he been getting along in the political world? He has attended the meetings of the Council regularly, and is still zealous in the cause. Those who induced him to join the organization, it will be remembered, told him that they would place within his hand the key with which to unlock the hard-bound gates that led to fame and immortality. True at least to one of their obligations, the promised key is now in his hands. He is their candidate for Congress in his district; they have promised to elect him. Will the key, when applied, turn the good old Democratic lock? This remains to be seen; so there is something still between him and fame. Will that some-

thing give way? Yes, if Know Nothing trickery and deceit can prevail against truth and fairness; otherwise, that hard-bound gate will not swing upon its hinges for the admission of such applicants as himself.

During this time, Mr. Dew has, from his country home, paid several visits to Fannie, who was always happy to see him, as he told her all the news of her dear old country neighborhood, in which she was born, and had resided until her father moved to the city. During one of these visits, he chanced to inquire after her Irish invalid.

"Ah!" said Fannie, "she is well and happy. Yes, married to a sturdy son of old Erin; he pursued her across the ocean, and claimed her hand in marriage. I suppose she was not proof against such devotion."

"But for your kindness, Miss Fannie, the poor fellow might have found his ruddy bride a corpse. Indeed you are a benefactress. But what would some of your Know Nothing beaux say to this exhibition of charity towards an alien?"

"I have none such, Mr. Dew."

"Beg your pardon, but may I ask what proof you can offer me that such is the case?"

"Certainly, the best proof in the world, I have asked all and every one has positively denied it."

"But do you not know that the members are sworn to do that?"

"Yes, but I know they would tell me; besides, I have another knock-down argument, as you wicked politicians say, it is the old adage about 'birds of a feather,' &c. Now you know I don't belong to the

Order, neither does father or either of the boys, so no Know Nothing would desire to visit our home."

"But you know they are making converts to their faith, how do you know but that some one has designs of this character upon you?"

"Certainly; but do you imagine they will make many converts of persons of my religious faith to their political faith? Surely they would not ask those they are seeking to proscribe to become traitors to their church and join in the work of persecution."

"The demand is unreasonable, to be sure, but that does not justify the conclusion that it is never made."

"Though the faith that is in us," replied Fannie, warmly, "justifies us in the conclusion that the demand is never complied with."

Mr. Dew, perceiving that the conversation was about to take a religious or doctrinal turn, and not being disposed to combat any of the tenets of her church, changed the conversation; moreover, he supposed that he had good grounds for the opinion that the rival he most feared (Mr. Meredith) was a member of the Order, and he had only introduced the subject to doubly assure himself of what he had already perfectly satisfied himself, viz., that Fannie had no affection for Know Nothing principles, and she had said enough to satisfy him that in the event of Mr. Meredith's proving to be of that party, whatever might be the relations he bore to Fannie, the fact would greatly prejudice him, in her opinion, and thus his rival's anticipations would never be consummated in marriage with Fannie Bell.

The reader has doubtless inferred, from the conversation above, that Fannie was a member of the Roman Catholic Church. This is really true, her father had placed her, while she was quite young, at an institution belonging to that denomination, there she began and finished her education. She was allowed to attend public worship at that church, and very naturally imbibed the doctrines, &c., appertaining to the Catholic creed and when, in maturer years, she asked the permission of her father to connect herself with that church, the old man offered no objection, and though he might have regretted his first step, that of placing her in an institution of that character, yet he did not feel authorised in opposing his parental authority against the conscientious convictions of his child, in the matter of religion. -

This was the one act of Mr. Bell which had alienated his brother-in-law, Mr. Fox, from him. Mr. Fox had endeavored to dissuade him from sending his daughter to the Roman Catholic Institute; and later than this, tried to persuade the old man from yielding his consent to her wishes to unite with the Church. Mr. Fox's counsels, however, not prevailing in either instance, particularly in the latter, he has shown a coolness towards the family ever since. And here, too, was the secret of his advice to Maurice: "Let her alone; ask me not why I advise you thus, for I will never tell you." When he gave this advice to Maurice, which so perplexed the young man, he (Maurice) had been a member of the Order but a short time, and Mr. Fox, fearing that an attachment might grow up between the two young people, and fearing the

unhappy consequences that might be occasioned by such an attachment, he employed that significant expression, "let her alone," with the hope of deterring him from cultivating the young lady's acquaintance. It was an easy matter for him to have apprised Maurice of her connexion with the Roman Catholic Church, which certainly would have resulted in either one of two things: Maurice would either at once have abandoned all idea of the young lady, or, if his attachment to her was already growing ardent, he would have withdrawn from the organization, and been a mere sympathiser with the party. Mr. Fox thought the latter most probable, and being a very good friend to Maurice, and holding his political advancement near to his heart, he forebore to make any communication to him, which would cause him to take a step that would have been fatal to that advancement; and concluded within himself, that it would be time enough to make the revelation before matters progressed too far, or after his Council had *promised* promotion, which would bind him to the Order by ties not easily broken; at least, in his opinion, the desire for fame was greater than the desire for requited love, so he was content for the present with his admonition to "let her alone."

It has already been seen what effect this warning had upon Maurice. He determined to keep his own counsel, and Mr. Fox was the last person, under the circumstances, to whom he would have revealed his secret; so Mr. Fox, not hearing the matter talked of at all, concluded that Maurice had taken his advice, while, in truth, his attentions to Fannie had all this

time been of the most assiduous character. Thus did he postpone his revelation to Maurice, till the making of it would have been impotent to rectify his first error, that of not making it when he gave the warning.

It happened that, during one of Mr. Dew's visits to Fannie, himself and Maurice met at Mr. Bell's house. Maurice was there before Mr. Dew, and was the first to leave; probably, what he had to say was intended for Fannie's ears alone. He probably did not care to engage in general conversation, and left forthwith. The two gentlemen treated each other with more than usual courtesy; the extreme politeness of each was almost embarrassing to the third party. Mr. Dew was much relieved when his rival rose to take his leave. He had come this time to breathe his tale of love into Fannie's ear, and now that other ears had vanished from their hearing, with his big heart throbbing strong and high, he ventured to declare his hopes. He recurred most touchingly to their old neighborhood scenes; the happy hours they had passed together in their school days, when the fly-leaf of every book of his had her name written upon it, in a boy's big, round hand. Then he spoke of the rides, the slides, the skating on the little ice pond; then when he grew older, and went to a boarding-school, how he thought of her — how he wished to see her, and when that happiness was his, how diffident he was. And then he went on to speak of manhood's hopes—"the greatest of them all was to be thought worthy of her love." Here he paused.

"Worthy enough—yea, too worthy! But, Mr.

Dew, remember me as a friend—forget me as a lover. You would not have a heart unaccompanied with its best affections; my feelings do not prompt me to bestow these upon you. You understand and appreciate my answer, and it will be more agreeable to both of us to change the subject.”

The subject was changed, and after a few moments, Mr. Dew went away in a most desponding mood. He next day returned to his country home, laboring under the belief that Fannie had trifled with his feelings, inasmuch as, in his opinion, she had encouraged his suit. And being not a little vexed, the first thing he did on entering his law office, was to take down one of his books, and wrote upon a blank leaf the following satire against the fair: “He who in youth, or mature years, attaches himself to the apron-string of his sweetheart, unless he is positively certain that he will, in time, possess the *fee simple* right in the owner of said apron-strings, may find, perhaps, the raving little Cupids, which have been for so many nights hovering around his pillow, and whispering sweet dreams of bliss into his eager ear, have quite unexpectedly to him received their quietus by the decision of the owner of the aforesaid apron-string—a decision not favorable to their pranks. But then, when the Cupids have vanished, and carried away with them their gaudy bows of hope, their visions of priests, of ceremonies, and of wedding-cake, if he whom they have so often paid their respects to, be but a philosopher, he will have a fair vision of his past folly, view with dignified disgust all his little fooleries, while ministering to the vanity or caprice of the angel now

lost to him, turn himself over and go to sleep; and in the morning go to work."

As politics was now the order of the day, he determined to drown his grief in excitement, he forthwith took the stump, in favor of the Democratic ticket, and most nobly did he work. Wherever he went, he gained the approbation of his hearers, and soon ranked among the most efficient men of the party. He was thus indebted to his disappointment for his fame, for this it was that called forth the latent fires of his intellect. Heretofore he knew not his own powers, his love for Fannie had grown with his growth, and strengthened with his strength, his ambition ended in winning her; but now that dream had passed away, her answer had dissipated all his heart-fondling sentimentalities, and he found himself in the wide world dependant upon the sober realities of business; these realities he soon learned to rely upon for support. These made a man of what so short time ago had been but a mass inert, all its powers spent in dreamy idealities, or puffed away in vapory sighs. It has been said that the Council of ——— had nominated Maurice as their candidate for Congress. Publicity, however, is not given to the fact; he is directed to go forth, electioneer for the cause and for himself secretly. This he consents to do, but before taking a long tour through the country, he imagines that he can go with a lighter heart, with a better determination, and a stronger nerve for the arduous work of a canvass, if he goes off the acknowledged possessor of Fannie's love. It was to seek such an acknowledgment, that he went there on the

evening he met with Mr. Dew, but being interrupted he went the next evening, made his declaration, and was accepted. He next day started on his tour, in high spirits, and, probably, felt in a better humor with himself, and with the world, than he had ever before. No one was better calculated to make a good impression upon strangers than he was, and the party fondly imagined that they had a champion in the field, not easily to be conquered, and in truth, his prospects of success did seem tolerably fair. The Democratic majority in the district was at no time very large, in fact, as between the Democratic party and the old Whig party, it was hard to say which out-numbered, so that an exceedingly popular man, of either party, could sometimes carry the district. What alteration Know Nothingism had produced in the district was not ascertained.

Maurice, now would gladly have remained at home, and enjoyed the first days of his engagement in blessed communion with his betrothed; but an imperative duty, a duty that he owed both to himself and his party, called him out among the people, and he went. But in all his travels, in his weary rides, along the lonely country roads, he did not forget Fannie; she, and a seat in Congress occupied all his thoughts; but the better part of them were given to her. He thought of the *éclat*, they would gain in Washington, he in Congress, his accomplished bride in the fashionable circle, she was in his thoughts by day, and visited him in dreams, in his sleeping moments; one dream he had that troubled him much, and gladly would he have found a Joseph to inter-

pret it. He stopped one evening, just as the sun was sinking behind the western hills, at a neat little cottage by the roadside, and finding the owner a hospitable old man, with a merry mind, and withal, the right stripe in politics, according to Maurice's understanding, he availed himself of the gentleman's polite invitation to spend the night. After a neat and savory supper of buckwheat-cakes, beef-steak, and coffee, according to the custom of the country, they all soon retired, and Maurice was shown to a comfortable little room, the window of which was crossed and recrossed with rose-vines.

Maurice's thoughts to-day had more than usually been turned upon Fannie, and now to-night, he was thinking, probably that she might not approve of his political principles; "But pshaw," said he at last, "what am I troubling myself about; what does a woman know or care about a man's political opinions;" he was satisfied, and soon fell asleep, and with his sleep came the dream, for which he wanted an interpreter. His dream was as follows:—He thought a little bird was singing most sweetly at his window, perched amid the rose-vines; he approached the window, so as to catch every note, as the little warbler issued them from its throat, to tremble, quiver, and then die away upon the still air of night; but his approach frightened the little songstress, and it flew away, and alighted upon a laurel-tree, growing upon the banks of a little rivulet, not far off, and there began its song; but suddenly the song was hushed. the bird had flown, and in its place a brilliant light gleamed forth from the thick foliage

—now the light would disappear, and then suddenly burst forth into view again. He had heard those many superstitious tales about the horrid jaunts lost travelers had taken in pursuit of the Will-o'-the-wisp, and he was suddenly seized with an irresistible desire to follow the light, which was now receding from him. So he thought he started in pursuit of it; it led him down the little rivulet, which, after some miles was lost in an immense marsh, full of bogs, briers, and quagmires. Away down in the lonely marsh, he entered, as he supposed, the Council-room of his organization. The hall was brightly lighted, and there was Mr. Fox, Mr. Winks, Mr. Pate, Mr. Dobby, old Capt. Swyburg, and all his associates he was accustomed to meet in the lodge. He heard his name often mentioned, and many prophecies regarding his fame, &c. He then passed on through the lodge, and following the light, he soon emerged out of the marsh, and suddenly found himself in the most beautiful and picturesque country that eye ever rested upon; the view before him was a magnificent mountain and valley view; he paused at the base of an immense mountain, and then the light vanished, not to appear again. Being much fatigued, he looked around for a place to rest; just at his feet a clear spring of water gushed from the rocks, and on its moss-clad banks he reclined for rest. After awhile, when gazing on the mountain's lofty summit, a female form appeared upon its jutting crags, and leaping from point to point, it descended rapidly, and soon was by his side. He thought he had seen that face and form before; ah! yes, it was the ideal

picture he had so long cherished, it was the vision of Fannie that had come to visit him in his romantic retreat; but the figure uttered not a word—pointed with its finger to the topmost point of the mountain projecting over a stream running below, and upon that projecting point stood Fannie, personifying justice—she had balances in her hand which were suspended over the precipice; just a little to Fannie's left he saw a beautiful bridge, adorned with many Democratic mottoes, spanning the river. Fannie, or justice, as she then appeared to him, seemed to be acting as gate-keeper of the bridge; and then he saw his political enemies (and conspicuous among them Mr. Dew) passing over that bridge, singing songs of triumph. Then he recognised some of his Council boys coming along, they approached the gate, but Fannie pointed to her scales, and then to the precipice; they obeyed the inclination of her finger, and one by one went tumbling headlong down into the stream below. He then looked at the river, saw that it was spanned by an arch of black vapor, and in the vapor the letters S A L T R I V E R, were distinctly visible. He then arose to hasten to the spot, where Fannie stood, but before he reached her he awoke, and found that he had been only dreaming.

Maurice was not superstitious, was not accustomed to ponder over his dreams, but this one had impressed him deeply. He could not banish it from his thoughts, and the more he pondered the more he was perplexed; and in his perplexity became an interpreter of his own dream. The interpretation of which may be gathered from the following soliloquy :

What if, after all, I have erred in uniting myself with this party? May not the alluring song of the night-bird be a representation to me of the songs sung to me by the members before I united with the party? May not that will-o'-the-wisp be emblematical of the principles of the party, all mere *ignis-fatuus*? Was there not something significant in the location of the Council Hall, away down in the gloomy marsh, and did the hall blaze with unwonted light, that I might detect errors? or was that beautiful country beyond intended as a view of the bright haven of prosperity which the bark that bears our principles would lead us into? I halted at a spring—did that mean that purity is still to be found in the world? Fannie representing justice—well that was natural enough and needs no interpretation. My political enemies passed over a bridge—that means victory—my party went helter-skelter into Salt River! So the whole thing simply resolves itself into this—I had a vision of the defeat in store for our party, ha! ha! Well, sink or swim, survive or perish, I am with the party heart and soul. And spurring his horse, he hastened his speed towards home, which he expected to reach before night. Maurice had put the above construction upon his dream more in sport, or burlesque of his superstition in regard to it, than in reality, for he was too fully persuaded within himself that his party would be successful to have his faith weakened by the mere vagaries of a dream, and why he had allowed it to cause him any anxiety he could not tell.

He reached home that evening, and had not been

long in his office, before one of his most intimate friends, politically and socially, hearing of his arrival, came to see him; he was also his confidant in some matters, so, after the young gentleman had inquired, and Maurice had given him a detailed account of his travels, &c., Maurice concluded by relating his dream, and told him that the thing had vexed him not a little. His friend laughed heartily at him, but told him that, unfortunately, it was totally out of his power to render him any consolation, as he did not profess to be an interpreter. "But," said he, "there is an old man in our town of great repute among his fellows for his wonderful accuracy in 'the art.' I would advise that he be called in. I mean old Sip, the marvellous darkey."

Old Sip has already been introduced to the reader on the occasion of bringing an invitation to Maurice to spend the evening at his master's house. Maurice accordingly dispatched his servant for the old interpreter. Maurice nor his friend, of course, did not believe that the old man was possessed of the gift, and merely indulged in the ridiculous farce for amusement and curiosity. The old fellow in due time presented himself, ready to obey the commands of Mars Maurice.

"Well, Sip," said Maurice, "I have heard of your wonderful gift at declaring dreams. I have had one that troubles me, and have sent for you to tell me its meaning."

"I has," said the old fellow, "an increase of reputation in this respect. I don't take much upon

myself, but if I kin be of any use to you, I am at your service."

Maurice then related his dream, taking care not to describe the hall in the marsh as a Know Nothing Hall. He also omitted to mention the name of the young lady upon the mountain.

Old Sip began his interpretation with a few general rules of construction to be observed.

"For instance," said he, "dreams goes by de contraries; if de fuss thing seen in de dream be of a contrary nature, as an obstinate man, or 'oman, a jackass, or a mule; but if the fuss thing seen aint obstinate, but goes right straight along, then de dream aint to go by de contrary. Well, less 'ply dis rule to your dream; now, de fuss thing you seed was a little bird; birds aint obstinate, darefore your dream aint to go by de contrary, but right straight along, with all de lights we can gather from de sembols. Now, it are plain to my imagination, that de place you started to in your night vision was de hall down in de big swamp, you started there to meet your friends, and de situation of de hall being in de swamp, shows that de people what meets in it is bad people. The sweet song of the bird was unnatteral in de time o'night, and means de pretty tale wat de bad people told you to get you to jine 'em. Dat Jack-'o-lantern means they was deceptive people, and that big light in de hall was kindled up to your vision, that you might see their wickedness. The pretty country you went into was a view of what you would possess if their promises to you were true. You saw that spring, that you might

wash your hands of such people; that lady on de mountain means that dar are one who has de tender place in her heart for you, and would save you. Your enemies passing over de strong bridge, and your friends tumbling into de ribber, means that your enemies are agoing to rule over you; dat lady was a-warning you to prepare yourself to go safely over de bridge; and these are all de revelations I can draw from your dream."

It should be stated, that Maurice had laid before his friend his own interpretation, before he despatched his boy for old Sip, and his friend being a frolicsome fellow, and fond of a joke, as soon as the boy started on his errand, he pretended to have an engagement out, which would occupy him but a few moments; but in truth, he only went out to meet and post old Sip. He told the old fellow the interpretation he wanted him to place upon the dream, which he made, as is seen, to correspond as nearly as possible with Maurice's own construction.

Maurice did not like the interpretation of his sable worship at all, so he just tossed him a piece of silver, which the old man received with many thanks, and left. After he was gone, Maurice asked his friend if he was not "struck with the astonishing agreement between his own and old Sip's interpretation?" The young man replied that he had observed it, "and regarded it as most extraordinary."

Maurice sat for several moments in a very thoughtful, solemn mood, and then, assuming a gayer humor, proceeded to say that there was mystery about the thing which he could not comprehend; that it was

well calculated to impress seriously men of weak nerves, and women and children, but he thanked his stars that he was made of sterner stuff, of material not to be operated upon by the foolish twaddle of an old black mountebank; and he should only regard the agreement in this construction upon the dream, as one of those unaccountable coincidences that sometimes happen, and nothing more.

His companion declared that what he (Maurice) had said, "was unmitigated affectation; that he was more seriously affected than he was willing to own. Now, if you will acknowledge this, I will, in a few words, furnish you with a solution to the remarkable coincidence, and thus put your mind at ease; provided, if the solution is perfectly satisfactory to you, that you give me permission to take you and your interpretation off, before the first merry company we get into."

"Agreed!" said Maurice.

"Well, to be short—I met old Sip on the street, and told him what to say!"

Maurice begged that he would not mention it in any company until after the election; "for you must perceive that were this farce to get about, no one would vote for such a superstitious booby to go to Congress, as the revealing of it would represent me."

His friend promised; and Maurice did not think of his dream again for many days, when circumstances brought it back vividly to his mind.

CHAPTER XX.

THE contest in Virginia has now excited more than a local interest, it is not regarded as a mere State contest. A Nation's eye is looking, with anxiety, upon the struggle. A Nation, too, is divided in sympathy—all the southern sisterhood of states, whose chivalrous sons partake of the generous nature of the warm wind's breath, and of the genial nature of blazing suns, sends forth one mighty stream of southern sympathy for the Democratic hosts. They ask and beg Virginia to crush the night prowling monster, ere its seductive influence has palsied a single nerve, that runs through the southern heart.

There are among you, as us, said these southern sons, many (foreigners) who, in pleading tones, are saying to you, I was a stranger, and ye took me in; I was an hungered, and ye gave me meat; I was thirsty, and ye gave me to drink of the sweet waters of life—of liberty. Will not Virginia protect the stranger that is within her gates; and more than this, will she not protect religious liberty—liberty of conscience. Thus did the southern mind address Virginia Democrats. While it cheered their leader in his bold career, and bid him deal forth, fast and heavy, his manliest blows. The answer was returned, fear not brave and generous friends, Virginia Democrats know Virginia's duty.

From this quarter the Democratic party received

sympathy. From whence came that of the American party? why from the opposite direction, from the northern States. The rankest leaders of isms there, looked upon this thing called Know Nothingism, as the most precious and promising child of all its offspring; and anxiously did they watch its progress, when some of its scions, from the original trunk, were transplanted to a southern clime. With what yearnings and anxiety they looked after its growth! with what feelings of delight did they read and devour the accounts, telling of the immense popularity their affectionate child was gaining in the South! And oh! how they spoke of the national mind of the child! How it, even in infancy, became disgusted at the bare mention of any thing sectional in its character! How it loved southern institutions; and evinced an early desire to travel in that direction! How at the north it had made such havoc with the fortunes and popularity of the foreign-loving administration at Washington! So much interested were they in its progress here, that self-sacrificing emissaries were found, willing to leave the pleasures of home, and travel south, to exercise a guardian care over this precious darling. And then, it was so excessively American in all its feelings, abominated the idea that foreigners should be permitted to come to America; and withal, was very pious, moral and religious; and would *pay* especial attention to the religious welfare of its followers, that one set of worshippers, the Roman Catholics, were nothing more nor less than the Devil's vicegerents on earth, and ought, by no means, to be tolerated.

These were some of its virtues publicly expressed, while its chief virtue, for Virginia, was only whispered in select companies, and among known individuals; this was, that Sam was a first-rate *Whig*, the worst enemy Democracy had in all the Union. It was said that it was christened "Sam" at the baptismal font, by some distinguished preacher of "Christian politics," after its old father, "Uncle Sam." They thus endeavored to procure a family influence for young Sam, knowing the stress laid in Virginia upon "family;" but it does appear, by this very act, they issued a slander against Uncle Sam, and placed Sam, Jr., at once in a questionable attitude before all those who harp upon family pride; as the records of the country will go to show that "Uncle Sam" was married, many years ago, to a chaste Virgin called Liberty; and "Sam, Jr.," *certainly* did not bear any of the family marks of the legitimate issue of this connexion. Such were some of the many garbs the cunning Yankees threw around their own precious offspring, before they introduced him to the Virginia people; and, strange to say, they found their dupes in numbers. Thus it was, that while the Virginia Democracy drew sympathy from their natural allies, allies in feeling, sentiment, and community of interest, the southern sisterhood of States, the opposition found sympathy in the northern States, where dwell the vilifiers of southern character, where dwell the false-hearted philanthropists, whose excited brains are continually trying to invent some mighty plan for the alleviation of suffering humanity, held in slavery at the South; though, so far, all their

labors of love have been productive of no plan more dignified in character than that which the merest rogue would devise; *they have only stolen our negroes when they could.*

But, becoming weary of this slow process of obliterating slavery from the South, they bethought themselves of a systematic plan of secret, oath-bound work; and Sam, with his tricks, after he had laid low all the national, conservative men at the North, traveled South, as has been before described, and here established himself chiefly in the affections of *quondam* Whigs, who, while they ignored Sam's abolitionism, still thought it proper enough to avail themselves of his secret machinery for party purposes.

It may be admitted that the original purposes of Know Nothingism at the North and Know Nothingism at the South, were essentially different. Charity suggests that this much must be said of the southern branch, (though this admission is at the expense of their claim to nationality;) still, they have so many political sins resting upon them, that if ever, in time to come, they should desire to return to their first love, (the old Whig party,) its chief priests could never grant them full absolution.

The American party has now met in convention at Winchester, and nominated their State ticket. They nominated a ticket—this much is known; what else they did, the rest of the world will probably remain in blissful ignorance.

It was said that great harmony prevailed during the sittings of the body, this much was laudable,—brothers should always meet together in harmony.

It was, moreover, said by them, that they had put forth a very acceptable ticket, to the people of Virginia, and one that would surely be triumphant. Now this was not so laudable, inasmuch as they did not know that when they said so that it would prove to be true. This, however, might be overlooked as a kind of political license, and excused, had the assertion not indirectly conveyed a slander upon the Democratic party of Virginia, that it was to be defeated. Again, a man has the right to predict the amplest success for himself, so long as he expects to reap that success, from his own proper domains. That party, of course, could not expect success without encroaching upon the Democracy, so that on the very threshold, the members of that convention, stand convicted, first, of slandering their neighbors the Democracy, and next, of the grave sin of covetousness. Had their sins ended here, they might have been forgiven. But look to the ticket nominated, and a graver charge yet, may be preferred against them, for did they not in the time of night actually steal two members of the Democratic party, and place them on their ticket?

To their selected leader, the Democracy did not set up any claim, right, or title; he belonged to that party, and they had the undisputed right to do just what they pleased with him. To the second on the ticket, the Democracy did claim a contingent right, which right might have been enlarged into a fee, by a very simple operation, as most politicians on their last legs are apt to bite at any little bait thrown to them. But probably, his membership with the party was not

deemed absolutely necessary to the fortunes of the party, and this may account for his reported passage through the national corn-crib, at Washington, without receiving one little *nubbin* from the President. The President, moreover, is decidedly southern in his affinities, and had probably heard of *that* vote in Congress, for the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia.

To do him full justice, he was a gentlemanly, honest, intelligent, well-meaning man, but exceedingly unfortunate of late years in his attempts to please the Democracy, and they very willingly renounced their interest in him.

To the third gentleman upon the ticket, the Democracy did not so willingly renounce their interest, his talents commanded their respect, and although they could not exactly see his consistency, were yet willing to attribute this to their weak minds; and, giving him credit for more sagacity than fell to their share, concluded that he saw clearly his own consistency. They regretted that he had been stolen, and had signified his own acceptance of the appropriation they had made of him. No process, legal or otherwise, was ever instituted for his recovery; the matter dropped, and has been little talked of since by his former friends.

The framers of that ticket, were regarded as righteous men; and the impression was gradually getting abroad, that a political millenium had dawned upon Virginia, and the old political Devil, who had for so long a time been stirring up party strife, was chained head and foot, else how could enemies so

stand together, side by side, upon the same ticket. How far this belief would have gained upon the people is not known, had not the promulgers of the doctrine and their party friends, by their own acts, showed indisputably, that the reign of party peace, good will, brotherly love, and honesty had not yet begun in Virginia. The framers of this ticket regarded it as undignified to have indulged on the occasion in excessive laudation of their nominees, and did, as has been seen, content themselves with declaring its acceptability to the people, and bespeaking for each a triumphant career.

But the formation of the ticket was the signal for Councils, and for party men generally, to raise their jubilant songs, and forthwith there came from their culvert holes, and from Sam's hosts, one long, loud and mighty shout, declaring the incomparable excellence of the ticket.

Acting upon the principle, that the hair of the dog was good for the bite, they had carefully prepared their drug, with which they intended to purge Virginia of every vestige of Democracy; which preparation was composed of two parts of Democracy, Beale and Patton.

Certificates were soon showered upon the country, testifying to the wonders this invaluable patent medicine was working. One nurse would declare that it acted finely in chronic cases, and then publish a list of reputable names, all of whom had been suffering for years with Democracy in its most virulent form, who were suddenly cured by the compound ticket. Another certified, that it was invaluable in

all cases of despondency, and soon restored life and high spirits to the mental sufferer. A third ventured to say, that so far as his practice and experience went, the effects produced were somewhat similar to the effects produced by ether, (except that ether acted differently upon different minds or constitutions;) this always was uniform in its effects, producing feelings of patriotism. A fourth thought it very similar to the liquid used by the marvellous doctor, who, whenever he sprinkled any of it upon any person, the individual at once became deeply attached to him, and followed him wherever he went. In short, all agreed, that it was a sovereign panacea against all the ills of Democracy, with one very striking peculiarity, that while it infused life, hope, and health to all *natives* and *protestants*, it was the deadliest poison to all foreigners and Catholics.

While they were publishing all these advertisements of the inestimable value of this compound with the hope of increasing its reputation, the old Democrats simply read the advertisements and gave them credit, probably, of possessing as much truth as the notices of quack medicines generally. In fact, they rather looked upon two-thirds of the compound as two political corpses that had died of the American fever. The American party, however, was nothing daunted by the manner in which their compound ticket was received. They had hoped that the Democracy, on the promulgation of this ticket would, like Crockett's coon, come down without being fired at, and lay at their feet. But being deceived as to the result of the trick, they at once resorted to other

means, as their brains were never idle on that important question of defeating the Democracy. They now threw themselves upon the bosom of Sam, bemoaned their piteous condition in Virginia, and begged that he would show the same spirit in the struggle here that he had exhibited in a northern latitude; and prayed that his sceptre might not pass from him, until Virginia was rescued from the rule of Democracy.

They followed now, with still greater energy, all their tricks, which have before been described in these pages; and where these failed they resorted to others, and new ones. They felt that all their fortunes hung upon the election; with them 'twas life or death; they knew they could not recover from the first fall; once down, prostrate, dead for ever.

The fear of this fall lends vigor to their determination. The hope of reward lends its incentive to their anxious minds, as they work, work, work—for the spoils—by night and by day, in secret, and sometimes now, in public; in crannies, and in corners; in by-ways, lanes, in short, wherever a sovereign could be found.

In secret, the Councils still continued to issue private orders, to meet the exigencies as they arose, which the workers were sworn to obey. While in public, the sum and substance of all their arguments may be told in three words, namely, huzzah for Sam.

But turn from the contemplation of the tricks of this party, to the course pursued by the Democracy. The contrast is singularly striking. The Democratic party has long been thoroughly organized. It has

truth, equal rights, southern rights, nationality, liberty of conscience, religious liberty, Virginia, union and the constitution, together with many other mottoes of freedom and of right, emblazoned on its banner. Its candidates are now all in the field, and with calm dignity they are nobly breasting the dark tide of fanaticism, which has at last overleaped the strong barrier of defence the southern conservative sentiment had raised up; and unless this tide is thrown back, these candidates, so nobly meeting the storm, must at last give way; their banner of freedom's mottoes must trail in the dust; Democracy must fall, and fanaticism, with its foul spawn of horrors, will rush in to revel in wanton liberty with the sacred principles of our fathers.

Must all these precious blessings waste and wither away before the hot breath of the oath-extracting, oath-binding monster?

Must all Virginia's trophies, all her relics of olden time, be snatched from their hangings on her triumphal arch—an arch invisible, 'tis true, to the eye, but distinct to the mind, as it is seen proudly spanning the old Commonwealth from Atlantic beach to where Ohio laves her western borders. Let the mind's eye approach this arch and read what the finger of time has traced upon it, as year after year has glided away, and it will be found to be the history of the Democratic party of Virginia. Democracy's enemies (in other words, Virginia's enemies) cannot look upon that arch with favor or affection. A phrenzied madness contemplates its downfall, which, in the still and

dark hour of midnight, busily plies the dastard's tools under either abutment.

Patriot, will it fall? Ah, that's a question reserved for the month of May. If it falls, Virginia's honor and fame lies under its ruins. A nation feels the shock!

CHAPTER XXI.

MR. TURNER'S paper displays the American ticket from its mast-head, and rejoices, with exceeding great joy, that such an unexceptionable ticket, in every respect, had been put forth for the approval of Virginia's sovereigns; and not a doubt was expressed in this sheet, which so faithfully adhered to its party tactics, as to the triumphant success of the nominees. It occasionally descanted on the subject of withdrawals, which was now reaching an alarming extent. This question was treated by the editor in the lightest manner possible: it was but the cry of "wolf! wolf!" raised by opponents, when in fact there was no "wolf." "It was intended," said he, "merely to intimidate Sam's followers, while the field before them was one of hope and promise on all sides, through which the American boys were proudly marching in one unbroken phalanx, with joy unspeakable in store for them when the march was over." And then, to prove his position, he drew from his imagination, away down in the realms of fiction, many beautiful and consoling little fancies, of which the following may serve as specimens:

"It is certain that the ticket has struck terror in the ranks of the Democracy; and it is already whispered, that men high in Locofoco-repute have advised that the party forthwith withdraw their candidates

from the field and allow 'Sam' to walk in without an opponent."

"A friend who has recently traveled extensively through the State, gives it, as his opinion, that our majority will certainly not fall below twenty thousand and will probably exceed forty thousand."

It is reasonable to suppose that the friend here alluded to, was the "New York Herald's" reporter, who was sent here to follow *gentlemen* about, and furnished garbled reports of their addresses.

"In Chesterfield, the city of Petersburg, and all the south side counties, 'Sam' is bearing down all before him. So writes one who knows."

"A gentleman, from Franklin county, who has, heretofore, been a Democrat, assures us that Bocock will be defeated in that congressional district by a crushing majority. 'Our Nat,' is a *powerful* man."

"Chastain White, that fiery young orator, who aspires to a seat in the state senate, from Hanover and Henrico, will find that his ambition has received a check, from the strong 'Reins,' which the American party has placed upon him; these two counties will give not less than five hundred majority, for the whole American ticket."

"In the north-west there are at least one hundred initiates, to one withdrawal; the American leaven will leaven the whole lump, in this section, so says one of our exchanges."

"A writer, from the central west, gives the best tidings of 'Sam,' in that section; but counsels his party not to exult too highly, lest thereby, the feel-

ings of the unfortunate Democrats will be greatly wounded."

"The south-west is thoroughly aroused. The death-rattle will soon be heard in the throat of the once powerful and popular Democracy; peace to its ashes! So writes an intelligent farmer from that section."

"We learn that 'Sam' is well received and gaining popularity, where least expected, in the counties of Rockingham and Shenandoah."

"It is useless for us to speak of Loudon and old Augusta; if the opposition, in both counties, poll a baker's dozen, they will be doing well."

"We don't encourage betting, but boys plank down the *tin*, when solicited by the green horns, but never take advantage of ignorance, by playing an open and shut game. It would be dishonest in you, to bet on the result without saying more; so, for the sake of fairness, always bet on twenty-five or thirty thousand majority for our ticket."

"Let us hear of more withdrawals, such news is always refreshing; for we are assured by it that the good grain is being separated from the chaff. We want not a grain of smut or *cheat* left in the great bulk our party is laying aside for the final reckoning up, on election day."

These were some of the slightly extravagant sayings of Mr. Turner's paper, the acknowledged organ of the Know Nothing party, though this extravagance of assertion and bragadocio, may be regarded as the least objectionable feature of all its career.

By this time most of the Whig papers of the State

had wheeled into line; and it was quite amusing to hear the savage yelpings of the little "ten by twelve" village thumb papers, as they tried to imitate the sonorous growls of the big party mastiff. They copied all his howls and whines; and whenever he issued a savage bow, wow, wow, close at the Democracy's heels, all their little tails wagged with inexpressible delight.

Unfortunately for the cause, the Know Nothing pack did not consist of trained runners, but of every variety of genuine and mongrel species, so that, in the chase, they did not keep well together; and it was only when they heard a bugle note, from the old leader, that all agreed that that was the true track by which to reach the spoils. So the huntsman cheered and whooped whenever Turner opened, declaring Democracy too impotent for the contest. Thus went the night hunt, "over the hills, and far away," through old Virginia's plains.

Nearly every Whig paper, probably there was not a single exception, supported the Know Nothing ticket, while it was not uncommon at all to see lengthy articles in these very papers making the assertion, and endeavoring to sustain it, that this party was not the old Federal party under a new name; in this they must have trusted largely on the credulity or the ignorance of the Democracy. In truth, there never was a more abortive attempt at a deep game. Never were men's real designs more thoroughly read, through the thin transparencies of deceit and trickery, than theirs by the Virginia Democracy in the campaign of 1855.

But fearing to rely too much on these shallow transpariencies, lest in so doing they might shoot wide of their mark, they endeavored to fortify themselves at all points, so as to make assurance doubly sure, and to this end they not unfrequently devoted whole columns, endeavoring to prove, what has never yet been disputed, in America at least, that Americans should rule America. Foreigners were somewhat scarce in Virginia, and they could well afford to lose them all, provided that in making this sacrifice they could win the affection of every native. Then, again, in the absence of everything like principles to sustain them, (true, they had a public basis of principles, which they in secret ignored themselves,) which is inferred, from the fact that they never in good faith declared any, or so much as intimated, under what policy the government would be administered under their rule; they attacked private character, dwelt largely in personalities, and in Billingsgate, against the gentlemen who composed the Democratic ticket, and against prominent members of this party generally. In short, the Know Nothing presses did well and faithfully the bidding of their supporters, these engaged in midnight conspiracies against Virginia's fame and honor.

CHAPTER XXII.

OLD CAPTAIN SWYBURG, Know Nothing canvasser at large for the State of Virginia, expressed his willingness to take the Tenth Legion in his tour, and "contribute towards the beautiful dawn of American light in that heathenish land of Jackson in Democracy."

He has now entered within its borders, and it may not be out of place here to trace his course for a while, and see how he is getting on in his work of love.

The reader can appreciate his sorrowful feelings, as, solitary and alone, he entered that country, which the vote of years has consecrated to the stately step-pings of Democracy. His heart throbs for sympathy from some quarter, and after traveling for a day, and finding none, he at length drew a halt at the house of an old friend, and spent the night. His friend, with whom he stopped, was a Democrat. Politics was the subject discussed, but the old Captain was afraid to show his cloven foot, and never did a man discourse more beautifully than he did on the principles of Democracy. The Captain practised this deception, that he might get certain information that would be of service to him; so, just before retiring, he asked his friend if there were "any enemies of our country," in the neighborhood?

"Enemies! What do you mean?"

"I mean these disgraceful Know Nothings."

"Oh, ho! I understand. No, happily for us, none just about here; but there are several suspected of the thing some miles below this, in the village of ——," calling their names.

This was all the Captain wanted; and he went to bed, congratulating himself secretly at his masterly art of deception.

The old Captain started next morning, bright and early, for the village in which he had been told there were several Know Nothings. Now this was his native village; he had resided there many years, knew everybody, and everybody knew him as a first rate Democrat; he anticipated glorious success; and, as he wrote to his Council boys, he intended "to bring them *in* under the cover of their own garments."

This, too, was the same village in which his predecessor, Mr. Uriah Hawks, had stopped, and noticed the structure in the vacant lot, opposite the tavern.

About midday the Captain reined up at the tavern, and was met by the landlord.

"Well, bless me," said the landlord, "if this ain't 'old Swy!' Glad to see you—glad to see you, Swy; old fellow, how do you?"

The greeting over, the Captain glanced at the structure, and inquired for what purpose it was there.

"Oh, it is not worth while to tell you; it was not intended for such as you."

"Maybe not; but still you can gratify my curiosity, can't you?"

"Oh yes, as to the matter of that I can; but come, walk in, and while I am mixing you up a toddy I will tell you."

He began, and used the same words and gestures he had employed in explaining it to Mr. Hawks.

"Well," said the Captain, "suppose I tell you that *I* am a Know Nothing?" not knowing exactly what reply to make.

"If you were to tell me that, I reckon about the first thing I would do would be to tell you that you lied; and if you insisted on the truth of it, I expect about the next thing I would do would be to order you out of my house, and *if* you didn't go, I presume about the next *step* I would take in the premises, would be to kick you out. No, Swy, it is impossible for you to be a Know Nothing. Why, don't I remember that a long time ago you licked a fellow over the Ridge, at the barbacue, because he said Jackson had removed or taken all of the funds of the United States Bank? And did not that same fellow, in the scuffle, bite off the lower extremity of your left ear? Why, Swy," raising his hair from his left ear, "this crop is a lasting monument to your Democracy."

Swy was fairly overcome, and was thus forced to declare his adherence to the Democracy. He remained in town several days, receiving the honest greetings of his old acquaintances, who were really glad to see him. His stay here reminded him of the good old days when he lived here, and when his opinions on political subjects were highly respected by the Democracy. He hoped that during his

sojourn, something would turn up which would enable him to make known the subject of his mission. But so far from this, his very presence seemed to enliven and stimulate the Democrats. They at last held a meeting, and appointed a committee to wait upon the Captain, and request him to address the people on a particular day; but he pleaded urgent business in another section of the county; and as the Captain rode through town on his departure, his coat pockets stuck out full of good wholesome electioneering documents, which the Democratic boys had handed him, with the request that he would distribute them in his travels. What became of the documents is not known, though it is supposed that, before he traveled many miles, he dismounted, and buried them in the ground.

His visit to his native village resulted in not one initiate into the Order. He traveled for several days with very poor success, so he at last concluded to make a bold stand—to make a desperate effort, make or break. This was to address the people in behalf of Americanism and the Winchester ticket. He could do this now without violating any law of the Order, as the day fixed upon for allowing members of the party to speak in public had now come. The Democracy in the neighborhood he was in were making preparations for a barbacue, when several addresses would be delivered, and gentlemen of the opposite party invited to be present, and to put forward a speaker or speakers if they desired. The day came, and to the barbacue went the Captain, and when invitation was given for some opposition orator to

address the people, up he arose, to the astonishment of all who knew him. He began by saying "that the American movement was entirely disconnected from the old parties, but was in truth very Democratic in all its features; was the very party for all true Democrats," &c., &c.

In the course of his remarks, he stated "that the cause had been greatly prejudiced in the Tenth Legion by a traveling Yankee, who had proved an infamous traitor to his party. He had heard, to his sorrow, that he had imposed upon a trusting maiden of the mountains, and was actually married. He warned all, should they meet with this fellow, to have as little as possible to do with him. His name is H. Uriah Hawks."

Just then a gentleman in the crowd arose and asked to be heard; and who should it be but the veritable Mr. Hawks, who up to this time was unobserved by the Captain.

"Fellow citizens," said he, "I am no speaker, but such language, from such a source, cannot be passed in silence. I certainly should not have recognised my portrait, which the individual drew of me in such strong colors, had he not attached my name to the bottom of it.

"Gentlemen, as to the question of my birth, my being a Yankee, &c., I think you will all bear me out in saying, that that was a matter over which *I* could exercise no possible control. I have endeavored always to live an honorable and honest life. The great misdeed of my life—the one which has caused me more genuine sorrow than all others put together—

he who has so villified and traduced me here in your presence to-day was wholly instrumental in bringing it about; I allude to my brief connection with the political organization which he has the honor of representing on this occasion. By him I was most importunately solicited—yes, by him induced to join. I did not profess to be a politician; but placing confidence in that man, I listened to his honeyed words, and fell. But the same hand which struck me to that position—low, indeed, among men who love their country—was indirectly the cause of my salvation; for it was at his persuasion that I was induced to come among you, who soon taught me the error of my ways, and I at once requested and received a clear acquittance from the oath-bound organization.

“Traitor did he call me? To what party had he always belonged, until he failed in an application for office from the present administration? He was a Democrat, and you have read in my language the secret of his change. This, I have understood, is his native county; moreover, that he resided here long, and was favorably known. If such be true, then the old man has sadly changed. He deceived me—he is here to-day to deceive you—beware of him. If no one hearkens to his voice here to day, I shall not so much regret the character he gave me before you, inasmuch as his slander gave me the opportunity of showing him off in his true colors. I shall not ask of him satisfaction for his attempt to injure my reputation—his age protects him on this score—so I content myself with simply turning him over to the tender mercies of the Tenth Legion Democracy.

Deal leniently with him; but heed not his voice, I beseech you, one and all. I thank you, gentlemen, for the attention you have given me."

The applause with which this explanation was received, showed that the sympathy of the company was with him.

"Three cheers for Hawks," shouted one of the auditors, in a deep-toned voice; and forthwith went up, with deafening roar, the three cheers for Hawks and Democracy.

When order was restored, the old Captain desired to say a few words, "He perfectly well knew that the sympathy of the crowd was not in his favor, but he stood again upon his native soil, after some years of absence from it, and he thought that his old friends, and the sons of his old friends, would give him a respectful hearing." He then went on to say that he "did not come to the place to get into a personal controversy with any one, but to declare the glorious and immutable principles of the American party." These descriptive adjectives of the American party, were received with shouts of laughter from all quarters of the ground, and it growing late, several voices began to cry out, "dinner, dinner, let's go to dinner," "go it, old Swy," "go back to Tuckahoe," "you can't come it over the mountain boys," and old Swy, was actually forced to sit down; and thus ended his boast to the Council, that "if he found that fellow, Hawks, he would show him up in his true colors;" so that the Captain found himself somewhat in the predicament of the man who went out "after wool, and came back shorn." He began, now, to realize

the difficulty of bringing "the Tenth Legion boys in, under the cover of their own garments," (principles) and determined in his future electioneering, in "the Legion," to pay his respects especially to the Whigs. He did not attempt to accomplish any thing for the cause at the barbacue, after the treatment he received, while endeavoring to advocate his cause publicly. The truth was, Uriah stood very well in his neighborhood, and his remarks placed the Captain in such an awkward attitude, before the sovereigns present, that he saw that it would be worse than useless to attempt to make any converts at that place. He also came to the conclusion that it was unwise to declare his principles publicly, in the Legion, and determined in future, to adhere to his clandestine measures. He was the most indefatigable of men; it was one of his boasts, that he never would be out-done at what he attempted, and if he could not succeed in one way he would try another. His treatment, and his poor success in the Tenth Legion, had now aroused all his energies, and to get initiates, he was not at all scrupulous as to the means employed. After some days of hard work, fortune, as he thought, began to favor him. Some of the Know Nothing lawyers, from Staunton, had attended one of the courts in Rockingham, and had prepared the minds of some of the old Whigs, in a particular locality, for the reception of Know Nothing principles. Well, the old Captain had the good luck to get into this locality, and sure enough established a lodge. But the truth is, Know Nothingism never did flourish to any great extent in the Legion, notwithstanding the strenuous efforts of

the Captain, and the band of recreants he had drawn around him, and he was really delighted when he received a communication from his Council, saying, "that doubtless he had already set the ball in motion in that section, which would roll on, and on, accumulating, till the day of election, and directing him to visit certain counties in eastern Virginia.

It afterwards appeared that the Captain, as soon as he established the lodge alluded to, wrote to a friend, confidentially, to procure his recall from the district, and it was at the solicitation of this friend, before the Council, that the order changing his field of labor was issued. Notwithstanding all this, the Captain had the impudence to write and publish the following letter, in Mr. Turner's paper soon after leaving the valley.

"MR. EDITOR:

"I have recently traveled extensively through several of the valley counties, Rockingham and Shenandoah included, and it may appear incredible, but it is nevertheless true, that a strong current has set in in favor of the American ticket, and, I do verily believe, that had the nominations been made sooner, we would have carried the whole Tenth Legion; as it is we shall press the foreign ticket hard. There being nothing in our principles incompatible with the doctrines of the Democratic party, in fact they being essentially Democratic. The Tenth 'Legioners' are delighted with them, and a great many have told me openly, that they intended to vote our ticket. Mr. Editor, wherever our bases of principles are read,

they cannot fail to impress the reflecting with a sense of their conservatism. The old questions that have heretofore divided the parties, are as nothing compared with the great questions now appealing to every patriot, and Christian, as to whether foreigners or Americans shall rule America; or as to whether the religion of our country shall be subverted by the base heresies of Romanism. These are the questions, the prime questions, which the people of Virginia will be called upon to decide, and to these questions, the valley counties will give a favorable response, in May next. It is generally hard to break in upon the long established affinities and opinions of any community, but the potency of American principles is being felt even in the Tenth Legion, that land of Democrats, and the opposition party is fast tottering to its fall.

“Your truly,

“TRAVELER.”

It should have been stated before, that several of Uriah's friends, urged upon him to demand satisfaction of “Mr. Swyburg,” for the insulting remarks he had made towards him. But Uriah, like most of the Yankee race, was not particularly noted for courage, and had the greatest horror for bloody noses, scratches, fist thumps, and gouges (not to say any thing about powder and ball) imaginable, so he persisted, that in consideration of the man's age, &c., he had taken the right course in exposing him to the gentlemen present.

While his friends were importuning him to “lick”

the Captain, his father-in-law, old Mr. Laubinger, arrived upon the ground. The case was soon stated to him, and he thought Uriah had acted perfectly right. "But," said he, "show the fellow to me, and if he is about my age, I will take him in hand, and he shall retract, or whip me, certain." Swyburg was pointed out to him, and old Mr. Laubinger stepped up to him, saying, "You are a stranger to me, sir, but I have understood that you have to-day insulted my son-in-law, Mr. Hawks, who very bravely and generously, in consideration of the inequality of your ages, declined to demand satisfaction; but, sir, there is no great difference in our ages, so you have your choice, to retract your offensive epithets against Hawks, or entertain me, for a few brief moments, in a fight." The old Captain was true game, but as he did not care to carry a black eye about with him on his electioneering tour, he very flatly declared, "that he had no hesitation in saying that he had only applied the epithet, traitor, to Mr. Hawks, in a political sense; that he had nothing to say against him, derogatory to his personal character, and that he had only warned gentlemen to beware of him, politically." The bystanders, thought this apology sufficient, and old Mr. Laubinger turned down his coat-sleeves, and allowed his rigid muscles to relax, much to the relief of the Captain.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE most of Maurice Meredith's time is now spent in electioneering. His friends are looking up to him to carry the district. They are continually ministering to his vanity, and telling him that the question of defeat or victory in the district rests upon him. Thus encouraged, he bends every nerve to the contest, and labors with a zeal worthy of a better cause. All the time he does not devote to the canvass he devotes to Fannie; he is a very frequent visitor at her father's house. What a happy man he is! so confident of his election, so well convinced that his love for Fannie is honestly reciprocated. How beautifully he sketches life's journey before them, which they have pledged to travel together! She is to share all his joys; and if perchance adverse fortune should vent its vials of wrath upon them, he tells her with what confidence he will look up to her, the strong-minded woman, with a woman's tender heart, strong in adversity, to whisper peace to his troubled heart, and teach him to bear the ills of life. A warm-hearted, trusting girl, she enters into the spirit of all his bright and beautiful anticipations, and bids him not invite the ills of life by speaking of them. Many were the blissful hours they passed together, under the influence of that elevating and refining sentiment, where two young hearts are locked together in sympathy. After a while, these two hearts form a world

within their secret courts, and in this world they live, oblivious to the stern realities that are being enacted in the cold, outer, everyday world; and in this little world, heart speaks to heart, glance answers glance, tongues utter vows, and vows anticipate a wedding.

So while Fannie and Maurice were communing together in this world of their own creating, so unromantic a subject as politics had never entered their heads, and consequently she knew nothing of his political principles; true, he had spoken of his contemplated trip to Washington, but he never thought it necessary to tell her that he was going as a Know Nothing representative to Congress; and if he ever thought of telling her of his visit to Washington in that capacity, a mysterious foreboding would warn him against it. Nor had they in their own little world ever talked on the subject of religion, so Fannie had never told him of her connection with the Roman Catholic Church, and, strange to say, he had perhaps never heard it from any other source; in all probability, the fact was not generally known. She was frequently seen in her father's pew in the Episcopal Church, during service, though she by no means neglected her own church. If Maurice was aware of the fact, he never spoke to her of it; if he was aware of it, he doubtless calculated on procuring her withdrawal from that Church before the nuptials, as it was against the rules of the Order for a member to have a Catholic wife. The probabilities are, though, that he had no idea of her connection with that Church.

In politics, Fannie's father was a Democrat. He had frequent conversations with Maurice on political

questions, from which the old man inferred that he was an old line Whig. He entertained the highest respect for Maurice, and by no means sought to discourage the alliance which he desired to make with his daughter. Maurice had not yet asked his consent for the bestowal of his daughter's hand in marriage; but then he had learned how matters stood, from Fannie, and he offered no objection to her choice, but advised her to weigh well so important a matter, and not enter into it unadvisedly, and without thoughtful consideration.

A few days after he had given his daughter this advice, he attended court in an adjoining county, on which occasion notice had been given in the papers that there would be political speeches delivered. It was not yet known, publicly, who the Know Nothing candidate for Congress was, though the nomination had been made some time. When the time for the speaking arrived, Mr. Maurice Meredith was conducted to the stand by his friends.

He stated that "his friends had conferred the honor of the nomination for a seat in Congress for the district of which this county is a part." He accepted the nomination in handsome terms, and then proceeded to harangue the people at some length, and in the course of his remarks, dwelt long upon the Roman Catholic question, and indulged in a great deal of useless wrath against this denomination. His speech, upon the whole, was just such as is frequently heard from an able man when he finds himself on the wrong side of a question, exhibiting

a great deal of sophistry, but very little of truth or candor.

It was well received by his political friends, who frequently applauded most uproariously, and when it was finished, pronounced it "a masterly effort."

A Democratic speaker was then introduced, and who should it be but Mr. Dew, with whom the reader is already acquainted. He made a spirited and "masterly effort," and never were the arguments of an opponent more thoroughly answered, than were Meredith's; one by one, he attacked the positions assumed by his opponent, and with unsparing hand tore-off the specious dresses of sophistry in which they were clothed, and exposed their fallaciousness. Never did a party appear in a more unenviable light, than the American, when he was done dissecting it. He dwelt long and forcibly on what the Democratic party of Virginia had done for the Union, and the anxiety that was now felt for its success in all the southern land of chivalry; and concluded with an eloquent appeal to the old Democrats once more to stand by their ancient faith, once more save Virginia and the Union.

This was the happiest effort of Mr. Dew's life, and never was a speech more enthusiastically received or more justly complimented.

Mr. Meredith attempted a rejoinder, but he got along badly, feeling, no doubt, that his adversary had the advantage of him.

Mr. Dew then concluded in a few happy hits. The Democracy came off the acknowledged victors in the discussion, and Mr. Dew felt a peculiar satis-

faction in having thus worsted his old rival before the people.

It was said above, that Mr. Bell (Fannie's father) was present at this discussion. Yes, he was there, and heard the whole of it. Greatly astonished, greatly mortified was he, to know that Maurice was a member of the American party.

The old gentleman returned home in a reflecting mood; he doted with a father's warm and burning love upon his daughter; yea, he idolized her. He thought of Maurice's awful denunciations against the Roman Catholics, and argued from thence that breakers were already looming up in the distance, upon which the happiness of his almost angel girl would be shipwrecked, and she be tossed on the wild waste of grief's black waters, whose angry billows no pitying tear from a father's eye, no gentle consolation from a mother's heart, no buoyant word of hope from the tongue of a friend could assuage.

He felt satisfied that Maurice did not know of his daughter's connection with the Roman Catholic Church. If he did know it, he was playing a mysterious part. Can he expect to influence Fannie, and get her to withdraw from her Church? At any rate, I fear and tremble for Fannie. Poor girl. She certainly did not know of his political affinities when she promised to marry him. And in this wise the old father mused within himself, not knowing exactly what course to take.

Several days after the debate, he determined to hold a conversation with Fannie on the subject, and sent for her to come to his library. When he heard

her gentle footsteps approaching, he brushed a tear from either eye, and tried to appear as composed as possible. He glanced at Fannie, and observed that there was an unusual paleness resting on her cheek, but concluded that this was occasioned by this unusual summons into his presence, and that she anticipated some unwelcome news from him.

"Fannie," said he, "I wish to converse with you on a subject which I dislike to mention, but I desire that you will speak candidly and freely with me.

"Were you aware, at the time you promised to marry Mr. Meredith, that he belonged to a political party, one of the chief objects of which is to proscribe the members of the Church to which you belong?"

"No sir," said she, calmly and deliberately, "I was not; but I have to-day received an account of his speech, delivered a few days since in behalf of that party. Some kind friend was good enough to send me a copy of the paper containing the notice, marked."

The old man thought he read in this answer the secret of the palor, which marked her cheeks, when she entered into his presence. Alas! meditated he; the blighting chill has already entered her heart; and he offered up a prayer that its ravages might be staid, ere the genial nature of her noble soul would be frozen to its very centre. Continuing, he asked, "Do you suppose, Fannie, that Maurice knew you were a member of the Roman Catholic Church?"

"I do not know, sir. I have never endeavored to keep the fact at all a secret; Mr. Meredith has never

mentioned the subject to me, and it is possible he is altogether ignorant of the fact."

"My daughter, since these developments have come upon us, I would most earnestly beg you to ponder well on the subject. Do not allow your mind to dwell too much on the bright anticipations which you and Maurice have pictured for yourselves. 'Tis woman's heart that's strong in the dark and melancholy hour—her sun of hope may have set—but she frequently emerges from the hard folds of grief a better and happier woman. Prove yourself, then, equal to the task, be worthy of your womanly nature, be strong, the storm will break, and you will once more partake of the fleeting, transient pleasures of earth and time. I am speaking to you as if the worst had come to the worst. I wish to prepare your mind for whatever may be in store for you. True, it is, lovers' ways are, sometimes, quite incomprehensible, and it may be that Maurice and yourself will be able to reconcile your antagonistic sentiments and opinions. How you are to do this, I confess I do not understand. When you see him, have a free, candid, open explanation—then take your course.

"Father, dear father, let us not continue this subject now, at another time——"

He nodded his assent; the suffering girl left—went to her room, and there the first tears of genuine sorrow coursed down her cheeks.

Who is it that has felt the first tears of genuine sorrow, that does not remember the burning sting they left behind? These first tears constitute an era in the life of man, from which, when in old age, he

looks back on his life, and begins to count his trials and his sorrows; that first dark shadow which hung the drapery of sadness around his heart, and he is disposed to regard it as the progenitor of all his subsequent sorrows.

In solitude, Fannie gave vent to her grief. What a change had come over her feelings. In the morning happy—thinking of Maurice as her lover, of the happy day when he would return from the country, and come to talk with her; but, ere the day has fled, she learns that an obstacle raises its frowning visage between them, threatening to frighten the little bud of promise from its nestling place around her heart.

She sits in the calm shadow of twilight, and meditates. She calls up many reminiscences of their past acquaintance, but instead of bringing pleasure, each one is armed with a burning sting. She sat a long, long time, and before she arose, her resolution was taken. "The world shall never know my sorrows. I scorn its pity; nor shall it laugh at my calamity. Within the portals of my own bosom will I keep the secret—I will go on, and on, through the world, and none will suspect me of having known an early attachment. I shall laugh when I will—be gay at times, and when I sorrow, none shall know it. But may not all this be premature? he shall not be cast off without a hearing; I will take my father's advice, and talk with Maurice on the subject. She then arose from her retirement, to join the family, and to all appearances, was as gay as ever. Thus, in a measure, quieting the fears of her parents. Several days past away, and Fannie still retained

her usual flow of spirits, at least, she did this in company, and her father was beginning to think he had given himself unnecessary anxiety on her account. But ah! when alone, when no human eye could see her, then she was under no studied restraint. She now had two lives, one for the eyes of others, this was her life to seem; the other was for solitude, this was her life to be; and her life to be, was to be wretched.

Maurice did not remain long out of town; on the evening of his arrival he called to see Fannie. She met him cordially, but still he thought there was more reserve in her manner than she had been accustomed of late to show towards him.

He made some jocular remark in regard to her unusual display of dignity. But Fannie, apparently not hearing his observation, said:—

“Your newly acquired fame has preceded you, for, I have read a very complimentary account of your late political harangue before the people, besides, my father was present at the discussion; I suppose you saw him?”

“No, I did not see your father, but if he reports as favorably of my speech as the account you saw, then I shall get a vote I did not expect, as he is a Democrat; but, may I ask, does the old gentleman’s *daughter* take any special pride in my newly acquired fame?”

“Alas! to be candid, she does not. Are you aware that *I am a member of the Roman Catholic Church?* I being entirely ignorant of your political opinions up to the time I saw the account of your speech, you

possibly may be ignorant of my religious principles. It might have been better for us, had we known more of each other before—”

“A pretty game you are playing, Fannie, indeed; with a little more practice, (if you will only make a public exhibition of it,) I may in turn compliment you upon your ‘newly acquired fame’ in playing a part. I suppose you have been rehearsing this little play ever since you heard of my speech, in anticipation of my coming; and did you expect me to leave the room, blubbering like a great awkward school-boy, at some unexpected treatment from his sweetheart? do draw out the pocket handkerchiefs you have prepared for the occasion. But come, to be serious, I have found you out; so off with your assumed gravity, and let’s both be natural; I haven’t long to stay this evening.”

“I am playing no part, sir; have spoken only the truth; have assumed no gravity. I am a Roman Catholic in religion; you, in politics, an American, and would proscribe, persecute, yea, crush that Church even out of existence, were it possible. Can you now construct the bridge to span the broad gulf that divides us? Look; here I stand, and according to the dictates of my own conscience, I seek salvation; there you stand, sworn to war against me, and all those who, in religious matters, think and act with me.”

“This bridge, I should suppose,” said Maurice, “is very easily constructed. I have but to go with a fee to one of your priests, who will grant me absolution from the crying sin you have so eloquently convicted

me of. I still persist that you are jesting—you a *Catholic!*”—repeating the last words with a visible sneer.

“*I am,*” said Fannie, proudly, the warm blood mounting to her cheeks, “and your imputation against the priest—your taunt at me is unworthy of you.”

Maurice was now convinced; and with the convincing proof came the full realization of the unhappy development and its ultimate consequences to his peace of mind.

“I have deeply wounded you, Fannie, and the spirit with which you met my unintentional insult does credit to your nature, for I admire above all things, the right kind of spirit in a woman. But, Fannie, let us now call upon the spirit of love to hover around us while we set our heads to work, and see if we can’t settle most amicably and satisfactorily this ugly difficulty, so frightening to us both. The simple fact, that I am a member of the American organization is, you would say, *prima facie* evidence that I am not very favorably disposed towards your Church.”

“But I would take,” joined in Fannie, “your remarks, as quoted by my father, as positive evidence that you are decidedly hostile to my Church.”

“Granted,” continued Maurice, “but as I was going on to say, my opposition to that Church, as a Church, does not preclude me from entertaining for individual members the most exalted respect. I do not say there are not individual examples in that Church shedding the most beautiful light of Christian piety. I war upon the Church, not upon individuals.”

“He who touches my Church, Mr. Meredith, touch-

eth that which nearly concerneth me; and in selecting these individual examples, you are casting an unwarranted reproach upon the Church, and declaring that such is their natural purity of character, that they cannot be corrupted by the Church. If, in the application of your remark, you intended to select me as one of these bright examples of natural piety, then I must say you are robbing the Church to flatter the individual."

This reply caused Maurice to change the basis of negotiation which he had marked out in his mind. After a pause he began again, as follows:

"You object, Fannie, to my political opinions, because those opinions lead me to declare against your Church. I am honest in these opinions. My party friends have honored me with a nomination for Congress. Therefore, however disposed I may be to accommodate myself to circumstances, and withdraw from the organization, for the purpose of retaining your confidence, respect—yea, love—I could not do so without a breach of all the rules of honor and good faith by which I am bound to my party."

"I would not have you sacrifice your political aspirations for me," said Fannie.

"How then can I ask you, Fannie, to sacrifice your Church for me? for, in the simplicity of my untutored mind in regard to Church attachment, I was about to appeal to you to withdraw from the Roman Catholic Church, and unite with some other, if you chose; supposing the pleasantest road to the future land was hardly the one which runs through purgatory."

"If you expect, sir, to win me over to the sacrifice

you would ask of me, then surely you are wide of your aim, when you are resorting to ridicule. Cast another such reflection upon my Church, and I shall consider it time to end this interview. As to the question of *withdrawal*, let us settle it now, once for all. To do so, I never, never will consent, for no earthly consideration. I might sacrifice wealth, all my worldly possessions, fame—yea, everything, save the privilege of worshipping at the throne of Grace as I will.”

“I suppose then,” said Maurice, “I must come with some other basis of negotiation, before you will be willing to treat with me; so let us now sign a truce to this controversy till we meet again. Let us not break lightly the happy relations we sustain to each other; for believe me, could I but harken to love’s sweet voice, and do its bidding, I would freely renounce all worldly honors, and cling only to Fannie. Our minds, just at this time, are not in the proper mood to talk over this matter. I will see you again soon.” And so saying, left the house.

Maurice left in a gloomy state of mind; but he left not without a little ray of hope. From whence came that dear little ray, glancing along through the thick and dark shadows of forebodings? Ah! it comes from that ideal picture, which he had cherished long years before he met with Fannie. He had always regarded it as one of fancy’s dainty treats to his longing soul, and he had so encouraged the idea that its counterpart in nature would be his wife, that fancy and reality had swapped places; and to think now

that she would not be his wife, was only one of fancy's little wiles.

He mingled the next day with his political friends; every one of them sang songs of victory in his ears, and encouraged him on to the political struggle. That evening found him again at Mr. Bell's house. But he went there having too much to ask of Fannie. He intended to insist that she was the proper person to remove the difficulty, by withdrawing from the Roman Catholic Church. That apart from his obligation to his party, it would be considered unmanly in him, by the world, now becoming a stern, weather-beaten politician, to harken to the sentimental feelings of the pliant school-boy, and be moulded to his sweetheart's will. He went there, not prepared to offer any new basis of negotiation, but to insist on the same propositions they had before discussed; and he calculated much on Fannie's love being a faithful ally in the settlement. But he did not see Fannie; the servant, who presented her apologies, handed him the following note:

"MR. MEREDITH:

"Having reflected duly on the subject of our last evening's conversation, I cannot think it possible, that another interview would be productive of any thing more satisfactory. Therefore, to avoid a meeting which could only be disagreeable, I have prepared this letter, in anticipation of your coming.

"In so important a matter as marriage, there should be a fitness. a congeniality of sentiment, between the contracting parties.

"I have asked myself these questions:

"Must I marry the man, who has kissed the lids of the Holy Bible, and uttered the vow to war against my Church?

"Must I marry the man, who would rob me of my conscience, and dictate to me the terms, upon which I am to base my hopes of salvation?

"Must I marry the man, who in this happy land of liberty, would rob me of a right, which God implanted in my bosom—the right to serve Him as the teachings of my conscience would dictate?

"Must I marry the man, who raises his voice against the benevolent and charitable invitation of our laws, to the world's oppressed, to flock to freedom's home?

"Must I marry the man, who has prescribed the bounds, for humanity's kind offices, to American soil; who can listen to no tale of suffering, or of misery, if the relator of his woes but breathe them with a foreign accent?

"Must I marry the man, whose political opinions would lead him to no higher aim than the proscription of foreigners and Catholics?

"Must I marry the man, who could ask of me, that I should abnegate my religious faith, in order that he might adhere to his political faith; thus asking, that the holy charm of religion should yield to the politician's worldly aspirations.

"I must say to you, that the invariable answer to all these questions has been, 'no'—and in obedience to this response, I have now to sever our engagement—it is done. It would be affectation in me now

to say, that I did not admire your manly, noble traits of character. The contemplation of these drew me towards you; we communed pleasantly together, and I promised to marry you—in this I was sincere. I saw no spot, or blemish upon your character; but, alas! I see it now—the link is broken—you are released.

“Let us only think of the pleasant hours we have spent together, as so many little finger-boards, in life’s fitful journey, reminding us that life’s dearest hopes may crumble; but pointing to a happier land, bid us fix our affections there. You are a man, go mingle with the world, and in its excitement forget your love. I am a woman, and ’tis in this dark and cheerless hour, that the Church you so much abuse, is my only comforter. O, noble Church! now do I prostrate myself upon thy bosom, and view from afar off, that beautiful dawn of holy light, which thou dost promise to all those who follow thy commands in righteousness! How bounteous hast thou been in preparations for all thy daughters, who are weary of time’s gaudy bubbles! The serene solitude of the cloister beckons the weary pilgrim of time to its sacred shades. Thy brave and generous sisterhood, always ready to go wherever the cry of suffering is heard; always ready to peril life in the face of disease, to offer succor to the sick and dying: and should I weary of the vanities of life, thou, blessed Church, hast a place prepared for me.

“I beg, Mr. Meredith, that you will excuse this outburst of feeling—’tis the last you will ever hear from
 “FANNIE.”

Maurice did not open the letter till he reached home, and there he read it with an aching heart. He now thought of the words, "fix not your affections upon that girl, for you may repent it," which Mr. Fox had said to him; and now for the first time he understood the significance of the words, "let her alone." And now too, his dream which so much troubled him, in which Fannie represented Justice, came fully before his mind. He felt, for the first time in his life, that he was a doomed man, his hope for Fannie had fled from his heart, and in its flight too, borne away his little ideal picture, which he had so long caressed in fancy's happy view.

"I bid adieu to love, and hie away for fame; farewell, Fannie; farewell, bright and beautiful girl. I shall often think of thee in sadness. Thou wert a ray of sunshine to my path, for a little, little while. But now thou art gone from my gaze, like a beautiful dream.

"As I told her yesterday, could I but hearken to love's sweet tone, and do its bidding, I would freely renounce the prospect of all worldly honor, and cling only to my (now lost) Fannie: but I am bound to my party. I have sworn to do its bidding—that oath cannot be broken. But, perhaps—no—yes—may she not relent, and accept me with all my sins against his Holiness the Pope, and against her Church. But I will not encourage the thought—come now that little ideal picture! Ah! it comes not; it too has fled—such alas! is life!" and thus, concluding his soliloquy, he committed Fannie's letter to the flames.

CHAPTER XXIV.

How was it that Maurice treated Fannie's letter so lightly? Is it natural that a man of an ardent temperament should meet with such a disappointment, and then treat the whole affair in a cool, stoical manner, and dispose of it, as if it were but a mere trifling circumstance, met with in the course of everyday life? But these were only the feelings of the moment; his pride was wounded, and he was not exactly in a frame of mind to realize fully his loss.

Fannie's letter had been committed to the flames. After some hours, how he regretted that act! How he wished he had that sheet of paper back upon which she had traced those lines, evidently with a trembling hand! True, the recollection of some few words, he was enabled to call to mind, were beginning to burn in upon his very heart; true, the sentiments contained in that letter were not grateful to his feelings; but then he could run over those lines again in grief; and he would derive a melancholy pleasure from them, even though they told him that the "last link was broken."

He had for some months past been looking upon Fannie as the charmed goblet-bearer of his hopes and anticipations. This goblet was full of bright and beautiful dreams; and on the many occasions when, with unaffected simplicity, she had spoken the feelings of her heart, in remarks full of confidence in him, he

was not disposed to grumble with his lot, but thanked Heaven that "things were as they were." Alas! though he could not see what gates the key which the Know Nothings placed in his hands would unlock; they pointed to fame and immortality, and told him the key was for the gates thereof. He consequently went down with them into darkness. He hurled his denunciations with high hand against those he was sworn to crush; one of these bolts which he had forged in his place of covert darkness, and which he hurled forth with the hope of carrying devastation in its train, had struck the hand that was holding the goblet to his lips—the hand was palsied by the stroke, and it could never again return the warm pressure of love to the hand that hurled the shaft. The goblet, too, was shattered, and all the bright dreams it held were drunk up by the black drapery which despair had hung around the burial-place of hope.

The more he pondered over the subject the more he was oppressed and dispirited. Where now was he to go for consolation? Where could he find the Lethean draught to cause forgetfulness of the past? Could he mingle in the political furor of the day, and forget his love in the shouts and hurrahs of those who would advance him in the world of fame? What though he was successful in his aspirations for a seat in Congress? Would all its honors fill the aching void of his heart, now mourning the loss of that which for some time past had held its seat there, ministering to that voice which says to man, "It is not good that thou should'st be alone?"

However intellectual a man may be, however gigantic his mind, he is not at all exempt from that desire implanted within him by the hand of Providence, to seek a partner for his life from among those who are rightly termed the fairest portion of created humanity.

There are those who contend that it argues a weakness of mind for a man to yield to the tenderer passions of his nature, and lament the failure of his suit for woman's heart and hand; but the voice which utters such a sentiment is only the snarl of the morose cynic, who has built up an unnatural philosophy for himself, and is ashamed, in the gigantic proportions of his mental faculties, to acknowledge the potency of the feelings of the heart.

Maurice was far from being one of those surly misanthropes. He was of an ardent temperament, of strong passions and prejudices; and he felt not ashamed to mourn the loss of so rich a prize as he esteemed Fannie.

And now it was, after he had calmly reflected on the subject, that the war began within him.

Now it was that two of the strongest passions in the breast of man, love and ambition, had arrayed themselves for a conflict, that could only result in the complete annihilation of the one or the other. Love had much arrayed on its side; Ambition much on its. Love spoke first, and said, banish me not from my courts in thy heart, lest you rue the day. Look not upon me as unworthy of thy notice. True, unlike my adversary, I cannot lead you along the royal road to fame, I cannot deck your brow with

glory's chaplets. Mine is an humbler sphere, unostentatious I am, but then I go with thee where'er thou goest. Your *home* is the place where I delight to dwell, and there will I remain with you. I will be your constant friend, and in the little ordinary things, which make up the sum and substance of life's bitter part, I will be thy best comforter. Look! What is man, unless he permits me to reign in his heart? Is he not surly and morose? Does he not often live uncared for, and pass away unlamented? I it is who will go with thee in pleasant places. I it is who will lead thee along pleasant paths. I it is who, from my bounteous store of little joys, will deal these out to thee, nor will that store be emptied by the constant demand you may make upon it; keep but the fountain pure, and the stream that fills this store is as exhaustless as the sea. Banish me if you will, and you will find in the sere-leaf of your autumn years, that you have despised your best and surest comforter.

Ambition next spoke. I was implanted in your breast to raise you above the common rabble, or the brute creation. I point you to the pinnacle where sit the great of earth. The world would never have known a statesman, a hero, or a conqueror, had I not reigned in his heart, and ne'er deserted him till he reached the crowning glory of a mighty deed. I elevate you above the common walks of man; above the pinings of the sentimental school boy. Go with me to where nations meet, in serried ranks, upon the tented field; I hover around their colors, I glisten on the white steel's shining face; my voice

is heard in the cannon's roar. Look to the thrones of earth, where sit the kings; I decked these thrones with purple and with gold. Look to the crown; I placed the diamond there; and could you read the hearts of those who wear the crowns, you would find me even there. Look to senate halls, where the great men of nations meet, and you will find these men do not despise me. Look last to yourself, and would you retrace the steps you have taken with such flattering prospects of success on the road to popular favor. One step backward, even a pause, would now be fatal. Look ahead, and faint not, I will be with you.

Listen but to the delirious wooings of my rival, who is now treating you to anticipation's golden views, and you will find, when anticipation ripens into reality, that distance lent enchantment to the view.

Is the applause of men grateful to your ear? Does the warm breath with which fame speaks of heroes and of statesmen animate your bosom? Are you emulous to compete for the honors which will surely fall upon some, during your day and generation? Then you must harken only to my voice, and listen not to love's entreaties. Love is seldom my rival, we frequently dwell together in the same heart; there are, then, no better friends, and we frequently join our incentives in elevating the man; but, unfortunately, for you, Maurice Meredith, we are arrayed in hostility to each other, and you must decide whether you will listen to the voice of love or the voice of ambition, and that right speedily.

How fiercely rages now the war in Maurice Meredith's breast, between love and ambition.

Both have addressed him. Love has told its little tale of simple joys, and asked that, like the dews of heaven to the thirsting plant, withering on some sterile waste, it may be permitted to hover around him, and now and then refresh his inmost soul.

Pompous ambition, boasting of its intimacy with the kings of earth, and the part it has played in all the great and glorious deeds of time, held out its alluring gifts before his eyes, and promised that those gifts should be his, provided he decided against his rival.

What was Maurice to do? This was the perplexing question. Should he choose for his part, love or ambition? When he thought of Fannie, he was almost on the point of saying, farewell ambition, farewell honors, farewell all ye intoxicating dreams of fame, I will yield to love's voice, go to Fannie, ask forgiveness, and sin no more; I know she will take the repentant wanderer back. But ere the thought could ripen into a firm resolve, there came, as it were, the voice of the multitude, sounding his praises and his name; he saw fame and immortality towering far above the simple offices of love. The decision was made—he chose ambition. But he determined, if possible, to reconcile the two opposing passions, by seeking one more interview with Fannie, and conjure her to remove the obstacle in their way. If, however, she persistently refused, then to bid that final adieu to her, which love so imploringly warned him against.

Maurice, as the reader is aware, had, on a former occasion, failed in obtaining an interview with Fannie. He therefore concluded, that before he would venture to make another call, he would write her a note, and inquire whether or not it would be agreeable to her for him to do so. The note was despatched; Fannie's reply was not repulsive. She probably thought that he had seen the great error he was in, and would come prepared to make all due concessions. But, she was not satisfied in her own mind, that should he even do this, that she would be justified in agreeing to a re-establishment of the relations as they *formerly* existed between them. Their engagement had been broken off by herself, in obedience to what she considered to be her duty. Should that engagement be renewed? that was the question. She determined to be governed by future developments. If he came with the proper spirit, prepared to make a full renunciation of the opinions he had advanced against her Church, and if this renunciation was brought about by the conviction that he was in error, and not a mere device to entrap her, then she would take the matter under serious reflection, and try to forget the difficulty which had so perplexed her.

In truth, she began again almost to think of Maurice as a lover, and found herself almost, at times, hoping that a reconciliation would be effected; but she dared not indulge the thought too far, the matter was not yet settled—she did not know what the result would be, though the terms of that reconciliation were *fixed*; she had stated them to him when she saw him; they were not to be departed from. Will he come

prepared to accept these terms? And such reflections as these were passing through the proud girl's mind from the time she received his note till he called.

The evening after Maurice wrote to Fannie, he went to see her. It was an embarrassing meeting to both; Fannie did not know how to receive him, nor he exactly what humor to adopt. They both felt the extreme awkwardness of the meeting. They felt as if a third person would take away the solitariness of the occasion; and just at this time, a bright-faced, prattling little girl (one of Fannie's sisters) of some four or five summers, came bouncing into the room, as if she were sent by some mysterious power, a messenger of relief to Maurice and Fannie. The child's presence had the desired effect, and they were beginning to feel at ease, when the unconscious little innocent begged her sister "to hear her say the prayer she had taught her;" and before Fannie could say, wait till another time, the little thing was down upon her knees, and with its head buried in Fannie's lap, was lisping the prayer which Fannie, the Roman Catholic girl, had taught her. The prayer was just such a one as any pious Protestant would teach his child; Fannie respected her father's religion, and she would scorn to mould his young child's mind to her own way of thinking. This circumstance, at another time, would have been regarded as trivial, but now, it strangely effected Maurice. It brought fully before his mind the unfortunate difficulty between Fannie and himself—her *Romanism*, his *Americanism*. After a few minutes, the nurse captured the little wanderer from her care, and took it

back to the privacy of the nursery walls. Maurice and Fannie were again left alone.

Maurice now referred to their difficulty, "and came," he said, "with the hope that it could be reconciled, and then they would go on as smoothly as if nothing had happened to throw them out of the current which, for so long a time, had borne them along together without a ripple on its smiling surface."

"I would ask you to state," said Fannie, "the grounds upon which you expect an adjustment."

"Were I in a condition, Fannie, to let the voice of love lay the basis, there would be no doubt of your acceptance. But the same impediment is in the way as when you last saw me. Would you have me violate an oath I have made to my party? I came to you to ask you, yea, to implore you, to remove the difficulty as I suggested in our last interview. Do you not appreciate my situation? Do you not see that I am bound to my party? that I cannot break the bonds unless I break an oath, and be guilty of treachery. Speak, Fannie! and say you will take me, with all my short comings and political errors? Why, love and politics should be kept as distinct as the Church from the State."

"Am I to understand, then, Mr. Meredith, that you have no other terms to offer? If so, you already have my decision. No argument, no appeal to my sympathies, would cause me to change that decision. Therefore I beg that you will change the subject; 'tis idle to pursue it further."

"'Tis idle, did you say?"

"Yes, sir."

"Must all—end here? Must we never think again of each other?"

"Yes, think; but to regret that we ever met"—

"Then the sad farewell must now—O, awful word!—be spoken. I utter it, and it bears me hence from Fannie. And now, one last request. Teach that little angel-innocent, who but a while ago prayed so touchingly, bowed upon thy lap, to pray for me. I am hardly able to bear up against this sad wreck of all my hopes."

She took the hand extended to her; and thus ended the last interview between Maurice Meredith and Fannie Bell.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE election day is now not far distant. That day will be an important one to Virginia. That day will decide whether Virginians will stand by the vows their fathers made to religious liberty, when they declared that no man should be proscribed on account of his religious opinions; or whether, with sacrilegious voice, they are going to break these vows, and *declare for a Northernism*.

That day will decide whether Virginia is still worthy of her name and fame, or whether she has sunk to the level of some of her fallen sisters. That day will decide whether Know Nothingism shall receive its fatal blow, or whether it shall roll on and on in its black evolutions of plot and counter-plot, secrecy, falsehood, and crime, till the whole southern land is cursed with its presence, and crushed by its proscription.

The great contest is to come off on that day between truth and its sister virtues, and its opposite, with all its attendant train of evils.

"Truth is mighty, and will prevail."

The Democracy are buoyed by this inspiring thought, and it gives vigor to their action, and hope to their patriotic hearts.

Their leader, the "fearless tribune of the people," is still addressing the people; and on no occasion yet has he raised his voice in vain. On these public

occasions, that master orator drew oft and anon from his exhaustless quiver, arrows pointed with truth, which, with unerring aim, clove falsehood's sayings, and carried conviction home to the hearts of men. See that man going—he goes his enemy; see him now returning—he is his friend.

Look at another, as he rides along with his neighbors to the “speaking.” He is a Democrat, but is not satisfied with the party nominations. Hear him abusing his party for the nominations, and declaring that he cannot and will not support the ticket, to the infinite satisfaction of his Know Nothing neighbor, who intends to claim the honor and glory of having brought him over to the true faith. But see him as he returns home—he has heard and was convinced, is now enthusiastic for the success of the very nominee he so much objected to.

Another goes. He, too, is a Democrat, but has joined the oath-bound Order. The deception which has been practiced upon him is laid bare to his gaze, and he returns with a thorough disgust for his deceivers, and with the determination to seek an early withdrawal from the secret organization.

Another goes there, a full-blooded, deeply-died Federalist, a rank Know Nothing Whig. The malignity of years is festering in his heart; it is the worst kind of party malignity. He carries, too, with him a black spirit, that he may cavil, criticise, and denounce; but the orator held up to his view the picture of Sam, as described in the eighteenth chapter; held up to his view the absurdities which were traced within the Blue Book of the secret worshippers.

The man saw Know Nothingism depicted in its most glaring deformities, and went away a better man, politically.

Thus continued the Democratic leader, in his work before the people, from the tide-water flats, to the rolling hills of Piedmont, from Piedmont to the great Valley, and from the Valley to the wild (mineral imbedded) mountains of Trans-allegany.

But he did not confine himself to discussing and pointing out the dire evils of Know Nothingism. The subject of state policy claimed his attention and on this subject his views, as expressed, met with the warm approbation of the people. Being thoroughly aroused to a due sense of state improvement, progress and wealth; he vividly sketched the plan of progress; and the people saw that under his system the kind old State would soon blossom as the rose. They believed that under his advice the great lines of railway would speedily be completed, and that Virginia would soon be checkered o'er with a judicious network of railway.

His position, in regard to that improvement, whose first rail will touch the bank, where roll York river's waves. Whose last will rest where Big Sandy's waters glide, was especially captivating and pleasing to the people. As he descanted on the incalculable importance of these several lines, connecting and forming one grand continuous highway, through the state, his auditors were carried some few years in advance of time, and then they beheld the great iron horse, being richly freighted at Big Sandy's mouth; eastward he wends his course along easy curves and

gentle grades, through that country blessed with untold mineral wealth; anon, he speeds his course along the jutting crags of New river, whose lofty piles of stone seem like nature's fortresses against man's improvement. Emerging thence, by and by old Alleghany stares him in the face; but the great mountain barrier bends to the force of steam. The Valley now is gained and crossed, and then Blue Ridge's height is conquered by that crowning monument to Virginia enterprize, the tunnel, with its grade, from thence, onward he rushes with his accumulated treasures to a Virginia harbor, where the white sail rustles, ready to bear the products of Virginia soil and of Virginia labor, to the distant nations of the earth. But the products of Virginia soil and labor was not all that was to be borne along the line. The people saw that it was to become a great national highway; for there stood Kentucky, Virginia's fair daughter, meeting Virginia at the western terminus of this road, with one of her roads, who, with filial affection, was ready to pour the rich bounties of generous nature into the old mother's lap. Nor would the line find a final terminus in Kentucky; but be taken up, and pressed onward to the great western world.

But while, as has been said, his views in relation to this great work, were probably pre-eminently captivating to the minds of the people; yet, he by no means, slighted any of the lines that were worthy of state patronage.

Such indeed, was his judicious and comprehensive view of state policy, in regard to her improvements,

that it stamped him as a man, well qualified to fill the first position in the gift of the people.

And then again, he not unfrequently took, in his peculiar style, the picture of what Virginia really was, and placed in contrast with this, what she ought to be. Dependent now, she should be raised to that position for which the God of nature so eminently qualified her.

The waters of her numerous streams were allowed to mingle with the ocean's tide, as from primeval day, without imparting their generous force to the spindle or the wheel; while yearly, there goes forth to the northern States the fruits of honest labor; which, in Virginia's great time journal, should be set down as huge credits to her folly.

He sometimes told of the rich mines and minerals, now in the bosom of the soil locked, with inaction, holding tight the key, and hardly ere a gate to wealth unlocked; while other States, less abundantly blessed, were busily using the miner's tools, and reaping profit, gain and thrift.

The people heard him, and were satisfied that if Virginia's honor and interests were committed to his care for awhile, that that honor would be sacredly guarded under his administration, that these interests, while under his kind supervision, would be carefully attended to.

He went through the State—gained friends where e'er he went. His course was bold, open, straightforward, and peculiarly *Virginian* in every feature.

His opponent's course was just the opposite, and the people of Virginia would soon be called upon to

decide between the two. The Virginia Democracy looked to *Virginia feeling* to save the state. The opposition placed hope upon the idea that this Virginia feeling had yielded to the introduction of *new* principles. And thus stood the parties a short time previous to the election of 1855. If the spirits of the dead can view mortal actions, and sympathize with mortal effort, then the spirits of the departed patriots of the country, may be supposed to have hovered over the actions of the one party, and exercised the guardian angel's care over its destinies; while, around the other, the spirits of traitors stalked, in midnight darkness, and ever and anon whispered treason in the ear of sin, and encouraged the actors on in their dark designs.

A short time previous to election day, it became apparent that Sam, at least in Virginia, was diseased. The copious hemorrhages, which he was daily throwing off from his secret lungs, in the shape of withdrawals. His great sufferings and profuse night-sweats, were symptoms of an awful malady. Many of the old Whig doctors, who had not visited him in his secret writhings and contortions, expressed it as their decided opinion that he showed unmistakable evidences of the galloping Consumption. While all of the Orthodox Know Nothing school, who were admitted into his bed-chamber, down in the culvert's damp, declared that his lungs were perfectly sound, and that these hemorrhages were but the evidence of a healthy tone of constitution; and that in throwing off this superabundance of watery expectora-

tion, his lungs were but performing their natural functions.

In addition to this, his bones were said to be terribly bruised and dislocated, by the ponderous blows he had received from the Democracy generally, and from their leader particularly.

He was also subject to excruciating suffering from mental anxiety; and sometimes general debility seemed to prostrate all his energies. But it is a singular fact, that those who chiefly officiated around his couch always wore, in public, the happiest countenances, and declared that Sam was never in a more thriving condition. They would persistently deny that he had ever received a single blow from the Democracy; that he never evinced the least mental anxiety or suffering, nor had they ever seen the least evidence of general debility.

Though while they endeavored to make this public impression, they still thought it necessary to hold a grand consultation over Sam's condition. This they did, by calling the chief men of the Council together. In what a gloomy, miserable place they have stretched him, upon his bed of languishing. Away down, in the deep, damp, dark culvert, where dimly burns the sickly light of the dark lantern. Poor, pale, cadaverous, grief-stricken creature, did'st thou expect to find so early a grave (as thy prospects now seem to indicate) when thou wert induced to travel South? Look, how he gazes upon the dark, black curtains, that hang in such ample folds around his couch! but those black folds are sacred to his eyes, for they

envelope his secrets and his plots. But here comes thy physicians.

See them now crowding around poor sick Sam. First comes little Mr. Dobby, who brought him to Virginia; he feels Sam's pulse, and recommends a dose or two of a most abominable quack compound, in which there was every conceivable pernicious and nauseous drug. Next stepped forward old Captain Swyburg, (whose practice all his life, previous to the rise of Know Nothingism, had been according to that followed by the Democratic School,) he looked at Sam's tongue, felt his pulse, shook his head knowingly, and then declared that all the patient wanted was active exercise, that a few struggles with the Democracy, on public days, would bring him all right before the election—that his friends in Virginia had not bragged enough upon him; he was in consequence only a little dispirited. He therefore recommended *shouts, roars*, and enthusiastic demonstrations, as the course best calculated to ensure speedy convalescence. He thought Sam had been too modest and moral in his habits and practices to cope with the Virginia Democracy. He therefore advised his friends to try and impress him with a sense of his real worth and merit; and call upon him to show a bold front to the Democracy—if necessary, should lay aside his moral compunctions for a while, and condescend, to some of the low tricks resorted to by the Democracy.

Mr. Fox, that rank old federalist, who had been politically bewildered all his life, who had stood upon divers platforms, and whose greatest earthly hope was to defeat the Democracy, next came in, felt Sam's

pulse, prescribed a dose of verbiage, peculiarly anti-Democratic, and retired, apparently well understanding the cause.

Next came in, that vilest of sinners, Mr. Pate, who believed all religion but the invention of man, who scoffed at its divine origin, but still feared the Roman Catholic religion would annihilate the Protestant. He expressed it as his opinion, that the patient's malady was only mental, and proceeded, doubtless, from an over anxiety in regard to the growing power of the Romish church in this country. He, therefore, advised Sam's friends to encourage him in this behalf, and assist with their acts and sympathies, in his glorious work, in aid of religion.

Next came in Mr. Americus Winks, whose life had been, but an exhibition of the most disgusting selfishness, whose views were all of a narrow, sordid, contracted nature, he had no humanity, no charity, no loving kindness in his heart; and whose greatest pleasure was to vent his wrath against all in America, who were not born upon American soil. He examined the patient, and stated that all he wanted was to be encouraged in the work before him. His great desire was to see America ruled by Americans. He would, therefore, call upon "sam's" friends to raise high the great American voice and "Sam" would soon rouse from his despondency, and be fully strong and equal to the task of conquering the foreign party, by the 24th day of May. Many others practised in the healing art, came forward, and rendered their opinions in regard to the condition of the patient. Hardly any two of which agreed as to the remedial

agents, that ought to be employed. Nor could they come upon a compromise, and agree upon a course of treatment. The grand consultation, therefore, resulted in the determination that the Dobby party should prescribe as they thought best. The Swyburg party, the Fox party, the Pate party, the Winks party, and all the sub-parties should do the same; hoping, at least, that the treatment of some of these parties would certainly be correct, and conducive to Sam's speedy return to convalescence and health. While these men endeavored to conceal Sam's real condition from the public, they still had many fears on his account, and following out the idea that desperate cases require desperate remedies, they went to the uttermost limit that desperation would allow, endeavoring to bolster up the poor, bruised, beaten, mangled, despised Yankee Sam, whose character had been well ascertained, and who, in consequence, was now shunned by true men, and contemned by all Virginia-loving Virginians. He bore the leper's spot upon him: patriots shunned his presence.

CHAPTER XXVI.

BUT a few days now remained before the test of party strength will be tried in Virginia. The Know Nothing party is preparing for the final struggle. The Councils are holding their last meetings, and issuing their commands; and the orders they issue, here, alas! in old Virginia, are worthy to be classed with the orders issued by a Massachusetts mob of all the isms of New England. The general order goes forth, that the Virginia Democracy is to be defeated; and in addition to the plans the Councils lay down, strictly to be followed by all its sworn men, every man of the Order is requested to work for the party, and use whatever falsehoods and tricks he pleases. The leading men every where are instigating their tools, which they selected from the common mass, to every kind of dishonest and disgraceful expedient. Votes, votes, votes, for Sam; get these, get these, get them as you please. The end justifies the means, so press on Sam's bold American column. The tools obeyed, and virtue, honesty and truth were trampled under the ruthless tread of party malignity. They raised in advance the shouts of victory, so soon to dawn upon them in Virginia; these shouts were prolonged through all the northern line of States, but met with no response from the land south of Virginia. The Know Nothing press, also, now increased in recklessness, depravity and licentiousness;

personal character was traduced most shamefully. The most reckless assertions and barefaced falsehoods were showered forth to minister to the depraved appetite of degenerate Virginians. The damnable heresies in religious, political, and sacred morals of the northern hive of fanatics, were ingeniously coated over by the Pharisaical editors of that party, and in Virginia presented to the people as the only true principles of Republicanism. Yes, it is a sad thought, but it is nevertheless true, that the freedom of the press, this great palladium to American liberty, so far transcended all legitimate bounds, as to riot in unrestrained fabrication, and corrupted and vitiated where it should have exercised its saving power for southern morals, manners, rights and interests. It endeavored to weaken where it should have offered strength, and the effects of its blows were felt at the source from which it derived its freedom. American liberty and the constitution felt its blows. About this time the party had counted noses, and discovered that they had seventy-two thousand sworn initiates, and thirty thousand sympathizers, who would certainly sustain them. Many hallelujahs were sung over these numbers; many boastful and joyous predictions made, and bruited about, from Mr. Turner's organ, down to the little village puppets.

Had a stranger suddenly entered Virginia, without having the circumstances of the uproar explained to him, he would have supposed that the old State had been converted into a general asylum for lunatics, and that the bedlamites of the world were turned

loose within her borders, such were the shouts and yelpings and ravings of delight occasioned by the news of this unwanted number of anti-Democrats in the State. How strange it seemed to Democratic ears, to hear that Virginia had seventy-two thousand sworn enemies within her borders, and thirty thousand sympathizers with these sworn enemies; but their faith was not yet weakened, their hope not yet extinguished; they looked to their leader, and to Virginia, and concluded there was some little gas connected with the numbers seventy-two thousand and thirty thousand.

Now it was that the working members (and they were all workers) were up very late, and very early. Now they began a systematic process of button-holding, never before approximated in Virginia. Now they formed deeper and more damnable plots in secrecy. Now they besieged men with importunity, almost akin to force, and compelled them to oaths against their consciences. Now they arrayed class against class. Now they reeked their venom and malevolence against the poor foreigners. Now for religion's sake they snatched the cross from the Church, and with impious hand trailed it in the arena of politics. Now Virginians, Democrats, Union lovers, Southerners, were frequently pained to hear the assertions that the professed principles of Sam, of Yankee origin, were more consonant with the true spirit of Republicanism than the principles of the great southern sages, statesmen and patriots, Jefferson and Madison.

Now, the members of this party, who, like slan-

derous vampires, live upon the fame and reputation they detract from men of worth and merit, descended from principles to men, and assailed the characters of the Democratic leaders, which were, however, too lofty and elevated to receive a wound from the pigmy shafts of slander, from their would-be detractors. Now the name of a once respectable party was hardly ever heard in Virginia; the Whig party had been completely destroyed, the destruction of which may be described after the manner of Pharoah's dream: "And behold, there came up out of the river even kine, fat fleshed and well favored, and they fed in a meadow;"—this is the old Whig party. "And behold seven other kine came up after them, poor and very ill favored, and lean fleshed such as I never saw before in all the land of Egypt for badness;"—this is a good description of the Know Nothing party. And now for the destruction of the old Whig party. "And the lean and ill favored kine did eat up the first seven fat kine; and when they had eaten them up it could not be known that they had eaten them, but they were still ill favored as at the beginning."

Now the party ran wild with various demonstrations of delight; now Sam was declared well and healthy; now his friends were bragging, and betting, yes, betting, and giving odds; now deception and trickery was the order of "The Order;" now fanaticism ran wild in Virginia.

Now it was that a party of reckless political adventurers, desperate for the accomplishment of their object; and for this accomplishment, ready to engage in any work, however questionable in its character;

a party of night workers, and every other description, except bold, manly, and honest workers. This party, boasting in its strength, and inflated with victories in States where the spoils of the vanquished accrued to abolitionism, now dared to contend for supremacy with the Democracy of Virginia. But the Democracy resolutely breasted this dark tide. They felt that the salvation of the Union itself, rested upon their shoulders. The Democracy of Virginia had never yet proved recreant to their country's cause, when they have been called upon to speak, at the polls, and being now impressed with the conviction, that the universal feeling of American nationality was impertuning them to stand by the Union and the Constitution, they determined to prove themselves worthy of their country's expectations. They took their stand, nor did they quail while such a noble son of liberty drilled their forces as old Accomac's gallant general and fearless tribune of the people. And in this stand what a spectacle did the Virginia Democracy present to the world; the idea was fast gaining ground in the American States, that the grand experiment of self-government on these shores was at last to prove a failure, as the tendency of Know Nothing principles was to sap the very foundations of our government. Wherever Know Nothingism had unfurled its flag, all the principles by which the government had been so successfully administered, had been ignored; and in this state of things, wherever there lived and breathed a patriot, either North or South, he looked to the result in Virginia with breathless anxiety.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE Council into which the reader has been several times introduced, was not, as he will remember, the grand Council of the State, but the first Council formed in Virginia, under the auspices of Mr. Bobby Dobby, the gentleman who received a sheepskin from a northern college. We have confined our observations to the mischievous doings of this Council, without endeavoring to ferret out the carryings on of the numerous other culvert holes, or halls; this, though, were an endless task. We must now ask the reader to go with us once more down into the culvert, while the Council is in session. This is its last meeting before election day, and was the occasion of many speeches and congratulations. The canvassers from the mountains and from the lowlands were all present, who were addressed by old Captain Swyburg, canvasser at large for the State, as follows:—

“Brothers, Patriots, Americans! You have just returned from your arduous work. You have for the last several months foregone all the comforts of home, clad yourselves in the bright armor of truth and Americanism, and gone forth among the people, to break to them the true principles of liberty and republican right. America’s great heart thanks you for the work. America’s posterity will record your names on that page of history where live the names of Virginia’s benefactors. You have all of you per-

formed well your tasks, and the Council was singularly felicitous in the selections made; but a single one has proved traitor to the cause – that one, thank Heaven, was not a Virginian. I allude to Mr. H. Uriah Hawks, the Yankee. I met with him in my travels, after he had deserted our ranks, and you may depend upon it, I spared him not, but lashed him into shame and contrition for his disgraceful conduct. But the struggle is not yet over; a few days will decide it. You have now left the peculiar bailiwicks assigned you for action, but let me beg and entreat you all to exercise your best powers, to work for Sam up to and on the election day, wherever you may be. You are now discharged from the Council as canvassers; we still claim you as Americans. In the name of the Council, in the name of Americanism, in the name of religion, I now, in conclusion, thank you for the good work you have so zealously so admirably performed.”

Mr. Dobby then entertained his friends present with a speech.

“Brothers,” said he, “this is the last time it will be our pleasure (before the great contest in Virginia) to commune together with fraternal feeling around this common council-board. Pleasant indeed has been our many re-unions around this council-board. Whatever may have been our differences of opinion, actuated by the praiseworthy desire to serve our country as best we could, we laid all those differences of opinion down at yonder threshold,” (pointing to the entrance of the culvert,) “and here swore to protect American interests. Were you a Democrat, you

found nothing here required of you inconsistent with true Democratic principles. Were you a Whig, you found nothing here required of you that would not have commanded the approval and admiration of the lamented Mr. Clay, the great head and front of the Whig party. You saw that the great object of those engaged in fostering the fortunes of this organization was to allay sectional differences of opinion, which were unfortunately distracting the peace and welfare of the whole land. You saw at once that this party was the Union party, the conservative party, which the patriotism of the country had called into existence, to save the Union from the destroying hands of its enemies. This party asked nothing; no glittering spoils lured them on to action, no honors they asked, save and except the honor of being the friends to Liberty, Union, and the Constitution. As was reasonably expected, such a party, with such principles, has found friends in Washington's native land. Virginians have done well their duty, and now number seventy-two thousand men, who have voluntarily come forward, and declared for America and her cause; while thirty thousand men, standing just outside, and who are called outsiders, but are nevertheless sympathizers, and will on election day press the great column to one hundred and two thousand—which places the result almost beyond the possibility of a doubt. But, lest you might infer from the last remark, that the time has now come when we may, with impunity, rest from our labors, I would say, such is far from the advice I would offer you. Let us work to the very last, as if the result of the elec

tion depended upon your very last effort. Our aim is, not only to defeat, but to annihilate all opposition to the American movement in Virginia. But, my friends, notwithstanding the acceptability of the principles of our organization to the American people, they have still, I am sorry to say, met with a more obstinate resistance from the Democracy of Virginia than from any other quarter. Here they have thought proper to indulge in much bitter vituperation against us. Many and base have been the slanders they have issued against us. Hard have been their endeavors to brand our principles as pernicious, and dangerous to southern interests. But, my friends, we have borne all this with manly composure, feeling that we could not be injured from the source from whence came the imbecile blows that were aimed at us. The people regarded all the reports, so industriously circulated against us, as so much silly twaddle of those who would hold the spoils all in their possession. The people were not to be deceived, and they flocked to our council-boards, till now the Councils are well filled with men animated by a common zeal, desirous of but one end, that of seeing America ruled by Americans. My friends, I am not much in the habit of indulging in self-laudation, but I must say to you, that I do feel some little self-pride when I reflect that I was the first to set this ball in motion, in our good old State. If I have done an act in my life for which I may be excused for indulging in a little self-glorification, it is that I was the pioneer in Americanism in Virginia. But a few months ago, I came to this city, stated my plans to a few noble

friends, who sympathized with me in my desires. We came together, formed the first American Council that ever convened in Virginia: from this Council the great work dates its origin among us, and has gone on increasing; till now, sister Councils have been formed in every corner, county, and town of the State. Gentlemen, I am more than happy that it has been my good fortune to do something for my country."

Mr. Fox then made a long speech, in which he lauded his present platform, and was intensely severe on the Democratic party. Mr. Cincinnatus Pate followed, and dealt in pretty sharp denunciations against the Catholics. Mr. Winks then arose, and, true to his hobby, expatiated on the evils of foreign emigration to this country.

A member then arose, and begged leave to offer the following preamble and resolutions, which he hoped would be adopted by the Council, as a matter of justice:—

"Whereas, it is regarded by the members of this Council, and all true Americans everywhere, as a grand principle, never to be departed from, that the warmest and best friends—those who have sacrificed the most for the cause—should meet with warm-hearted sympathy, confidence, and remuneration, from their fellow-laborers, therefore, be it

"*Resolved*, That our brother, Mr. Bobby Dobby, stands pre-eminently before the American party of Virginia, as one who has labored zealously for the propagation of our principles, and is worthy of our confidence in every respect.

“Resolved, That we, the members of this original, this northern Council in Virginia, which was formed mainly through his instrumentality, do bind ourselves to use all honorable means to procure for him, from the next Legislature, the office of Secretary of the Commonwealth.

“Resolved, Moreover, that when the constitutional term of Mr. Flournoy shall expire, that we pledge ourselves to exert our best endeavors to procure for him the succession to that responsible position.

“Resolved, That in our estimable friend and true American, Captain Peter Swyburg, we find a man who has labored hard for us, and that, so far as our influence goes, we will exert that influence with the Legislature, and endeavor to procure for him the office of Treasurer of Virginia, and that he be placed upon the succession ticket, as candidate for Lieutenant Governor.

“Resolved, That our brothers, Messrs. J. G. A. Fox, Americus Winks, and Cincinnatus Pate, fill respectively the offices of Clerk to the House of Delegates, First Auditor and Second Auditor of the Commonwealth.

“Resolved, That all the other basement offices at the Capitol be filled exclusively by members of the American party.

“Resolved, That in the opinion of this Council, our Governor, soon to be elected, ought not to appoint any but members of our party to any place within his gift.

“Resolved, That our party men, in every county in the State where the party predominates, will, in the

local elections of the spring of 1856, regularly organize, and vote only for members of this party, except, however, that in the counties where we are not in the majority, it would be well to cry, 'no party' in county offices."

These Resolutions were adopted unanimously; this too in the very face of Mr. Dobby's declaration, which he had just made in his speech, viz.: "that this party asked for nothing; no glittering spoils lured them on to action; no honors they desired, save and except the honor of being the friends to Liberty, Union, and the Constitution." This was a fair specimen of what all their high-sounding speeches about Liberty, Union, &c., amounted to, when reduced to practice.

At a stated meeting of this Council, a recommendation had been addressed to all the Councils in the State, that they should not fail, a short time previous to the election day, to form well all necessary plans for operating on that day. This Council now went into this business. A committee was appointed to fabricate and have printed, ready for distribution, and at the various precincts, all kinds of base and disgraceful slanders against the Democracy, supposing they would come to public view too late to allow the Democrats to successfully controvert them. One of these, which will serve as a pretty fair sample, was the notorious certificate of one Thornburg, in reference to removals made by the President from the Portsmouth navy yard; in which the Executive was charged with removing competent men from positions, simply because they refused to vote the Democratic ticket. Men were assigned to their various

posts at the precincts on election day. Runners were appointed to go through the country, beat up voters, far and near, and bring them to the polls. Nor was there any restriction placed upon these runners, but each one was enjoined to work and employ whatever tricks he pleased in getting voters to vote the Know Nothing ticket. There were among those runners, enough who were ready to do the dirty work and engage in any practice however odious to decency, good morals, and honesty. That privilege of selecting one's rulers, when rightly appreciated and understandingly exercised, is indeed a dear privilege, was most shamefully abused by members of that party. They seemed to forget that it was a solemn and mighty thing for a man to approach the polls, and there cast his voice for or against that which might result in good or evil to him and his; yea, to his country; and they so formed their plans, that many a weak but honest man would be robbed of his better judgment, and with the drunkard's reel wind to the ballot-box, and there cast a drunken vote for their candidates. But not to shock the reader with a detailed account of the abominable expedients resorted to by the original Council in Virginia, preparatory to election day, we will pass it over with a general remark, that so utter a disregard for all the rules of propriety, honesty, and Virginia practices, was never before exhibited by any party of men anywhere within the borders of the whole State.

After they had gotten through with their dirty work, a talented young gentlemen of the Order was called upon to deliver the valedictory to the Council

Boys, now about to disperse for the last time, before the result would be known in the State.

"Friends and brothers," said the the member called upon, "I thank you for this honor, this mark of esteem you have been pleased to tender me on this occasion. You will excuse the few desultory remarks I shall make to you.

"My friends, we are now about to disperse. For some months we have been meeting and communing together here. These very walls, from the glorious principles that have here so often been discussed, are sacred to our eyes. We have met for the purpose of devising ways and means for the salvation of our country, for we believed it is in danger from many dangerous elements from without. The most prominent of which is the devastating tread of progressive Romanism, and the influx of foreginers to these shores. These evils we have sought to check, actuated as we have been by the true spirit of Religious and American liberty. Added to these elements from without, there has been an internal element, stirring up strife among brothers who ought to dwell together in peace, I allude to the slavery question. The position which we have taken upon the great question is strictly national. The opposition has all along been howling and bellowing most discordantly about southern rights, and all kinds of similar sectional nonsense. The American party, acting upon national principles, ignores all sectional differences, and standing upon the Constitution of the United States, has thrown out the invitation to all Virginians, who are willing to swear by that instrument, to rally around the

American banner. The invitation has not been unheeded, thousands have rushed to the call, and are now prepared to 'lick' the opposition on 24th of May."

This thundering "curl" brought down the house, and cheer after cheer rent the silence of the midnight hour. When the confusion subsided the speaker proceeded. "My friends, as soon as the American party gets into power in this country, the turbid waves of sectionalism, strife and discontent will subside, and peace and good-will between the now contending parties resume its sway. Do you ask me why I say this? I answer, that if a national administration sits in Washington, and has the confidence of the people, a national sentiment will pervade the whole nation, and, believe me, the difficulties now perplexing these States, arising from this question, is due in a great measure to the imbecility of the administration, and the lack of confidence the people of all sections have in him. Gentlemen, I am not committed to the fortunes of any man, but take this occasion of saying, that Virginia, the land of Presidents, has a man who is most emphatically the man whom the American party will take great pleasure in elevating to the chief magistracy of the nation. Without calling his name, you will understand, if you have not already anticipated me, when I say, that he is the man who, when placed in nomination for that office against the nominee of the opposition, 'will head him or die.' (Tremendous cheers again.) My friends, our pleasant meetings here are about to terminate for awhile. Who is it that is among us

that can look back over the times we have met here, around this board, without almost regretting that time, which waits for no man, has borne us all along almost to the period when the object we have had in view will be consummated, that is to say, when the American party will prove itself triumphant in Virginia. It remains now but for me to say farewell, brave and generous Americans, you have fought well the great fight, Virginia is redeemed. When we meet again in this Council, it will be but to sing songs of glorification over the happy victory that has placed our party in power in Virginia. Farewell patriots, go forth now, and be mindful that you render a good account of yourselves on election day."

And then the Council dispersed, and this was the last meeting of that band of night-workers before the election day. They put out the lantern. The culvert hole was black and dark. The secret conspirators groped their way towards home, perfectly satisfied that success would crown their labors. Poor deluded mortals, pray for thy short comings, "and sin no more."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

LET us now, just before the election day, take a brief review of the two political parties; and first, of the Know Nothing party. It has been seen that this party had its origin among the abolitionists of the free States; that there its effects were blasting to every sentiment of liberty and republicanism; that there it bore down every thing like nationality and conservatism; that it was gotten up with the view of furthering the views of the fanatics of that land in their own sectional designs.

Then, in time, it was cunningly introduced South. It came to Virginia covered in the folds of darkness and of secrecy. It came exacting oaths from those who would be initiated into its mysteries. It came the professed friend of liberty and of republican right. Its followers professed to be actuated alone by feelings of patriotism; that they were strangers to the politician's corrupt desires to reap the spoils of office. It came to tell us in Virginia that Americans should rule America; and that the Roman Catholics were becoming very powerful. It thought America in danger from foreigners, and that the Protestant religion was suffering greatly from Romanism. It came with the hypocritical whinings of Yankee abolition preachers, taking much righteousness unto itself, while in truth, it was the foulest ism that ever dared to ask for acceptance in Washington's native

land. It put forth a public declaration, or basis of principles, as the rules of faith it adhered to—there was nothing in this basis of principles that Virginia Democrats could object to. But, lo and behold! this basis was put forth but to deceive and mislead the public—while the rules of faith, which they were sworn to follow, were revealed only in the Council-room to sworn men. Who were the men who, in Virginia, first embraced this northern creed? Why, the old-fashioned Whigs and Federalists led the van; these were followed by the discontented, the disappointed, the captious of all parties, and all who hoped to better their political fortunes, apparently not reflecting on what they were doing.

This party sprung up, as it were, in a day—thorough organization was speedily effected; and very soon midnight Councils were in operation in all sections of the State.

After organization, then it was that this party began a career which increased in iniquity, till in time, it gained the signal distinction of having surpassed in evil and disgraceful devices and expedients, any party that ever strove for ascendancy in Virginia. Something of that career the writer has imperfectly sketched in the foregoing pages of this history.

A review of the course of the Democracy may be summed up in a word. The Virginia Democracy, true to their ancient faith, adhered to their landmarks—stood upon their platform—a platform not made for a year, or a campaign, but for *time*—unfurled their same old flag that had witnessed so many

brilliant triumphs; and with a true man to bear these colors, they feared nothing, but were ready for the final struggle. They felt that they had done their duty—and if Know Nothingism in its might had come to crush Virginia and the South, they could only lament it. They had striven to roll the black tide of fanaticism back from Virginia. They had endeavored to protect civil and religious liberty, and were it possible for Washington to rise from the grave, they could look him, the great father of the country, in the face, and proudly say, father of this happy land, we have done our duty; and can any doubt that his answer would be, "Well done, good and faithful servants."

They had fought their best fight for truth against error, and could do nothing more.

Election day now dawned, and Virginia was to declare for Democracy or for Know Nothingism. Look now at Sam on the morning of that day, how happy he looks—how hale, hearty and strong, as he struts around the polls—how he exults in his seventy-two thousand sworn backers, and the thirty thousand who are ready to come to the rescue. He brags, he bets, he treats, he drinks, he does *every thing* to try to increase the one hundred and two thousand. His valiant runners are abroad in the land to bring to the rescue the blind, the lame, the palsied, and the sick. Wagons, with strong teams and fleet, are brought into requisition, to bring in those who keep no beasts of burden, and would remain at home but for Sam's generosity. The wagons empty their precious cargoes of Sams, and roll away for more.

The voting now begins; a Sam goes up, the cryer calls out, "FLOURNOY, BEALE, PATTON," and that Sam's work is done. The cried vote is the signal for immense applause from all of Sam's boys in hearing—every vote thus given calls forth renewed applause.

The day advances, and much of Sam's strength is evidently spent. His huzzahs become weaker and less frequent. Another hour goes, and his strength is failing him fast—he seldom cheers now, and looks care-worn and dispirited. All this time the Democratic column is steadily advancing. The last rays of the sun now linger on the mountain's top—and Sam is prostrate. The sun goes down, the polls are closed, and alas! alas! for the hopes, the boasts—of man—the great Sam is no more—"dead"—"dead"—"dead." The poll is counted—the last sad requiem is sung.

His sudden death called for the Coroner and his jury. This mournful task is done—his lifeless corpse examined; and here is the verdict, rendered by good Democratic jurors; for the officiating officer did not wish to harrow the feelings of any of the friends of the departed, by calling them to the examination: Sam, the Yankee, alias the old Whig party, alias Know Nothingism, alias Americanism, who has, within the twelve months past, been quite notorious in Virginia, and who, with high hand, has been trying to introduce dogmas into Virginia, and the South, that ought not to be countenanced among us, did suddenly come to his death, on the afternoon of the 24th day of May, 1855, by the pierces he received during that day, from Democratic votes. His whole carcass

was stuck full of these unerring arrows of truth, and Republicanism; and, on estimation, he received some ten thousand more than were necessary to produce death.

The verdict rendered, he was then placed in the hands of his sorrowful friends, who bore the mangled corpse down into the damp, deep, dark culvert.

The hall was decked in the full draperies of mourning. Who could describe the melancholy scene there enacted, on that dark and dreary night? The glare of the dark lantern, shedding an uncertain light upon all around. The pallor of the corpse—the black hangings around the couch upon which it was laid out—the swollen and lugubrious countenances of sorrowing friends, rendered the scene utterly beyond description. Funeral services, appropriate to the occasion, were conducted. Many highly wrought eulogies pronounced over the transcendant virtues of the deceased—many mournful dirges sung; and lastly, preparations made for carrying the corpse to its last resting place, high up on the banks of the salubrious “Salt River.”

The next *night* the funeral procession, composed of something less than one hundred and two thousand Virginia voters, started for the boat, which was to convey them along the delightful waters of the river, up to the deep dug grave, close to the mound which marks the resting place of Whiggery.

The formers of the original Council in Virginia were the pall-bearers. The procession embarked upon the boat, that was to bear them away. A curious craft it was too, such as was never seen in

Virginia before. It looked like a Yankee model, and was composed of the odds and ends of every description of weak, rotten and sappy timber. The flag floated at half-mast—a light breeze sprung up, as if anxious to aid them in their efforts to leave Virginia's shore, and ere the light of day they had safely reached their place of destination. Dust to dust; and Sam was lowered into the tomb, by the honored pall-bearers; so that the reader who first beheld Mr. Dobby, Captain Swyburg, Mr. Fox, Mr. Pate and Mr. Winks, in the dark room, on the dark night, taking the initiatory steps towards the introduction of Sam into Virginia, now beholds them for the last time, while they are performing the last sad act of respect to the remains of Sam, from Yankee land.

A simple slab marks the grave; on which is written:—

HERE LIES THE VALIANT "SAM."

HE DEPARTED THIS LIFE

ON THE 24TH DAY OF MAY, 1855,

FIGHTING BRAVELY FOR AMERICAN PRINCIPLES.

PATRIOTS; BE MINDFUL;

AND TREASURE A REMEMBRANCE OF HIS DEEDS.

CHAPTER XXIX.

AND now that Sam, in Virginia, is dead and buried, high up near the head waters of "Salt River," all nature seems to wear a smiling face, and to rejoice with the invincible Democracy in the great glory they had so gallantly won. In slaying this great monster of darkness, more like to his "Satanic Majesty," than any demon that had ever set foot on Virginia soil before, a great incubus was removed from the State; and everybody seemed to breathe freer than while the poison which emanated from it floated on the atmosphere.

The news of Sam's death, so gratefully received at the South, was, at the *North*, the occasion of much weeping, mourning and lamentation.

It now only remains for us to take leave of those who have been actors in this little drama. The curtain has already fallen upon Mr. Dobby, Old Captain Swyburg, Mr. Fox, Mr. Pate, and Mr. Winks, as they pitched the cold clods into poor Sam's grave.

Mr. H. Uriah Hawks is still upon his mountain farm, as happy as a prince, with his pretty mountain bride, conducts himself well, has never carried any of old Mr. Laubinger's negroes off; and, lastly, he gave a good Democratic vote on the 24th of May, 1855.

His friend Ike Davis settled near him, and never saw the "Know Nothing elephant."

Wail after wail, issued from Mr. Turner's paper, and from all the little *sub-organs* of the villages. Mr. Turner will not be comforted, his reputation for prophesying is entirely lost; and more than this, he has caused many a poor Know Nothing to lose the money which he so rashly advised him to lay against good Democratic stakes.

Black Old Sip is still alive, and has been heard to say, with a hearty chuckle, "Well, de 'Mericans is 'feated, Sam are kilt, and I are very glad intotally that it is as it is. Marster knows de right, he say so, and dat am enuff for dis chile. I is glad at whatever disappints de Yankees. Marster telled a gentleman, tother day, dat dey will grieve to hear de 'zult in 'Old Virginny.' I is agin these North folks all time of de day, I is sartain."

The Know Nothing canvassers have nothing now to do politically, nor are they likely to be employed again, at least, for some time to come.

The tavern-keeper in the Tenth Legion, who guarded the "structure in the vacant lot," did, on the reception of the news declaring the result, burn "that barrel of tar," concluding that the occasion could not now arise which would call it into requisition.

Maurice Meredith was defeated in the election. The key the Know Nothings placed in his hands had failed to unlock the promised gates. Though two gates, not promised, not hoped for, yielded to the force of that key. First, disappointment in his

political aspirations; second, disappointment in the delicate and tender matter of the heart. He wished now that he had only yielded to love's voice, and turned a deaf ear to ambition's alluring promises. But it was, alas, too late; the fatal decision had been made; he had lost Fannie; he had lost all prospect of rising politically. Reader, behold him now for the last time! See that man with flushed cheeks, and swollen eyes, bloodshot and heavy—see how he reels along—hear his wild, incoherent yells that rend the air! Do you recognize him? That man is Maurice Meredith, who began life with so much promise. Disappointment and despair have driven him to the wine-cup; and unless he is rescued early from his downward course, he will fill the drunkard's grave, and then that fatal Know Nothing key will, indirectly, unlock other gates—the gates of endless woe.

And next of Fannie? What of her? She is happy at her father's house. The reader will remember, that in her first hours of grief, her mental anguish was excessive; that in one of her letters to Maurice, she went so far as to intimate that the sacred shades of the cloister were beckoning her in that direction. But since Maurice had refused to make any sacrifice for her, she concluded that he was unworthy of woman's constant love, and soon learned *to feel*, 'tis well that we have parted.

Mr. Dew, her old lover, who rendered such distinguished service to the Democratic cause, is again a frequent visitor at her father's house; he is, too, a great favorite with the old gentleman, and people

are beginning to say, "Well, well, I do believe that Fannie Bell and Mr. Dew will make a match after all."

The gallant leader of the Virginia Democracy waits to be crowned Virginia's governor. He will wear well the honors of a single State, and should the nation ever call him to its service, he will serve well, with "STATE'S RIGHTS" and "UNION" for his motto. He would throw the Constitution as a shield around State's rights—a national administration would be a buckler to the Union.

THE END.

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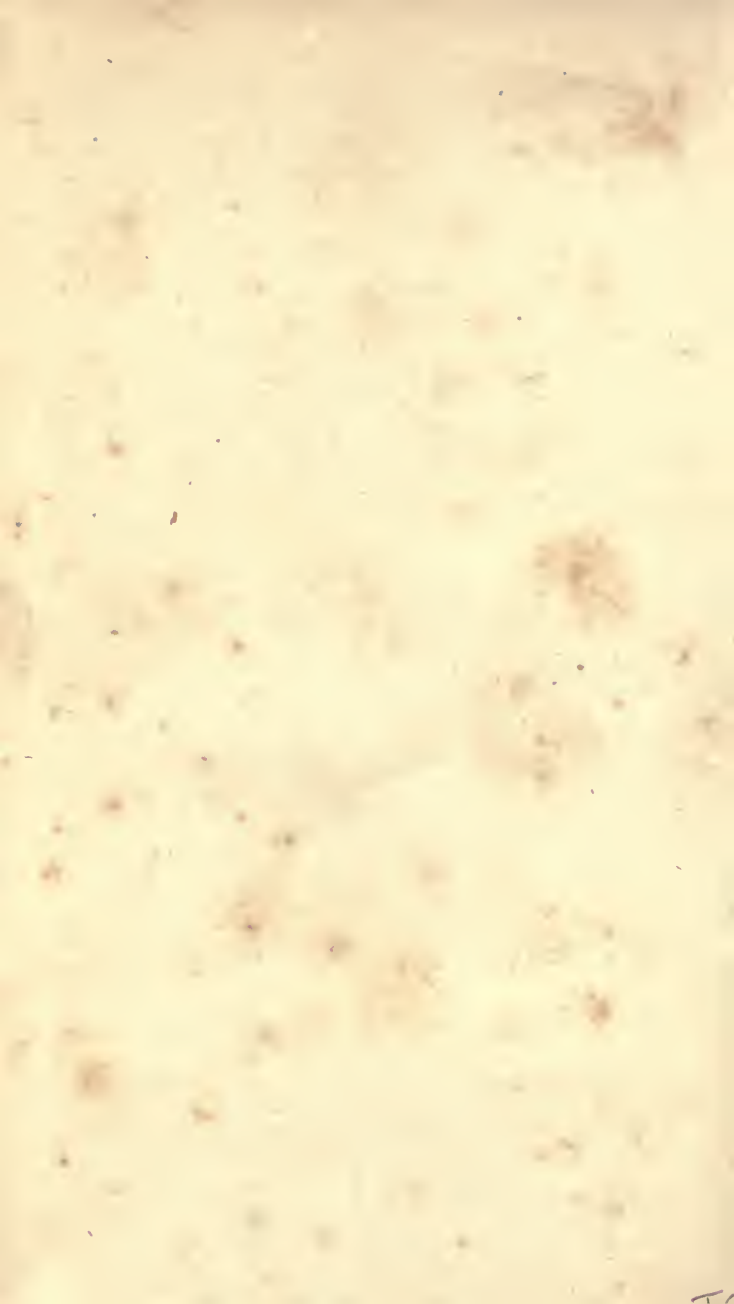
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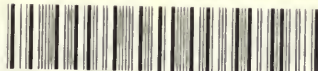
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